Collier's

September 1, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

Has Science Found The Spark of Life?

By JOHN LEAR

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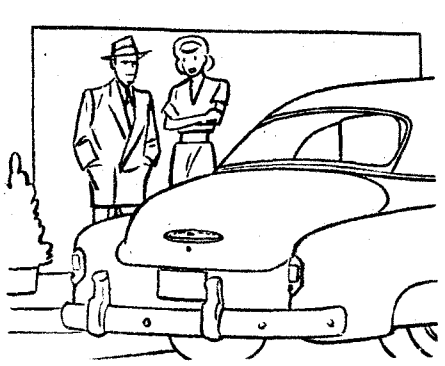

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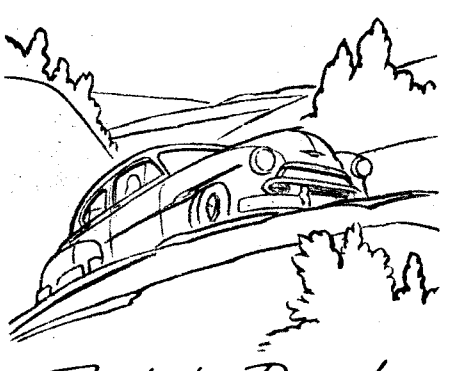

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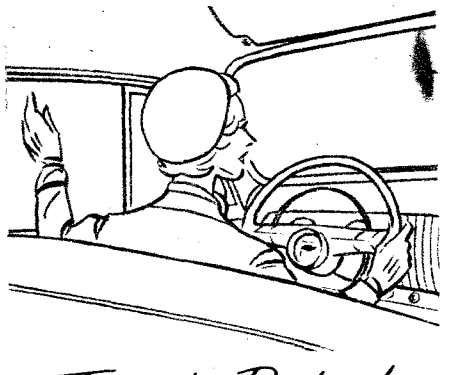

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September 1, 1951

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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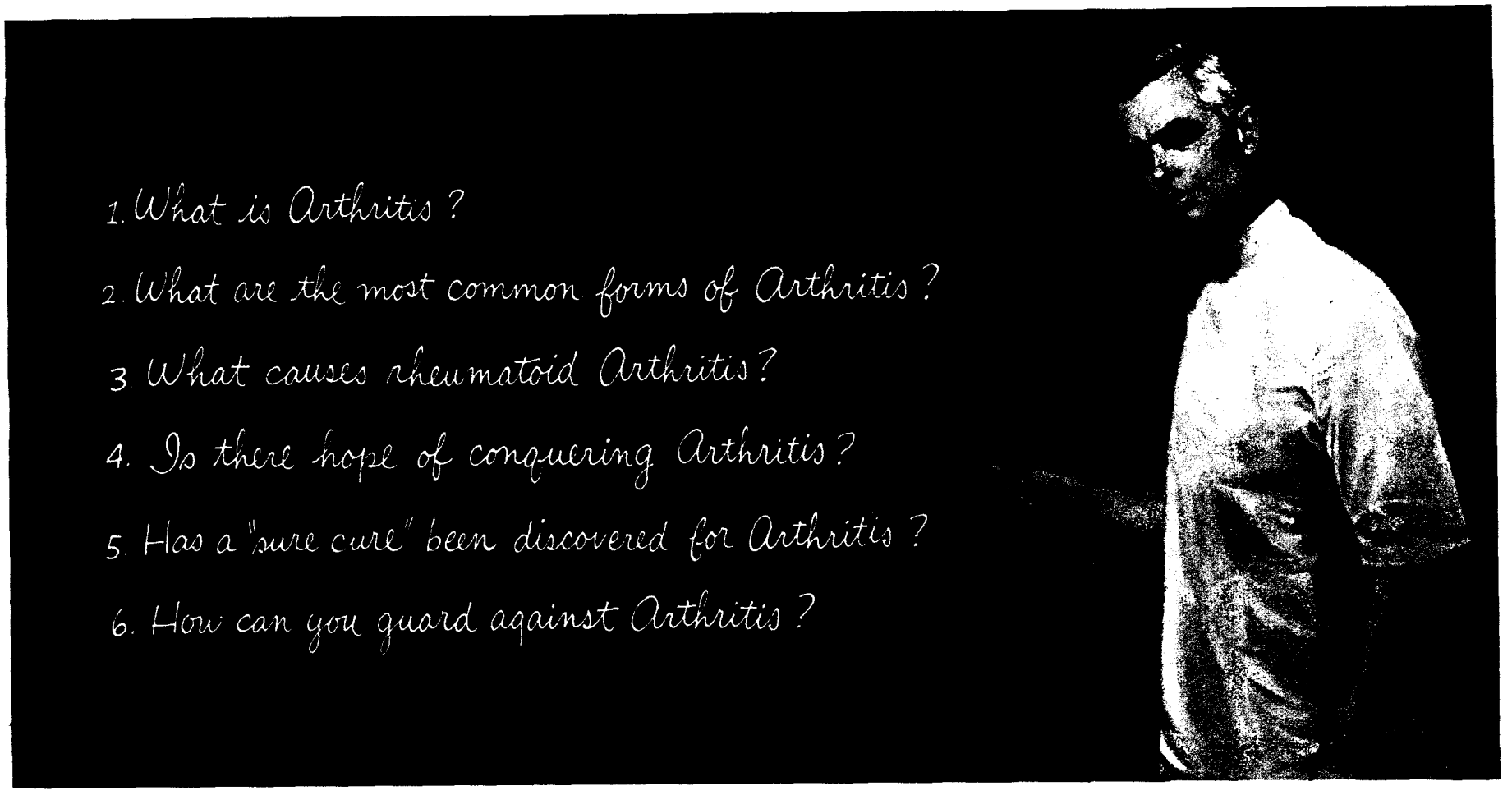
1. What is Arthritis ?
2. What are the most common forms of Arthritis ?
3 What causes rheumatoid Arthritis ?
4. Is there hope of conquering Arthritis ?
5. Has a "sure cure" been discovered for Arthritis ?
6. How can you guard against Arthritis ?

Can you answer these questions about ARTHRITIS?

1. Q What is Arthritis ?

A. Arthritis is the term applied to many different diseases affecting the joints of the body. All of the arthritic diseases are characterized by inflammation or swelling of the joints, but these conditions differ widely as to causes, symptoms, and the kind of treatment required. In its various forms, arthritis affects more than 3 million Americans. In fact, it is a leading cause of chronic illness in our country today.

2. Q What are the most common forms of Arthritis ?

A. Of all types of arthritis, the chronic forms, *osteoarthritis* and *rheumatoid arthritis*, are by far the most common. Osteoarthritis is primarily the result of aging, or normal wear-and-tear on the joints. It rarely develops before age 40 and it seldom causes severe crippling. Rheumatoid arthritis is a much more serious disorder. It usually strikes between the ages of 20 and 50, and unless it is properly treated the joints may become permanently damaged.

3. Q What causes rheumatoid Arthritis ?

A. Although the exact cause of rheumatoid arthritis is unknown, a variety of factors are involved in its onset. In this condition, there is usually evidence of disease of the entire system—such as loss of weight, fatigue, anemia, infection, emotional strain, and nutritional deficiencies. Since many factors may be involved, doctors stress the importance of a *thorough physical examination* of each patient. This is essential to proper diagnosis and treatment, which in all cases must be based upon the patient's *individual* needs.

4. Q Is there hope of conquering Arthritis ?

A. Yes, indeed! Methods of treatment for all types of arthritis are constantly being improved. The outlook for further advances is now more hopeful than ever before—thanks to research which is yielding new facts about the underlying causes of arthritis, especially the rheumatoid type.

5. Q Has a "sure cure" been discovered for Arthritis ?

A. No, indeed! Yet, many people are still misled by claims that are made for certain "arthritis cures" or other forms of therapy that are worthless. Authorities emphasize that proper medical care offers the only hope of permanent relief from arthritis. Today, about 60 percent of the victims can be greatly benefited, *and in some cases completely relieved*, if proper treatment is commenced early.

6. Q How can you guard against Arthritis ?

A. Doctors say there are certain precautions that everyone can take to help prevent arthritis, or to lessen the effect if it should occur. Here are some of them: keep weight normal . . . try to maintain good posture . . . get sufficient rest, sleep, and exercise . . . eat a balanced daily diet . . . have regular medical and dental examinations . . . maintain a calm mental outlook . . . *see your doctor whenever persistent pain occurs in any joint.*

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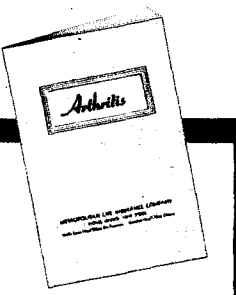

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Battle of the Bugles

By BILL STAPLETON

UN forces got all kinds of surprises in Korea, but few GIs ever expected hoots, horns and howls to win a fight

ON a blue-cold morning last fall, near a bend in the Samtan River in North Korea, Item and Love Companies of the Third Battalion, 35th Regiment of the 25th Division, first learned about Chinese Communist psychological warfare. It started with a clear, piercing note on a bugle. And then the Reds went to town. Bugles, drums, cymbals, whistles, rattles and bells shattered the air. Four hours later, the Americans were desperately fighting to escape.

Lieutenant Colonel James H. Lee, of Dallas, Texas, commanding the battalion, made the decision to pull out. Later, turning the ghastly music over in his head, he came to these conclusions: the Chinese weren't just making noise. Having no telephonic communication system below regimental level, they used bugles for control. If there were a way of confusing that control system, he might have the solution to a valuable military tactic.

Rounding up every available wind instrument in the area, Lee assigned ex-saxophonist Lt. James D. Manning, of Menlo Park, California, to teach a detail of men the standard Red bugle calls and to work up various nerve-twisting noises of their own.

In early February at Suwon, the Lee-Manning school of music made its battle debut, when a Chinese patrol penetrated the position of the Third Battalion. As the surprised Americans counterattacked, a Chinese Communist called for a withdrawal on his bugle. He was answered by a GI-blown "reassemble" (Chinese). Another bugle sounded "mail call" (U.S.). Someone blew "the position has been won, come forward and consolidate" (Chinese). Then came "charge" (U.S. Cavalry), followed by a succession of jumbled Chinese and U.S. calls, intermingled with whistles, shepherd's horns, bells, bellows and sirens. Thoroughly bewildered, the Chinese were picked off. Only a single survivor remained of the 40-man enemy patrol.

Lee and his men had learned how to play the blues for the Reds. Before they were through, they piled up a battle record of which any outfit would be proud.

By June, the Communists, fighting hard to protect the Chorwon-Kumhwa-Pyongyang triangle, were attempting to catch UN forces off balance. One evening after Lee's Third Battalion established a roadblock about 35 miles north of Seoul, a Chinese bugler blew the by-now-familiar long-sustained note. Hundreds of whistles picked it up and the enemy charged.

The Third Battalion gave as good as it got. As the first Chinese attack fell back, bugles, whistles, bells and horns jeered them. But they re-formed and launched another assault with their own noisemakers going full toot.

Sergeant Clyde S. Greene, of Midland, Texas, ran from one to the other of two .30-caliber machine-gun positions, cranking a fire siren. It added a haunting wail to the general uproar on the Item Company front, in which every imaginable sound from Korean cowbells to Chinese cymbals joined the slam of mortar shells and the rattle of small-arms fire in an insane concerto.

Finally, the Chinese quit. U.S. casualties stood at 13 killed, wounded or missing. Chinese losses were estimated at 150 killed, 300 wounded.

Regimental histories of the Korean war are sure to be filled with heroic stories, but few will be as vividly remembered as the Battle of the Bugles. Lieutenant Colonel Lee mentioned this to a second lieutenant, at about the time the armistice talks were going on.

"The music lessons did it," he said. He paused and looked off into the distance, humming a tune. It sounded a good bit like "Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho." THE END

BILL STAPLETON

Cpl. Charles Brody, of Pittsburgh, and Sgt. Armand Boudreau, of West Warwick, R.I., try a captured Chinese bugle in Korea

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says Charles E. Stoker of Louisville, Kentucky

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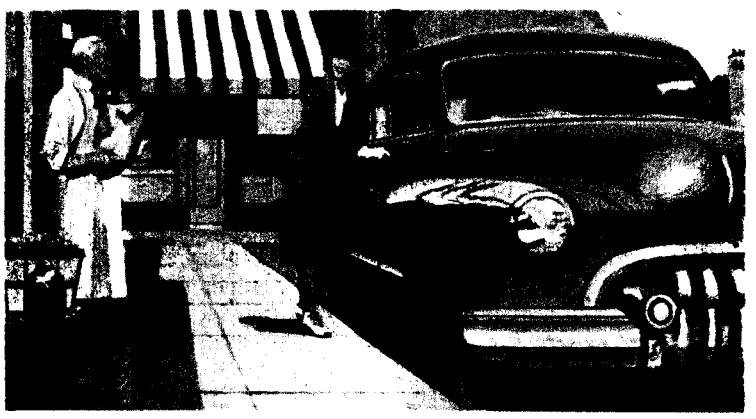

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That was 15 years ago, and I've been using Atlas ever since.
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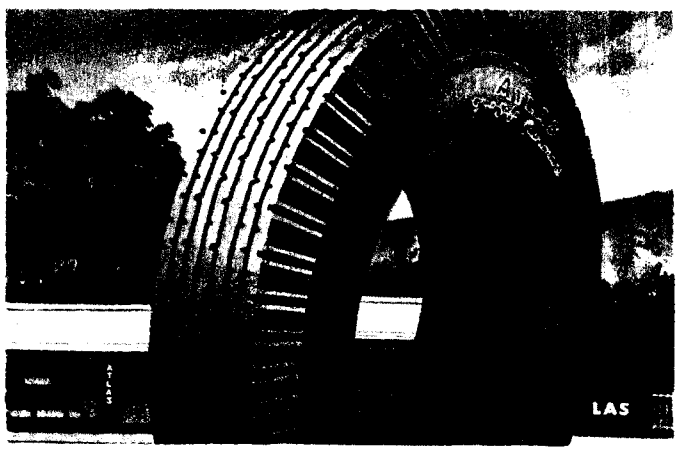

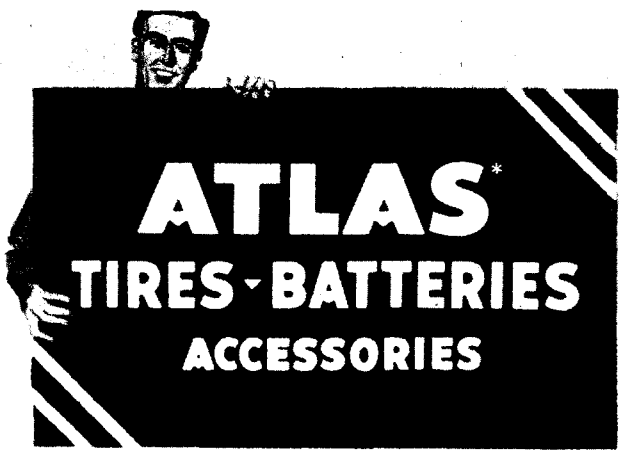

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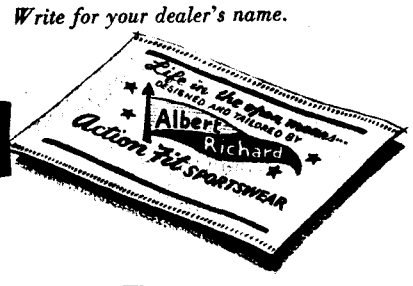

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The Cover

Wendy Mechling, eight, is doing pretty well with the ear of corn despite troubles with her front teeth. The daughter of photographer John Mechling, her only message to the world is that she likes horses. This does not jibe with our mania for corn-on-the-cob but is okay from Wendy, who has yet to appreciate the finer things in life.

Week's Mail

To Run or Not to Run

EDITOR: May I again express my congratulations to Collier's for an editorial which so aptly expressed the views of so many of us (Please Don't Do It, Harry, July 14th), especially for the mild and gentlemanly way in which your criticism was worded?

It would be rather amusing to know if Mr. Truman's opinion of it is expressed in kind. LEAH P. COMP, Ada, Mich.

. . . Regarding your splendid editorial concerning Truman's candidacy in 1952, I should like to add my voice to what I hope will be a flood of emphatic assent.

MARTIN ABBOTT, Emory University, Ga.

. . . For your editorial in July 14th issue of Collier's I thank you, thank you, thank you! I wish I could memorize it and repeat it to everyone I talk to between now and November, 1952!

NORA M. PULLEN, South Charleston, W. Va.

. . . I have read your editorial and I heartily agree. But I am afraid it will make Mr. Truman so mad that he will be more determined than ever to run.

MRS. ROBERT E. HIRD, Waterloo, Ia.

. . . In your editorial you state, ". . . the people have given notice that they now consider that it was a mistake to let Mr. Roosevelt break the no-third-term tradition."

I ask you, if the people consider it a mistake to have elected Mr. Roosevelt for a third term, why did they elect him for a fourth term? JAMES R. WHITE, Louisville, Ky.

The editorial was not referring to how people felt at the time of the 1944 elections, but to how they feel now—as the sentence quoted by reader White clearly states. The ratification of the Twenty-second Amendment by the people, through their state legislatures, is evidence that the majority do not want any more third and fourth terms.

You Can Help

EDITOR: Your article Little Orphan Island (July 14th) was of great interest. I have been in touch with Lieutenant Colonel Blaisdell since December and he informed me that clothing, cloth and money were most needed.

If any readers would like to help but haven't clothing, how about a CARE package? I am sure it would be appreciated just as much.

Packages and money can be sent to: Lt. Col. R. L. Blaisdell, Air Chaplain, HQ, 5th Air Force, APO 970, c/o P.M., San Francisco.

MRS. R. E. SIMMONS, El Reno, Okla.

We Just Missed It

EDITOR: I could have sworn that the northeast corner of Third and Ash Streets had since 1928 been occupied by the Malvern Public Library building. Imagine my dismay when Collier's reports on page 34, in the article Library Lady (July 14th), that no such building exists and that Malvern, Arkansas, has no public library.

I have checked carefully and I find that sure enough we do have a beautiful library building—that it is on the corner of Third and Ash and that it has been there since 1928.

The only thing I can figure is that Collier's is wrong, very wrong, and that they will be most happy to correct their error publicly and give Malvern some offsetting favorable publicity it so justly deserves.

HENRY GIVENS, Mayor, Malvern, Ark.

We're mighty sorry that we *got* it mixed up, Mr. Mayor.

Botanical Blunder

KENNESAW

"But don't you think we'd ought to waken Cousin Pudge before them trees grow any higher, Kennesaw?"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

EDITOR: This cartoon from the July 14th Collier's is funny, but based on an inaccuracy. A tree does not grow up from the bottom but adds to the top, so that a hammock hung in a given place would never be any higher even if left there for 50 years. From the looks of the beard of the man in the cartoon this one may have been there that long.

MRS. RAY R. GIBSON, Bard, N. M.

Hospital Safety

EDITOR: The article by Miriam Gross on Our Firetrap Hospitals (July 14th) is most timely and pertinent, and it is hardly understandable that such a serious situation has not aroused greater agitation. Any of our loved ones might fall a victim to the flagrant disregard of safety precautions in these institutions.

Many of the older hospitals are so poorly designed for modern conditions that complete rebuilding would be necessary to make them reasonably safe, and nearly all hospitals are overcrowded and understaffed. Aside from the constant menace of chemical explosives, static electricity, etc., there is the personal element of smoking, now an almost universal addiction which is so rarely forbidden even in our best hospitals.

H. S. TILLOTSON, Upper Darby, Mich.

. . . It was with a great deal of interest but certainly not commendation that I read Our Firetrap Hospitals, by Miriam Zeller Gross. I presumed she was attempting to

(Continued on page 12)

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

We've received the announcement that a supermarket chain has installed a conveyer belt which will carry your purchases from the cashier's stall to your car. They are working on a sidecar which will carry you, too, when you collapse upon seeing how little change you get from that 10-dollar bill.

★ ★ ★

We were about to look into the reasons why the beautiful Central American republic of Honduras has banned our juke boxes. A Tegucigalpa correspondent, who is now developing a self-roasting coffee bean, happened along just as we were briefing our investigators. He explains: "Juke boxes are much too noisy for my nervous country. It is not the noise itself that we object to but the effects of the noise. Twice within a few months well-planned revolutions have come to nought because, my friend, important units of our armed forces have failed to hear the call to arms because of the din of the juke boxes. Please, my friend, this is no occasion for levity."

★ ★ ★

We're glad to have that settled and doubtless you are, too. Thus we can hurry on to tell you that there's a colonel in Washington's Pentagon who at least once each week telephones his own office. Just for variety he sometimes has his girl friend call up. He or she asks for him. Of course he's not there. Too bad, too bad. But be sure to tell him when he returns that those people on the West Coast are anxious to see him. Or an important Chicago financier would like to consult with him. Or maybe it's a great industrialist calling. Or a wealthy foundation. Or maybe Hollywood. Anyway be sure to tell him as soon as he comes in. It's most important. When he arrives back in his office he looks over the chits, sighs, throws them into the wastebasket, saying: "Nope, I'm sticking to this desk as long as my country needs me."

★ ★ ★

The writing of this department of Collier's was interrupted by a landing of the redcoats in the town of Winchester, Connecticut. The Honorable Harold Sullivan, judge of the Town Court of Winchester was all but submerged by his manifold judicial duties—arbitrating neighborhood disputes, chastising recreant husbands and shrewish wives, rehabilitating children and deciding whose dog was to blame. In the midst of all this a car flying Britain's Union Jack howled past his window. Down came Judge Sullivan's gavel. Court was recessed. In ten minutes, aided by several Paul Reveres, his honor had located the invader—an employee of a nearby camp for boys—and was on the phone. His *dictum* was brief and final. Said he: "If you must fly a flag from your car, fly the Stars and Stripes. Understand? If that isn't good enough, fold the flag you've got and take it back to your beloved country with you, making sure you go with it. Get me? This is my first and your last warning. Clear?" Judge Sullivan then scanned the surrounding hills. Not a sign of King George's grenadiers. Court was reopened with a small lecture reminding all those within hearing that Connecticut volunteers were among the first to march to Boston after the Battle of Lexington, that the march on Ticonderoga and Crown Point originated in Connecticut and that half of Washington's Army at New York in 1776 were Connecticut Volunteers. The Union Jack has vanished from the roads of the Litchfield hills.

★ ★ ★

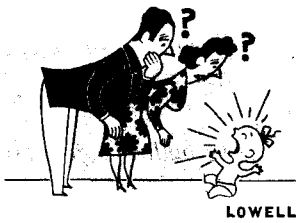
We were very pleased, of course, to receive a letter from United States Senator Alexander Wiley, of Wisconsin. However, we find ourself wishing that the senator could be a bit more specific. The first of the two pages bore the following attention-riveting caption: "What Is Going On In Congress? Your Senator, Alexander Wiley, Reports the Latest News Affecting Wisconsin and All America." The rest of the two sheets was blank. But clean.

★ ★ ★

The General Services Administration of the United States government is trying to sell Pelican Spit, an eight-acre island in Galveston (Texas) Bay created by the dredges which have been deepening the Galveston Channel. There is some talk of the government keeping it for a hideaway for Presidential cronies who have become embarrassing.

★ ★ ★

A new and elaborate column designed to tell parents how to manage their kids is coming out of Yale University's Gesell Institute of Child Development. Its authors are Dr. Frances L. Ilg and Dr. Louise Bates Ames. This brings the number of such pillars of light to better



LOWELL HESS

than a hundred. We have read almost all of them and have yet to find in any the suggestion that there are times when excellent results can be obtained by paying no attention to the brats.

★ ★ ★

The last we saw of Miss Gloria Thisbe, she was on her way to the Pacific Coast where she proposed to sell the University of California at Los Angeles the idea of establishing a School of Supra-Aesthetics. Miss Thisbe told us that Supra-Aesthetics was the science of the true divination of beauty. As chairman of the faculty it would be her purpose, she told us, to turn out beauty

(Continued on page 12)

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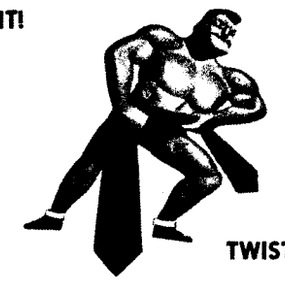

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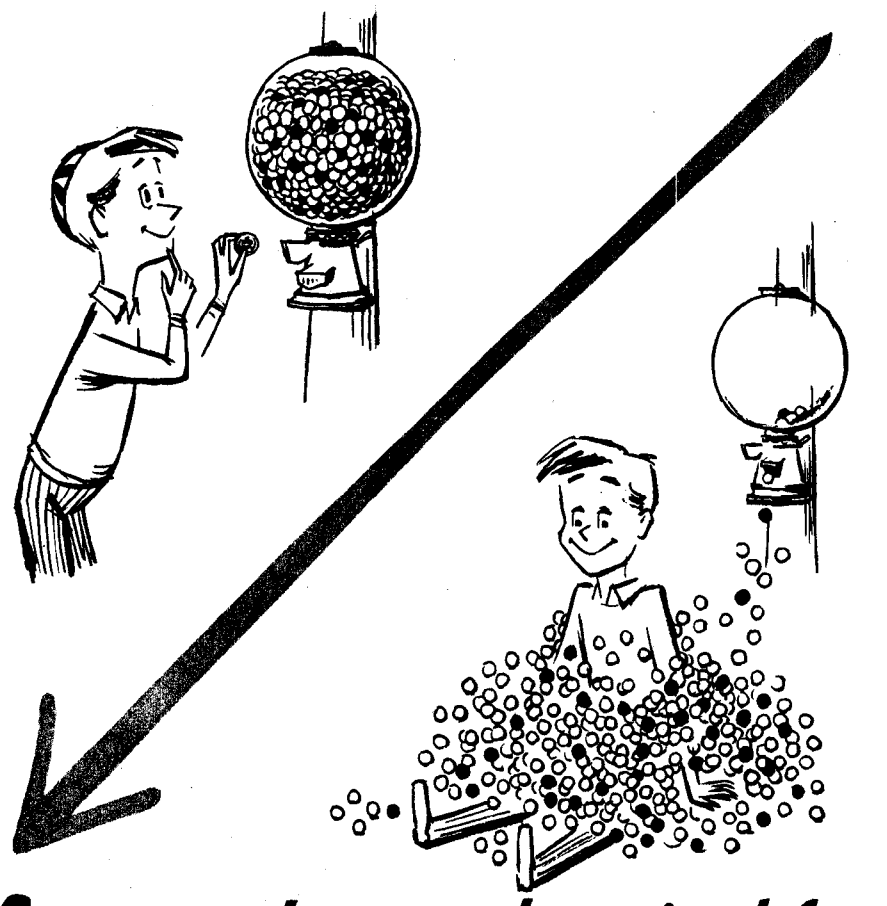

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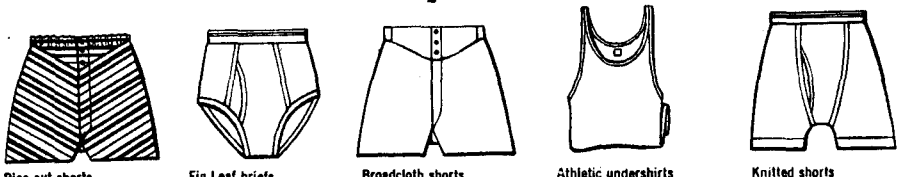

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Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

excite public interest in assisting hospitals, but unfortunately I believe her article serves only to throw a national scare into the minds of prospective patients—a scare uncalled for.

Hospital administrators in the United States are aware of the problem of fire protection and in most instances are doing all that they can to enact fire precautions and safety methods.

ROY WATSON, Rochester, Minn.

. . . Our Firetrap Hospitals contains many exaggerations and misstatements. For many years, and especially since the LaSalle Hotel fire in Chicago, hospitals have been actively engaged in efforts to make their institutions safe against fire hazards.

It occurs to me that Mrs. Gross failed to distinguish between hospitals, nursing homes, convalescent homes, etc. The majority of general hospitals have protected operating rooms against explosions and fire and installed arcing switches and motors. Noninflammable X-ray film is in general use in all hospitals in St. Louis.

IRENE F. MCCABE, Greater St. Louis Hospital Council, St. Louis, Mo.

Unless Miss McCabe is prepared to refute the National Fire Protection Association's figures, quoted in the article, that report an average of four hospital fires every day, we cannot plead guilty to exaggeration and misstatement, nor can we accept her general implication that *all* hospitals have been actively engaged *in overcoming the hazard of firetraps* for many years.

Our New Americans

EDITOR: Ilga Reke, whose story appeared in Wisconsin Welcomes the Wanderers (July 14th), is one of our P.E.O. Educational Fund loan recipients. Chapter AG of P.E.O. in Scarsdale, New York, sponsored Miss Reke for a loan of $800. It is unusual for a loan applicant to seek sponsorship halfway across the country, but Miss Reke learned of our loan fund from Necija Dankers, a resident of New York, who also came from Latvia.

Miss Reke is attending summer school and has received the first installment on her loan—our check for $200.

MARGARET EMILY STONER, Chairman, *Board of Trustees, P.E.O. Educational* Fund, Greencastle, Ind.

. . . Michigan has welcomed "the wanderers" also. Marking an accomplishment of some significance, one of the Latvian DPs in the Kalamazoo area graduated *cum laude* from Kalamazoo College on June 11th. Miss Anna Cerins, center in picture, was enrolled at the college for the past two years. Pictured with her, on the right, is a fellow DP, Mr. Voldemars Rushevics, instructor in violin at Kalamazoo College and concertmaster of the Kalamazoo Symphony Orchestra. At the left is Dr. John Scott Everton, president of Kalamazoo College.

EDWARD J. LAUTH, Kalamazoo, Mich.

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

contest judges and queen pickers capable of recognizing inner as well as exterior beauty. Miss Thisbe gave us several illustrations of what she regards as poor selections, citing in particular the undeniably lovely young thing who was crowned Pot Luck Queen a few weeks ago at Barnstable, Massachusetts. Had the jury been composed of Thisbe-trained pickers, she said, the honor would have gone to the runner-up whose thoughts while being put through her paces were not only beautiful but, says Miss Thisbe, constructive. The school of Supra-Aesthetics would be coeducational, girls being taught the art of selecting Mr. Americas not merely for visible muscular development and facial symmetry (we use her own words) but for the cranial sinews behind the face. As Miss Thisbe left us to catch her plane, she supplied us with the names of two adorable young women who within and without merited their recent triumphs—Miss Synthetic Resins and Miss Chicken of the Future.

★ ★ ★

Eastern Kentucky can take you or leave you, and never notice it. A senator who, we're bound to admit, is not a Kentuckian, halted his car one evening not long ago in the town of Hindman. Strolling down the street after supper the senator paused at the courthouse where a group of local patriots were discussing the national political situation, most of them being against it but not getting too excited about it. "Good evening, gentlemen," said the senator. "Lovely evening." Three or four of the gentlemen looked up for a moment, allowed that it was indeed a lovely evening and, moving over, said: "Have a seat, stranger." The senator cleared his throat and started to introduce himself: "I am Senator . . ." said he. None of the local patriots looked up, but one of them broke in: "That's all right, Senator. Have two seats."

★ ★ ★

Man in California gets a year in jail for being a "public nuisance." The dope didn't have enough sense to be a court-contemptuous Communist and get himself let off with a gentle three months.

★ ★ ★

Fellow in Denver invited the girl friend to go to the dog races. She'd never seen them. On the way to the track she was unnaturally quiet. He asked her what gave in the little old mind. "I've been thinking," she said. "Dog races? Who rides them?"

★ ★ ★

Georgia's governor, Herman Talmadge, complains that he is being embarrassed by impersonators popping up here and there throughout the country and behaving in unseemly manner. But this, it seems to us, is not as bad as the experience of his father, Old Gene, who, when governor, protested that he was being "imitated" by people who weren't behaving at all.

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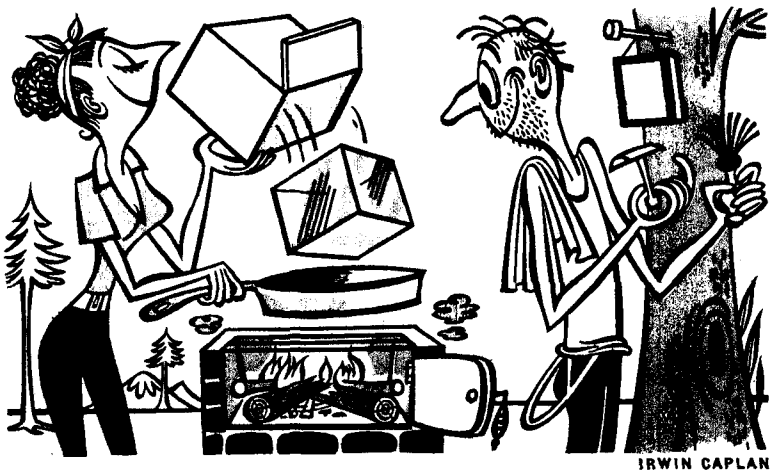


IRWIN CAPLAN

The camper would only have to thaw, heat and use the hot water

Want Some Canned Ice Cubes?

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

LAST Saturday the man delivered our grocery order ($23.81) and by the time I had popped the contents of the paper bag into our Zero-Lok-R my fingers were numb. The only item that wasn't frozen was a jar of concentrated coffee. Not a wilted carrot in the lot.

Thus confronted with a facet of modern living I had been aware of but hadn't thought much about, I quickly hatched some ideas for the food processors. These people are probably too busy quick-freezing spinach, canning fresh dates and dehydrating coconut meat to pay any attention to me, but I wish they would, because if I can turn an honest

Dehydrated beer would be an item

buck by selling an idea or two, I'm certainly willing to skip working.

For instance, you frozen food outfits—you want to add to your $700,000,000 annual income? Well, just quick-freeze hot water and sell it to campers who don't like to shave with cold water. All they'd have to do is thaw, heat and use.

Canned frozen ice cubes should find a market, too. Sealed in a rectangular container with plastic separators (so the cubes would retain their familiar shape) this product would be ideal for picnickers. Individual cubes, in vest-pocket-size cans, would be handy but possibly too expensive to put up for the retail trade. I should think the Large Economy Size (25 lbs.) would be better.

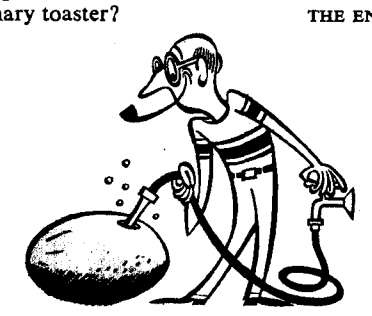
Now, you dehydration experts. Take watermelon. I'm sick and tired of lugging those things home and trying to stuff them into the refrigerator. My secret (which I didn't have patented because the lawyer I explained the idea to excused himself for a moment and never came back) is simply to cut a wedge out of the rind and remove the water and seed content. This would make the melon much lighter and it could be left on the side porch until somebody says, "Gee, Daddy, why don't we ever have watermelon? All the kids in the block have watermelon and we *never* have watermelon!" What you do then is get out the garden hose, let the water run until it gets good and rubbery, fill the melon, slice and serve.

There's another approach to this thing, with a double whammy. Miss Mellick, my third-grade teacher, once told me the dehydrated edible part of a watermelon could be contained in a thimble. If the old girl was right, why not eliminate the rind, seed and water and merchandise the rest in a thimble, which could be used later for sewing buttons on coats, etc.?

Another salable item might be dehydrated beer. Just add cold water and Seltzer tablets. You could carry enough in an aspirin bottle to get the office-outing personnel several numbers past Sweet Adeline.

If any frozen vegetable boys are listening I want to say you're doing a swell job and I have no complaints. I just want to suggest that you buy up the country's entire crop of parsnips and turnips, quick-freeze them in gunny sacks, tow the whole mess 18 miles to sea and sink it. Eighteen miles is about the right distance between me and parsnips and turnips.

I could go on like this but I don't want to tip my hand too far. If any processors want to get in touch with me, my name is on page four. I want to remind scoffers, meanwhile, that they laughed at Robert Fulton—and well they might. How many people would want to steam up and down the Hudson River on the old Clermont when they can stay home and, without any effort whatever, whip up a batch of frozen waffles in an ordinary toaster? THE END



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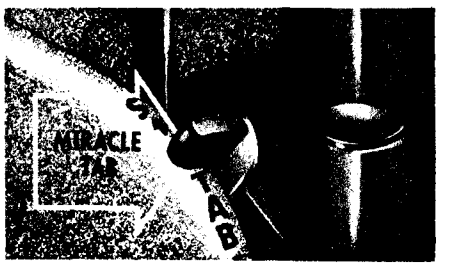

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Collier's, September 1, 1951

Has Science Found THE SPARK OF LIFE?

By JOHN LEAR

Our researchers now know what makes men breathe, plants grow and animals move. It's a wonderful substance called ATP; without it life everywhere would cease. And it may prove to be the biggest medical discovery of the century

THE twentieth century may not, after all, go down in history as the beginning of the Atomic Age. Instead, it may be remembered generations from now as The Time When Man Discovered the Spark of Life.

An awareness of that possibility is growing today among scientists everywhere outside the Iron Curtain—and perhaps behind it, too. Thousands of experiments, both peaceful and warlike, are being tried with a mysterious substance which gives all living things—at least all those that have been put to the test, and they are myriad—the power to move, breathe and grow.

Without this precious stuff, seeds will not burst forth with life in the darkness of the earth; flowers and vegetables and trees cannot absorb the minerals required for survival; animals are helpless to digest the plants they forage on; nor can man convert the meat of animals into amino acid building blocks for the protein frame in which he dwells.

Fireflies cannot make their light in the summer air without its power. Electric eels cannot discharge their current through the water. Beetles scuttling underground cannot employ their feelers as direction finders. No human being anywhere can walk or run or jump or crawl across the land because none of his multitude of muscles can move without it. The heart cannot beat. The lungs cannot breathe. The brain cannot transmit intelligence—it cannot even think.

The potent spark without which life would cease is Adenosine-5-TriPhosphate, known to science as ATP. It is literally loaded with get-up-and-go. In it are sugar, which is concentrated energy; adenine, a drug related to the caffein in coffee, the breakfasttime lift with which we launch the day; nitrogen, the pick-me-up which earth gives to all green growth; and phosphorus, which strikes fire from common matches.

Although ATP does not ignite into visible flame, it often performs the functions of fire. Growing plants need light, for example, in order to absorb carbon dioxide from the air and mix it with water to manufacture sugar. The sun provides this light in the green growth process known as photosynthesis. Sunlight does not penetrate into the bodies of animals and men; but the same growth process of making sugar from carbon dioxide and water takes place in the darkness—if ATP is there.

Our bodies store the ATP-laden sugar in liquid form in our livers and distribute it from there by lightning express through the blood to billions of tiny depots scattered through all the cells of our bodies. Inside each cell sac, it floats, in submicroscopic globules, on the microscopic droplets of protoplasm which control the integrated activities of all cells (why these particular droplets, nobody yet knows). There it is held in readiness for instantaneous action, the supply allotted scrupulously to fit the dynamic need: the heart getting the most, then the lesser muscles, the kidneys and liver.

As we perform our daily work, the liquid sugar is broken down into carbon dioxide and water again. When this transformation occurs in a test tube, the ATP that went into the sugar now frees itself and strikes off two thirds of its phosphorus in an invisible form of energy: heat. But the body, being more efficient than a test tube, traps the escaping phosphorus and puts the fleeing energy to work in a form that can be seen: motion.

Studying Source of Muscle Energy

Here ATP appears unmistakably as a dynamic spark that breathes life from death. Itself an inanimate chemical which decomposes in plain cold water, ATP somehow can and does produce animation in muscle.

The exact working of the phenomenon is still obscure. Science has learned, however, that our muscles are like rubber bands which are outstretched when at rest, and that they are snapped into motion—causing our hearts to beat, our chests to move, our blood vessels to expand and contract, our intestinal walls to convey our food, and our bones to move and carry us about—by minute explosions of energy, just as sparks of exploding gasoline move the motor pistons that cause the wheels of an automobile to roll. The body energy is replaced as fast as it is used up, the source of supply being those tiny storehouses of ATP-laden sugar inside the muscles. Orders for release of the energy are carried by electrical impulses from our nerves. And the nerve current travels only where ATP is present to pave the way.

There is very little ATP inside any of us compared to the tremendous work it has to do. Consequently, it moves about at breakneck speed, appearing and disappearing like its phosphorescent cousin from the marshes, the strange, flickering light called will-o'-the-wisp. Mother Nature, with her usual scrupulous care for detail, sees that none of it is lost in the constant headlong dashing.

Precise laboratory measurements have confirmed that, in releasing energy for a particular muscle movement, ATP frees exactly the energy required to complete that motion—not a whit less, not a whit more. Likewise, in the transmission of nerve messages, the amount of ATP present to handle a given order to a stated point is precisely the amount that will supply the electrical current needed over the designated distance. Only with such hairsplitting apportionment would all the necessities be accomplished. Because, in addition to serving as day laborer, electrical engineer and messenger boy, ATP is also the body's garbage collector; it acetylizes (or renders harmless) the poisonous residue of things like sulfa drugs, and gets rid of constantly generated ammonia fumes which would suffocate us internally if not washed away in the form of urea.

Apparently ATP has come down through time unchanged since life began on earth. For it is found in one-celled organisms that are neither plants nor animals but are believed to be the ancestors of both. And it exists in exactly the same form in man. How does it pass from generation to generation? Supposedly through seeds in plants, and, in animals and humans, through the male sperm cell when it fertilizes the female egg. At any rate, it has been established that ATP is the source of the power that moves the sperm cell and makes fertilization possible.

As the cells of the new life grow and multiply, each one passes on to its progeny a small share of the inherited miracle. From this infinitesimal store, more can always be made until the unfathomed shadow of death appears. What extinguishes the vital spark then is a complete mystery. But there is no doubt that when ATP is gone, life ends. The irrefutable proof is there for all to see—*rigor mortis* sets in with ATP's disappearance.

Any natural substance whose pursuit results in a

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JACOB LOFMAN

Dr. Harry Albaum, Brooklyn College biochemist, is one of the country's top experts on ATP. Besides doing invaluable defense work with the substance during and after World War II, he made possible wide-scale medical use by finding a way to increase production at lower cost

ATP's use was spurred by chemist Edward Harvill of Bischoff Co., Ivoryton, Conn. (second from the left). He figured out what the problems were and asked Dr. Albaum for the answers. Others are firm's officers (l. to r.): Mrs. H. G. Terwilliger, Mr. Terwilliger, Illse Bischoff

JACOB LOFMAN

Nobel prize award qualifies automatically for the label: Important to Man's Future Happiness. ATP has been placed in this category not only once, but three times. Dr. Carl Cori, of Washington University in St. Louis; Dr. Otto Meyerhoff, of the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia; and Dr. Carl Neuberg, of Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, N. Y., all received the Swedish accolade for experiments involving ATP's vital functioning.

With such recognition, a medical bonanza would seem inevitable. And ATP's success in treatment of such widely diverse ills as the common itch, varicose veins and bursitis—not to mention its promise in obscure disabilities like multiple sclerosis—is glowing indeed.

Why, then, have we heard so little about ATP while hearing so much about the wondrous workings of the so-called miracle drugs? For the simple reason that the latter have been used in medicine by doctors who didn't need to explain how those drugs worked so long as they could achieve startling effects without apparent danger to life. ATP, on the other hand, had the misfortune to be introduced to clinical medicine as treatment for an illness too grave to allow many experiments before the mechanism was thoroughly understood: that is, the blood-clotting accident commonly known as "heart attack."

Analogy with the Kitchen Match

The story will be clearer if we begin by oversimplifying a few well-known scientific facts. Let us take the old-fashioned kitchen match. You can strike it anywhere. What happens? The matchhead spurts flame, and the surface you strike it on is left with a small dark scar which glows slightly in the dark. The glow comes from phosphorus rubbed off in creating the flame. If new phosphorus is put on the tip of the matchstick, along with combustible material, the match is ready to strike fire again.

ATP (remember it is called Adenosine-5-*Tri*-Phosphate) is very much like the original match. When it goes into action, energy is released, and phosphorus is lost in the process. What is left of the match is Adenosine-5-*Mono*Phosphate, or adenylic acid. If new phosphorus is added to adenylic acid, it becomes ATP again, ready to discharge more energy.

Even the poor little match girl of the famous Christmas story did not expect to be able to sell matches unless she was reasonably sure they would give light. But a Berlin drug manufacturer named Georg Henning optimistically tried to market adenylic acid—our chemical equivalent of the kitchen match before phosphorus is added—in the middle 1930s without having the foggiest notion of how it would work, or even if it would.

Tissue extracts of all kinds were popular in the European spas at that time. And Henning figured only to add another one, an extract of muscle. By boiling down the skinned carcass of a freshly killed horse he came out with adenylic acid as the ultimate distillate. Because he extracted it from muscle, and because the heart is a muscle, Henning thought adenylic acid might help an overworked heart as well as relieve rheumatic fatigue.

The European doctors were wildly enthusiastic about the new drug. Believing that American doctors would be, too, Henning asked the small drug firm founded by Dr. Ernst Bischoff to market the stuff in the United States. The results were disappointing.

After examining all the available evidence from abroad, the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association acknowledged "it is likely that carefully controlled observations in the future will show that these substances (Henning's two forms of adenylic acid) may be of some value in the treatment of patients with angina pectoris (the violent chest pain that signals closing of one of the big arteries that feed the heart), intermittent claudication (blood supply cutoff in the arms and legs) and vasometer (heart, kidney and blood vessel) disturbances not associated with organic disease." But it withheld its formal stamp of acceptance from the drug.

The fact that adenylic acid even managed to survive after that can be explained only on the ground that fate held a large investment in ATP. For World War II threw medicine in Germany back to

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the Middle Ages. And there was nothing to counteract the AMA's "go-slow" sign on the American market. Henning had no effective sales arguments to offer. All he actually knew about his new medicine was that it was vaguely associated with muscle. He did not know—indeed, no one knew until a few years ago—that adenylic acid was the chemical "mother" of ATP, or that if the acid were injected into living muscle, the muscle would add foot-loose phosphorus to it and pass it along to the blood as ATP.

Even if Henning had known that, the information would have been meaningless to him. Muscle still was largely a mystery; it had been established only as a ropelike stranding of countless fibers, which, when mashed into pulp, yielded ATP as one of its ingredients.

The really vital fact, that ATP is the only substance able to cause the muscle fibers to contract, had not yet been discovered. Several years were to pass before the Russian scientific investigator, Dr. W. A. Engelhardt, tied weights onto the individual muscle fibers and proved that no chemical but ATP would provoke them into motion.

At the time Dr. Ernst Bischoff's son, Edward, agreed to market adenylic acid, he had as little inkling of ATP's spectacular role in life as Henning did. Yet the Bischoff firm went ahead with the agreement, and, despite a virtually complete absence of sales, stuck with it—even to the point of manufacturing the product itself in its little white clapboard factory at Ivoryton, Connecticut, when World War II interfered with shipments from Henning in Germany.

Working under patents controlled by the Alien Property Custodian, old Dr. Ernst's two granddaughters (Illse, now chairman of the board of the company, and her sister, Carola, whose husband, H. G. Terwilliger, is president and treasurer) followed a process that had the convenience of not requiring a dead horse. Dried yeast extract was teased by this formula into manufacturing muscle adenylic acid without the help or even the presence of muscle.

For 10 years altogether, the Bischoffs kept the magical medicine on the market. Their price was $30 to $45 a gram. Partly because they had only the doubtful European experience to recommend the stuff, and partly because their salesmanship was geared to the old days when it was the individual doctor's responsibility to hunt for the newest medicines, the family never actually got out the news of its wonder child. Even the scientists who wanted the stuff for research—wanted it enough to make it themselves at a cost of $75 to $80 a gram—never heard that it was commercially available.

Chemist Hired to Solve a Problem

By all the usual rules of business, the product should have been abandoned long before in-law Terwilliger stepped into the firm in 1947. But it was still on the factory shelves when he arrived. And Terwilliger hired a young chemist named Edward Harvill and gave him a year in which either to get the genie out of the bottle or throw out the bottle.

Harvill, a confirmed optimist, sat down at his new desk and asked himself: "If I were a practicing physician, would I be interested in buying adenylic acid? What would I use it for? Under what circumstances would it be profitable for me to recommend it to my patients?"

The answer to the first question obviously was: Yes, I would be interested in buying it, if the reliability of treatment for specific maladies could be established through actual case histories in the United States. To answer the others, Harvill sought the advice of Dr. Harry Albaum, associate professor of biology at Brooklyn College, on how best to purify the product, produce it in the form that would be simplest for a doctor to administer, and at the same time cut the price as low as possible.

Dr. Albaum is one of the country's top experts on ATP. During World War II, his studies of ATP in the life of plants, insects and animals were an active part of national defense. As a biochemist at Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland, he helped work out a method whereby enemy troops could be bombarded with cyanide gas while our own men could be immunized so as to be able to occupy the gassed area for a strategic period of time without danger to themselves. The work was based on the fact that cyanide causes convulsions and death by drawing ATP away from the brain; immunization was achieved by guaranteeing the brain's supply of ATP. (Of course, since cyanide gas was never used during the war, the immunization process wasn't used, either.)

Since World War II, the Brooklyn professor has been investigating ATP's value as a weapon in another sense: this time in relation to blackout of combat fliers at high altitudes. The blackout is now known to be due to loss of ATP. What may be even more important in the long run, Dr. Albaum has been working under grants from the American Philosophical Society and the American Cancer Society to uncover ATP's function in growth of plants and in animal tumors. The evidence he has gathered up to now indicates that tumors won't grow without ATP.

Increased Production Lowers Cost

Alongside these fundamental inquiries, Dr. Albaum's chores for Bischoff sound colorless and dull. But they were far more important than they sound. For he made feasible the large-scale use of adenylic acid by increasing the yields from the yeast process, working out a simple measurement of ATP in the blood, and cutting the cost of treatment to the average doctor's patient below one fourth the price of Henning's original extract.

These advances coincide with a growing movement to educate both laboratory scientists and physicians on ATP's role in life. The three aforementioned Nobel prize winners appeared personally at an ATP symposium at Johns Hopkins in June, 1951, and a fourth Nobel prize winner, Dr. Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, was represented by a scientific paper. (He had won the award for his work on vitamins, but was now engaged in ATP research.) The meeting had more than usual import, for it was the third high-powered session on the subject this year; the others were at Michigan State and Yale.

Under the impact of this academic awakening, clinical demand for ATP is beginning to snowball. Already, it has elevated Harvill to a vice-presidency of the Bischoff Company. Half a dozen larger firms—Anheuser-Busch of St. Louis, Armour Laboratories of Chicago, Pabst Laboratories of Milwaukee, Rohm & Haas of Philadelphia, Schwarz of New York, Sigma Chemical of St. Louis—have joined in research and manufacture of the drug, from yeast and from animal muscle, either as sodium, disodium or potassium salt or as the parent acid.

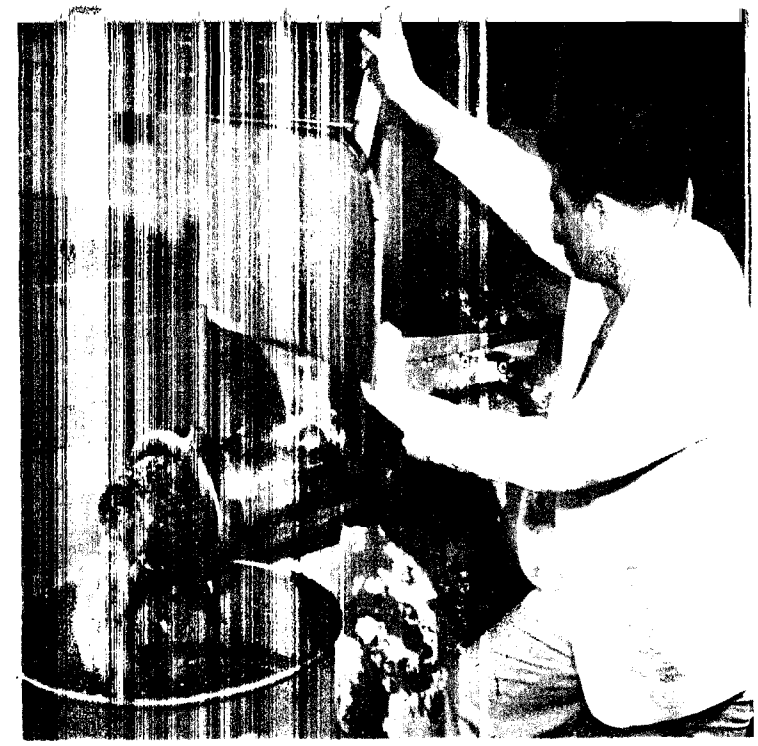
If the most dramatic results that have been obtained from its use are successfully repeated elsewhere, ATP will make the present miracle drugs seem mild by comparison; and, even if these particular effects cannot be duplicated except in rare instances, ATP still will provide medicine's first reliable relief for unsensational but painful ills which tend to harass the greatest number of people—those who do hard physical labor.

Dr. Antonio Rottino, chief pathologist at famous old St. Vincent's Hospital in Greenwich Village, pioneered the clinical use of muscle adenylic acid in this country. He started out with the theory that, since ATP is such a ubiquitous source of energy in nature, it should be able to restore normal vigor to a body whose energy has been depleted.

By injecting adenylic acid into victims of Hodgkin's disease, a form of cancer that singles out the lymph nodes for attack, he hoped to stimulate ATP to halt the decline in energy which always precedes death from that unhappy ailment. But he was not able to bring about any change in the energy level nor revoke any improvement in his patients' general welfare. For all practical purposes, the experiment was a failure—until two of the Hodgkin's sufferers whose symptoms had included violent itching volunteered the information that the itching suddenly was gone.

Now, "the itch" is one of man's great unrelieved afflictions. Thousands suffer agonies from it. They go from doctor to doctor, vainly seeking relief. They try X rays and salves and lotions and more X rays and other salves. But they rarely talk about it, except to their physicians. It has too many unflattering connotations, and occurs too often in intimate parts of the body.

All this, of course, Dr. Rottino knew. He realized that any cure that could *(Continued on page 54)*



JOHN KENDICINO

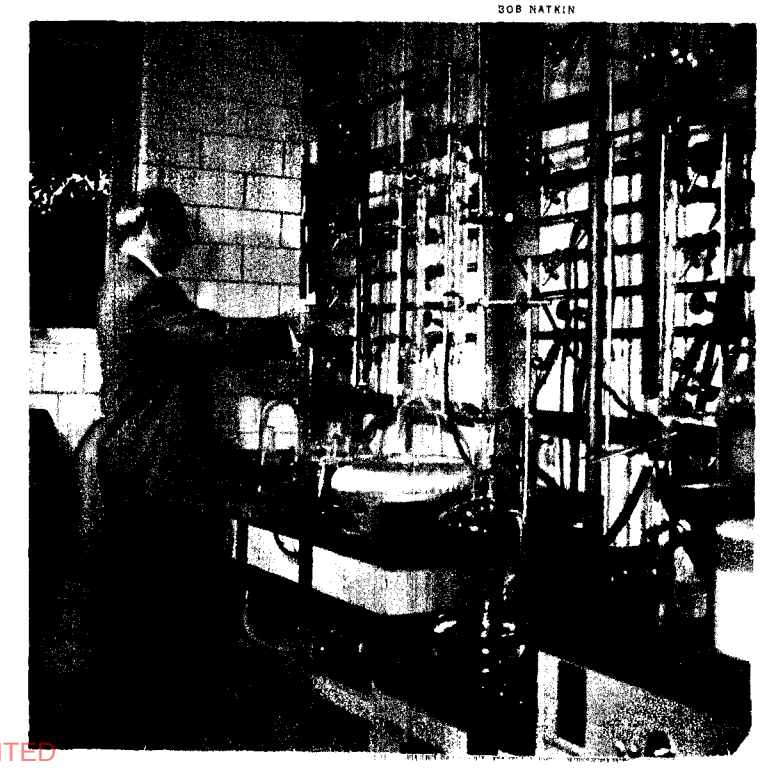
Chemical engineer Milton Kaplan of Armour lab, Chicago, grinds beef muscle, a source of adenylic acid, chemical "mother" of ATP

SAM STEINBERG

Anheuser-Busch plant in St. Louis is doing ATP work involving yeast derivative. Left, Dr. R. D. Seeley; right, engineer D. P. Walk

Final step in processing adenylic acid from yeast is shown by Dr. Alexander Frieden of the Pabst Laboratories in Milwaukee, Wis.

BOB NATKIN



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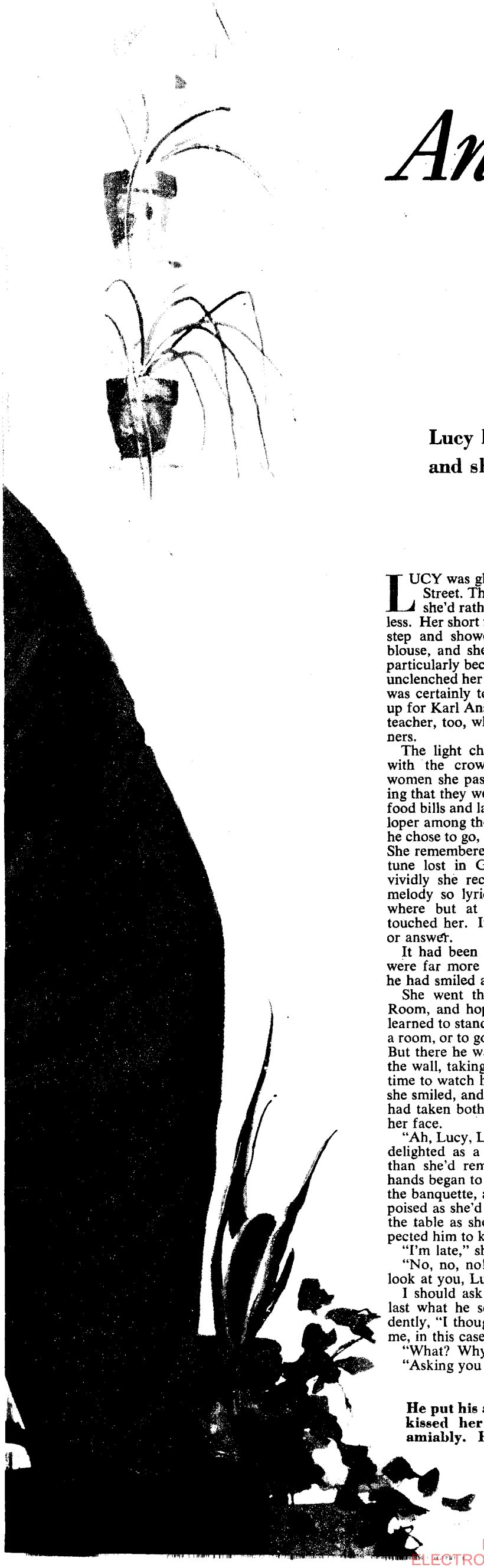

Another Song, Another Spring

By LESLEY MERRILL

Lucy had denied her love, even to herself. Now Karl was here and she could no longer deny it—to herself or to her husband

LUCY was glad to stop for a red light at Sixtieth Street. The Plaza was only a block away, and she'd rather be a little late than arrive breathless. Her short navy-blue cape blew back with each step and showed the perfect white of her linen blouse, and she knew that her little blue hat was particularly becoming. She took a deep breath and unclenched her hands. Six years out of college, she was certainly too much a matron to have dressed up for Karl Anselm, her piano teacher. A married teacher, too, whose wife had come to college dinners.

The light changed, and she crossed the street with the crowd, admiring the smartly dressed women she passed. She could never help imagining that they were removed from such problems as food bills and laundry, and she felt herself an interloper among them. But Anselm belonged wherever he chose to go, because he was a famous composer. She remembered school stories of a title and a fortune lost in Germany in the thirties, but most vividly she recalled *him:* tall, smiling, playing a melody so lyric and sweet that she looked anywhere but at him whose music confused and touched her. It was music she could never make or answer.

It had been tantalizing; he'd had students who were far more talented than she was, but for her he had smiled and played special music.

She went through the lobby toward the Oak Room, and hoped he was waiting; she had never learned to stand in a doorway with ease and search a room, or to go in composedly and sit down alone. But there he was, sitting on a leather bench along the wall, taking a cigarette out of a case. She had time to watch him a moment. Then he looked up, she smiled, and he hurried to her. In an instant he had taken both her hands and kissed each side of her face.

"Ah, Lucy, Lucy!" he said, his smile as open and delighted as a child's, his accent a little slighter than she'd remembered, only a trace now. Her hands began to tremble surprisingly. He led her to the banquette, and, instead of seeming mature and poised as she'd planned, she bumped clumsily into the table as she slid into her seat. She hadn't expected him to kiss her.

"I'm late," she began inanely.

"No, no, no! You are here! Let me look and look at you, Lucy!"

I should ask why, she thought, and find out at last what he sees in me. Instead, she said diffidently, "I thought you might not be pleased to see me, in this case."

"What? Why not?"

"Asking you to play a concert in Columbus—If you don't want to, I don't blame you," she finished weakly. Her trembling hands distressed her, and she tried hard to keep them steady as she took a cigarette from her bag; but for all her will power they were shaking when he lighted her cigarette. He looked at her, put down the lighter, and held out his own hands. They were shaking, too.

"It will stop, presently, for us both," he said and smiled. "Of course I'll come. I only did not write that you might come and ask me."

"Civic Arts will pay all your expenses." It sounded crass, but she had to tell him.

"That is customary," he answered calmly. "Now tell me of you, the six years—Are you happy? But of course, for you're still more beautiful. Your husband was in the war; you lived on Army posts? Adored by all the officers?"

"Oh, no!" she said. "We were in a Florida swamp, miles from the base. I wasn't adored, or even seen, except by David."

"But this David doesn't lock you up? He is good to you?"

"Oh, yes!" He has such perfect trust in me, she thought, that he lets me go out for cocktails with the most fascinating man I've ever known.

"David was a bad topic," he said. "You have gone off in a dream of him!"

"I have two Davids, and a Janie," she said, smiling.

"Janie." He grimaced. "Why not Lucy?"

"For David's mother," she said, and thought: There's the difference between David and Karl! She regretted "Jane," too; it was too plain a name for a seraphic child. But she'd been born so soon after little David that the Caruthers had helped with the bills, and when Lucy had said gratefully, "Let's name her for your mother," David was pleased. But Karl knew at once that to her the name was secretly wrong.

"I should have wished for a little Lucy," he said, then added quickly, "but I have not offered you a drink."

"I'll have tea," she said.

He smiled, beckoned a waiter, and ordered tea and a Martini.

"Afraid to drink with your teacher?" he asked teasingly.

"Oh, no," she said. "I really like tea."

"Often in the old days, I thought: I shall ask her to go here, or there, or have a drink with me, but I couldn't. You would never come toward me."

"If I'd known how," she said candidly, "I wouldn't have dared."

"No? Why?"

"You might not have liked me. I never knew why you did, but to keep it that way, I tried to stay exactly the same."

"And you did! What composure! But how good to see you even twice a week—warm and quiet as sunshine, tender and lovely. I've missed you." He stopped and looked at her, *(Continued on page 62)*

He put his arm around her shoulder and kissed her cheek while David smiled amiably. How silly I was, she thought

ILLUSTRATED BY LIONEL GILBERT

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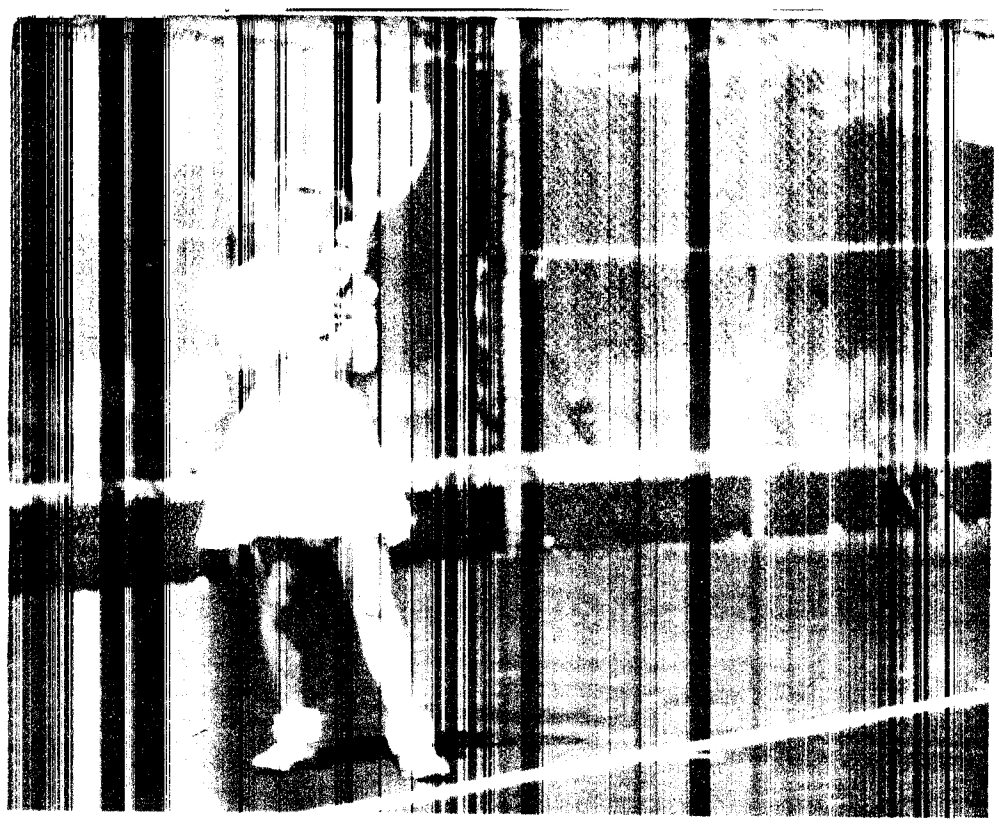
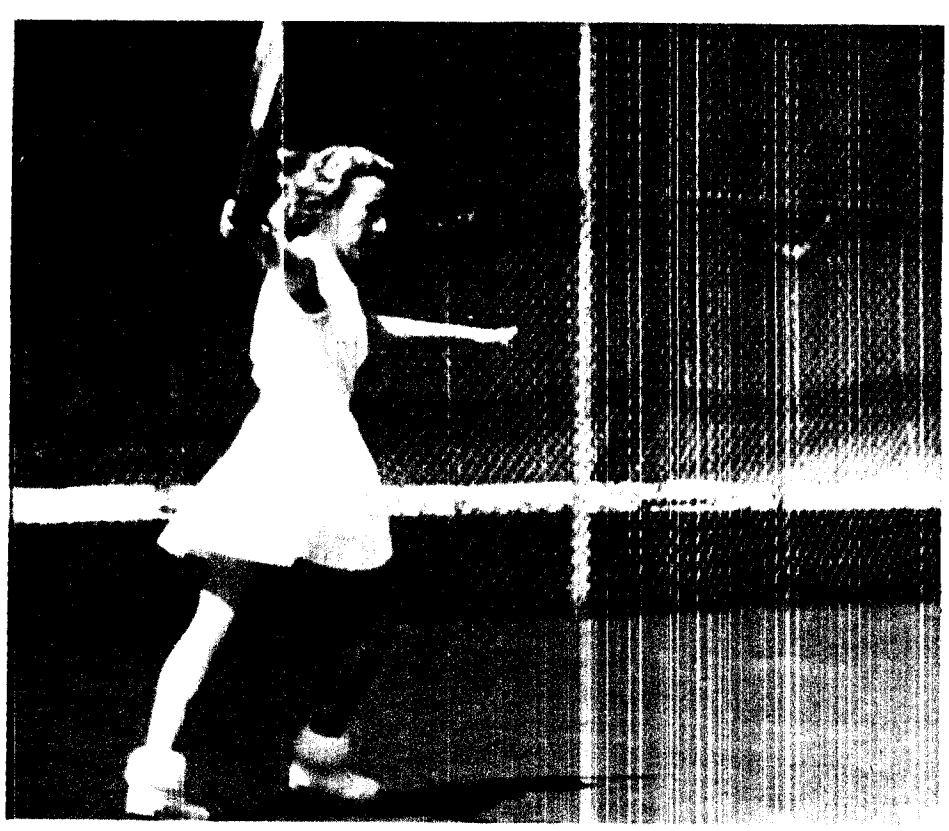
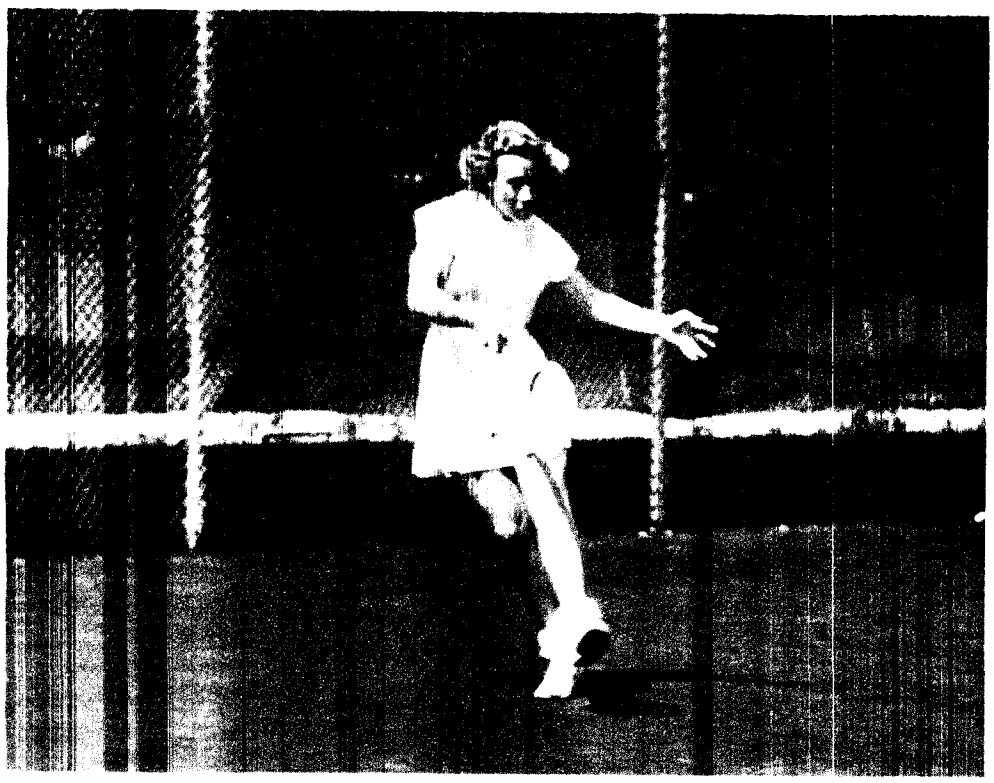


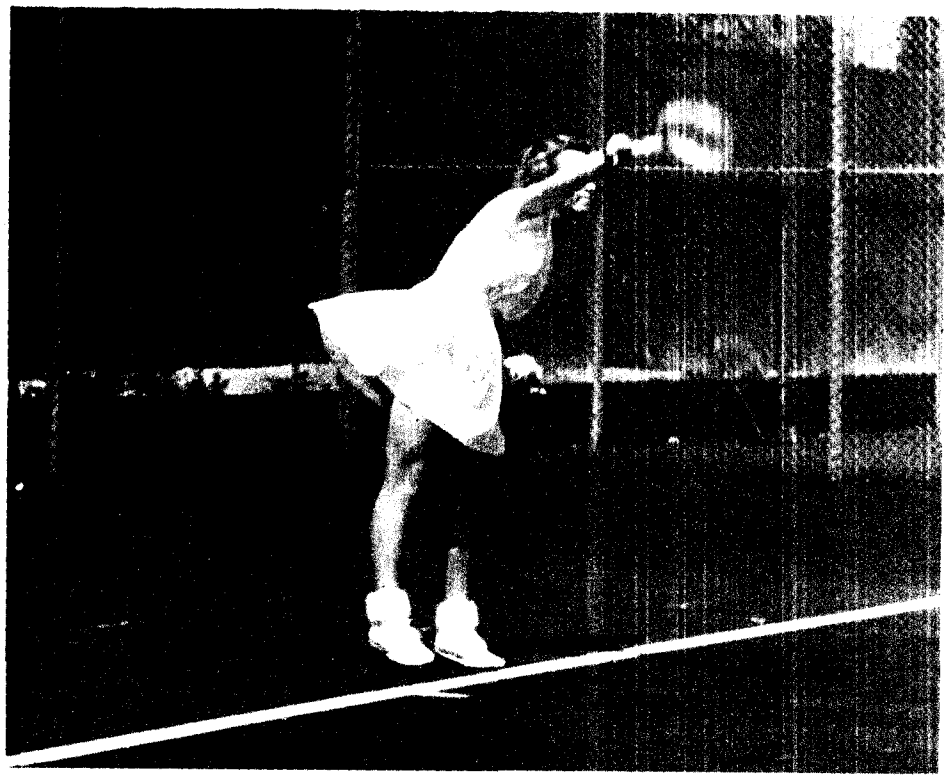
Pictures of Maureen Connolly in play show intensity of her game



Like a dancer, 16-year-old star has perfect footwork and balance

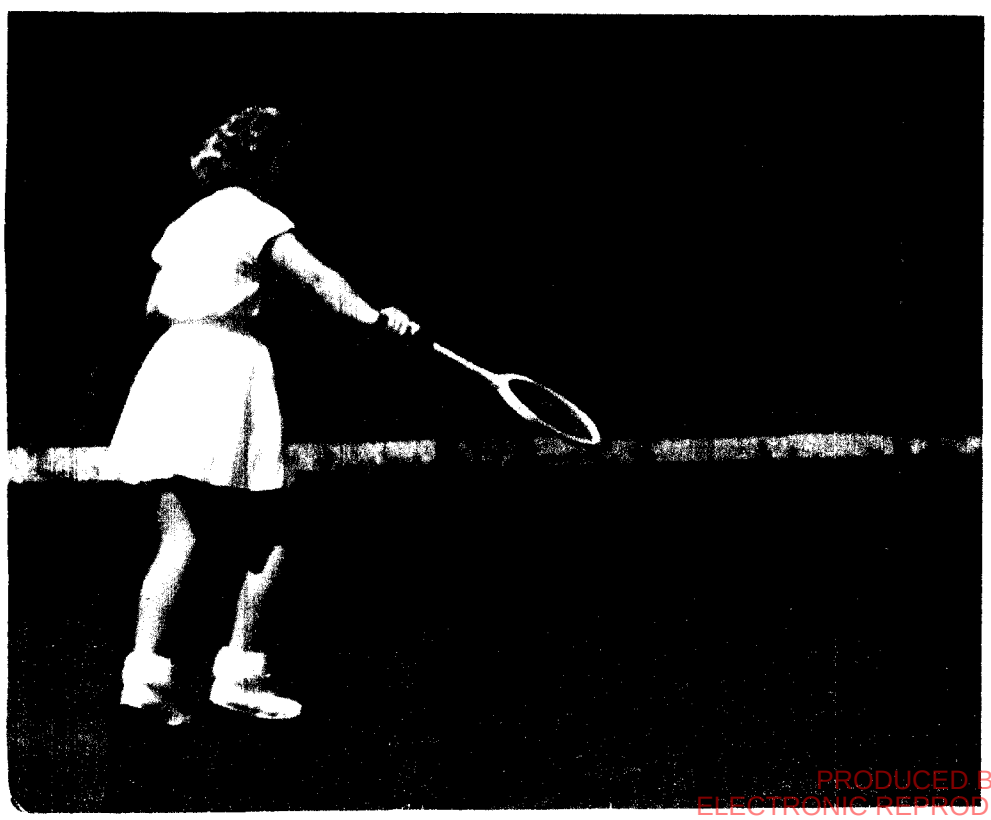


Caught off guard, Maureen keeps balance to make strong return

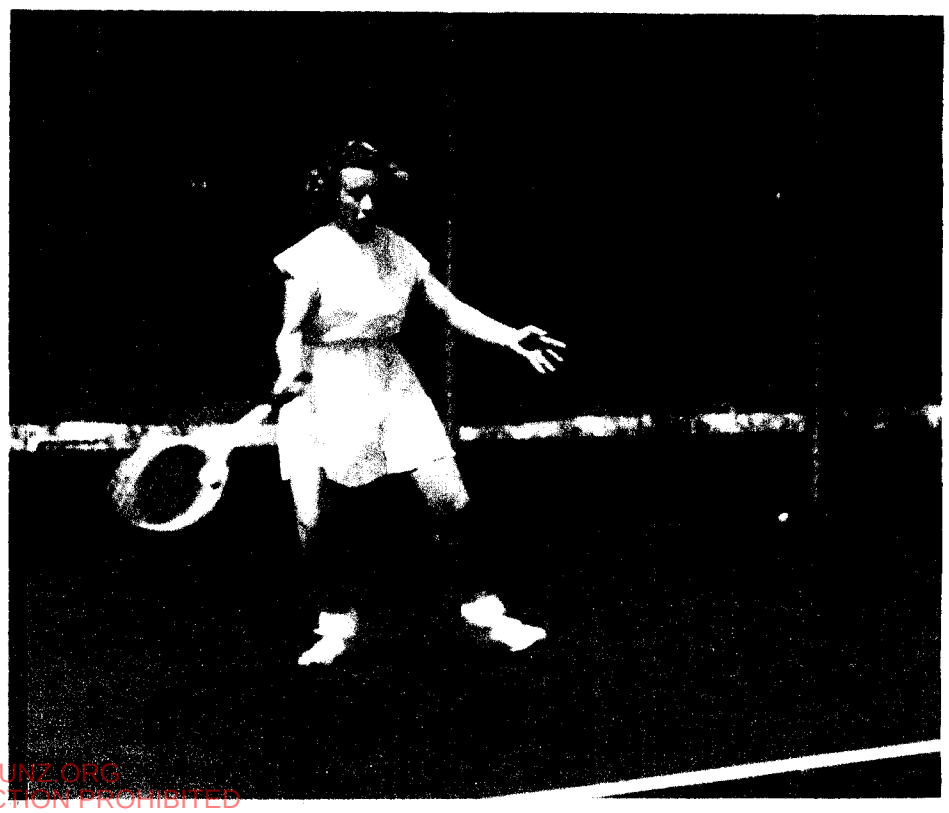


In fine finish to good serve, Little Mo shifts weight to left foot

Almost always on her toes, Mo plays much of game from baseline



Constant bounce from foot to foot looks like an athletic two-step



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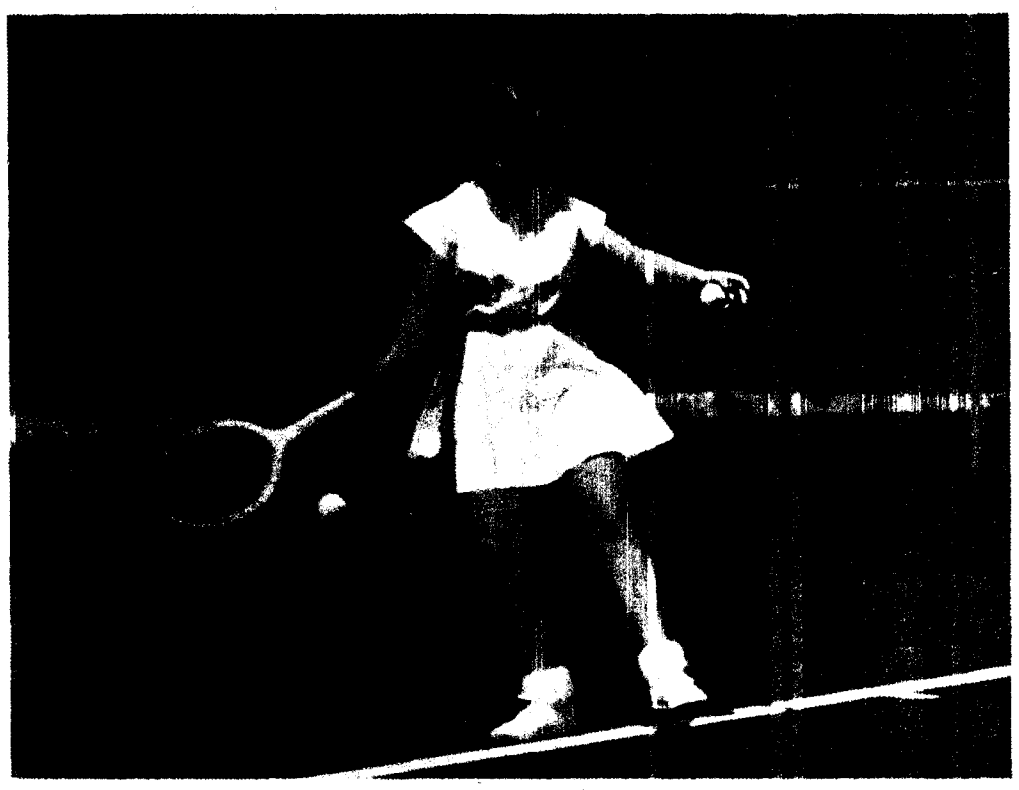
Following through on forehand drive, she demonstrates great power



Maureen's smile here is rare; she's usually emotionless during play

Appearing to bow, Maureen eases tension after an exhausting game

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS

Tennis phenomenon—Maureen Connolly

"Little Mo" Watch Her Go

AT THE age of ten, when most little girls are concerned with the fine points of double-Dutch and jacks, Maureen Connolly, of San Diego, California, was swapping her services as a ball retriever for free tennis lessons from professional Wilbur Folsom. Today, at sixteen, Maureen is a one-in-a-million tennis skyrocket, who has been defeated only twice in her own age group in seven years of competition. This week (from August 25th to September 3d) she will be swinging for the biggest prize of all—the National Women's Singles Championship at Forest Hills, New York. If she cops the cup, she'll be the youngest champ in U.S. history.

Two years ago, Maureen Connolly was the youngest girl ever to win the national junior championships. Last year, at fifteen, she was the youngest ever to be ranked among the "First Ten" in the grownup category of Women's tennis. Now, with titles like the 1951 Southern California Women's Championship, and the Women's Pennsylvania and Eastern States Championship to her credit, the little Connolly girl's ambitions are understandably unlimited.

Twice before, teen-age Californians have astounded the tennis world. In 1904, power-packed, seventeen-year-old May Sutton, of Santa Monica, took the National Women's Singles trophy at Philadelphia. In 1923, at Forest Hills, Helen Wills won the first of her seven singles championships at the age of seventeen. The swift drives and accurate backcourt tactics of the latest California moppet are reminiscent of both Wills and Sutton. This five-foot-four 130-pound newcomer stays mostly at the baseline, dancing back and forth on her toes, slugging the ball within inches of the back line. Gradually, through shots from side to side, she maneuvers an opponent out of position with a hard drive down the line, forcing a weak return. She then comes easily forward to make put-away shots from mid-court.

Off the court, Maureen is a normal teen-ager, who loves Gordon MacRae recordings and showing off the tap and ballet steps she's been studying since she was three. Her well-balanced footwork on the courts reflects her accomplishments as a dancer, but except for three hours' tennis practice a day, Little Mo (for Maureen) hasn't let her career upset her life.

Her coach Eleanor (Teach) Tennant, who worked with Alice Marble among other greats, says: "Don't be surprised if Maureen wins the National Women's Singles this year. She's better than Wills and Marble were at her age."

But whether or not Maureen Connolly becomes America's first sixteen-year-old national champion, most experts agree she's going to be the world's greatest woman tennis player before she's through. Maybe then Little Mo will get around to double-Dutch.

ROBERT CAHN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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Today's labor chiefs

CIO president Philip Murray, whose recent serious illness prompted unification talk

Bill Green, 78, is president of AFL, which once included the CIO and may again

The AFL Will Absorb

As soon as younger men succeed labor's aging leader

By EDWIN A. LAHEY

PHILIP MURRAY, president of the CIO, had a close brush with death a few months ago. It was touch and go with him for a couple of nights in a Pittsburgh hospital, and only his tough heart pulled him through. Among Murray's friends, who range from President Truman to the countless miners and steelworkers who call him by his first name, there was a two-sided apprehension.

They felt what everybody feels when death hovers at the door of a beloved citizen.

But beyond that they had the feeling that with Phil Murray gone, there would be no Congress of Industrial Organizations.

This latter feeling, of course, varied in intensity. To the payrollers of the CIO, it was the real thing. To students of social history, it was a reminder that the passing of a few men now in the evening of their lives almost certainly will bring revolutionary changes in the labor movement of this country.

During my associations of many years with many people in the CIO, I have heard it suggested that the organization would continue after Phil Murray, under the leadership of some universally revered union president like Jack Potofsky of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

Potofsky was an ardent follower of the late Sidney Hillman, and succeeded him as president of the ACW. They had fought together in the great clothing workers' strike in Chicago back in 1914, and had come up together to positions of great influence in the labor movement, especially as it got more and more into politics.

Nevertheless, the suggestion that Potofsky might take over from Murray belongs back in the days when there was real enmity between the American Federation of Labor and the CIO, the latter fighting with especial bitterness to survive and grow. That situation no longer exists.

Since the CIO fumigated its left wing in 1949 and 1950, it and the traditionally more conservative AFL have been much alike in their ways of thinking; certainly they see eye to eye on the menace of Communism, both foreign and domestic. Leaders of the two organizations feel much more at ease with one another today, and the urgency for independent existence is not the fierce passion in the bosoms of the CIO union leaders that it once was.

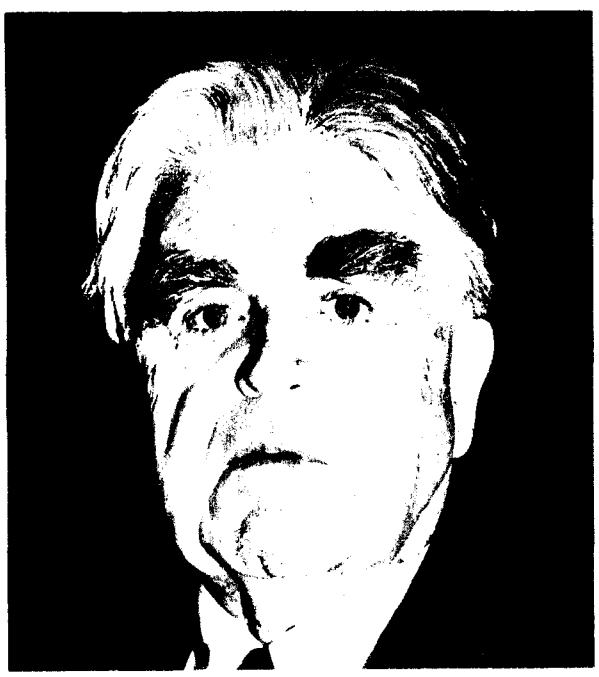
As the glumness settled over the CIO building in Washington while Phil Murray was fighting for life against pretty heavy odds, one wise union official said to me:

"We may as well be realistic. If Phil goes, that's the end of the CIO. The Steelworkers and the Auto Workers each pay about $100,000 a month to the CIO, and that's what keeps the CIO going. If the man who maintains the balance is lost, the Steelworkers and the Auto Workers couldn't live peaceably together as equals for six months."

Our best-known labor leaders today are Murray, aged sixty-five, William Green, president of the AFL, seventy-eight, and John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers, seventy-one. Their unions claim, respectively, 6,000,000, 8,000,000, and 600,000 members. These claims may be a little high, but they do indicate the relative membership strengths of the organizations. Nonaffiliated unions have another million or two.

When Murray, Green and Lewis (all former coal miners) are gone, there will be a united labor movement in this country, at least 14,000,000 strong; the most formidable labor force in our history. Labor is now united at many points of contact, and the final act of organic unification will be a simple enough evolutionary step. "It's on the way," a keen insider confided to me, "and it will not be bad at all."

A united movement will not be a new thing for American labor, for both the CIO and UMW originally were part of the AFL. The Committee for Industrial Organization, as it was first called, consisted of eight AFL unions, including the miners; their purpose was to launch an organizing drive to unionize whole industries (like steel and automobiles) instead of just crafts (plumbers, carpenters and the like), as had been traditional AFL policy.



John L. Lewis, 71, keeps UMW independent just because he can't get along with anyone

AFL carpenters' union, once militant, is now conservative under Big Bill Hutcheson, 77

Elderly Dan Tobin, president of the potent AFL International Brotherhood of Teamsters

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he CIO When...

e way will be open for one big, powerful organization

It was this policy disagreement that resulted in the suspension, then expulsion, of the CIO affiliates from the AFL; three years later, in 1938, the CIO adopted its own constitution and the new name, Congress of Industrial Organizations.

With the CIO and UMW back in the fold, the united labor movement will embrace all but a few traditionally independent unions, such as the railroad engineers, firemen, conductors and trainmen, who for three quarters of a century have been going their own ways (and occasionally breaking one another's strikes).

Doubtless many CIO men will suffer emotional pains at the time of unification, but they certainly will not suffer humiliation. The CIO, in the brief span of years it has existed, has put more pep and drive in the union movement than ever was known before. It has been wonderfully successful in industry-wide organizations. It has given to all union men some concept of the political power of the workers, and how that power can be used.

Merger Would Help Labor Cause

These and other characteristics of the CIO will survive unification, to become characteristics of the entire union labor movement. About all the CIO will lose by merger will be its name. Labor as a whole will gain the advantages of assembled strength and drive—even as the split in labor in 1935 activated each rival faction, sometimes to the acute distress of employers and the National Labor Relations Board.

A united labor movement will certainly, in its first flush of new life, address itself to the jobs at which a divided movement has not been too successful. Labor's most glaring recent failures have been its relative political ineffectiveness (for example, in the 1950 Congressional campaign) and its poor showing in the drive to organize workers in the South. In these fields and in others, the reunion of labor's warring factions will mean a tremendous revitalization.

The groundwork for unification has been building for some time. On the lower levels, the rival groups have worked closely together in state and national political campaigns since 1944. I recall a united labor committee that boarded President Truman's campaign train in 1948 as it crossed the line into Utah. Here were rank-and-file members of unions working in friendly harmony, obviously pleased at showing how they could operate together for a common goal. The organizational frictions and bureaucratic jealousies that existed among some of their leaders had not infected or affected the membership at all. They simply did not care, for they felt strongly that workingmen are not divided into groups with widely differing interests.

In the international field the American Federation of Labor, the Congress of Industrial Organizations and the United Mine Workers have already joined in support of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, which is leading the successful global fight against the World Federation of Trade Unions, voice of the Russian Cominform. In the domestic field, the AFL and the CIO have worked as one in the successful fight to win positions of real influence in the current defense mobilization program.

The AFL and the CIO actually have committees in existence to discuss unification, and these committees have met at least twice. It is likely that they could be energized quickly, whenever the situation is right. Once these committees agree on a working plan, the mechanics of the unifying steps would not be too difficult. Ratification by the two top organizations might have to wait for the next annual conventions, but it seems more probable that special conventions would be called to consider this one subject.

The differing methods of union organization within the AFL and the CIO—craft versus industrial—present no great problem. Each of the constituent unions could go ahead as it has been doing, if that is what it wants to do. An Industrial Union Department could become a part of the unified movement, and into that department the CIO unions could continue with enough autonomy to preserve their present methods.

There would be jurisdictional and other problems in the electrical, maritime and transportation fields, which now have unions in both the CIO and the AFL. But with the basic relationship established, these problems could be adjusted.

The men you'll be reading about as the leaders and hearing from as the most articulate voices in this powerful labor movement are already on the scene, most of them well known, and some of them—like Walter Reuther of the CIO Auto Workers, and George Harrison of the AFL Railway Clerks—well-established leaders of mass organizations in their own right. Elsewhere in labor there are other men of proven ability, making up a reservoir of leadership that a unified organization could call on when the time came.

Thus, the final act of complete labor unity awaits only the retirement or passing of three onetime cronies, Green, Murray and Lewis, whose recriminations against one another have furnished so many choice news items since 1935, when the labor movement discovered that one way to grow is to have competitive civil war. With those three powerful men gone, great changes would be almost certain.

A Leader Who Can't Be Replaced

The CIO could not survive a year without Murray because he is the personification of the outfit in a sense that no other man can be. There is no one in sight to take his place; and anyone who knows his way around the corridors of union halls—as I think I know mine—is certain the Auto Workers would not stand still for a leader who came out of the Steelworkers, any more than the Steelworkers would accept one from the Auto organization.

These dominant, freight-paying unions of the CIO probably would not welcome an overall president from a smaller constituent outfit. Even if this compromise expedient were tried, it would be a weak and shaky alternative to immediate unification, and the titular head thus chosen could not keep peace in the family for long. The logic of facts and events would be against him. As one labor friend of mine puts it, "Nobody is really hot for a compromise, and in this labor-union work the man at the top needs hot support. It ain't enough just to have nobody against you."

The rival pressures of the two big union organizations would, in the opinion of those best qualified to know, pull the CIO apart in a matter of months. Purely as a protective measure, the CIO would probably merge with the AFL while it still had the appearance of unity, to give it bargaining power.

I think it almost *(Continued on page 71)*

Tomorrow's contenders

George Meany of AFL may head a unified organization

CIO Auto Workers' Walter Reuther would be influential

Highly regarded Dave Beck of AFL western teamsters

UMW's John Owens, rated as possible Lewis successor

Joe Keenan, the aggressive head of AFL political arm

Young Jim Carey, of CIO electrical workers' new union

CIO communications union is headed by Joseph Beirne

Dave McDonald, Murray's likely heir in Steelworkers

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Don thought it foolish for the man to get cross, for he was playing as much of a game as Don was. He was playing that he wasn't a convict, and Don was playing that the man was getting away with it

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THE BREAK

It was the first time in his life that he had played anybody a dirty trick. But everybody thought it was great, and maybe, given a little more time, he'd learn to think so too

By CHARLES JACKSON

THE news of the escape first got around on Sunday night. It threw the oldest son into a state of agitation, almost panic, possibly because he was old enough to know what it meant. The youngest was indifferent: he was too young. Mrs. Birnam—an unimaginative mother, easygoing, preoccupied with family matters—seemed to take the attitude that if danger was involved, it was danger to somebody else besides themselves; she was one of those comfortably insular persons who believe that catastrophes like consumption, "infantile," automobile accidents, and lightning can only strike somebody else. The reaction of Don, the middle son, was romantic: what a pity it had happened forty miles away, and thus the consequent exciting danger or threat would never reach as far as their town of Arcadia. He was twelve at the time.

There had been a break at the state prison in Auburn. Six convicts had shot their way out and were now—so everybody said—terrorizing the countryside, though no one had seen a sign of them since their rush to freedom, after a wounded guard, at gun point, had raised the outer gate for their escape.

The news came to the Birnams inevitably from one of their neighbors over the telephone. There was no radio in those days but Mrs. Kirtle was just as good. By some mysterious gift she always managed to hear things before anybody else and immediately got on the phone or rushed across the back yards, ducking under clotheslines and rapping on kitchen doors. "Pauline Revere," the boys called her, and their mother suppressed a smile and scolded them for disrespect.

The thing to do, people said then, was to stay close to home, go out as little as possible, keep off the streets after dark, lock up at night, and, more than anything else, avoid the open country. For the next few days they observed these pleasant restrictions—and for Don it was exciting, going to school mornings and coming home again after school, to think that maybe an escaped convict or two might very possibly be watching his progress along the familiar streets while he kept his face straight ahead, pretending he did not know that furtive eyes spied on him through the horizontal slats of the cupola on top of Mr. Newton's stable or the vertical slats underneath Mrs. van Benschoten's broad piazza. But within a few days the excitement had subsided, people began to forget it, and on the following Saturday, Don made the usual preparations for his regular Saturday-afternoon hike into the country.

This hike had become as regular a part of his week as the Saturday-night bath or Sunday school on Sunday morning. From Monday to Friday, during school hours, Don Birnam dreamed about it over his history or algebra book, planning what he would take along and the things he would do, mostly planning what role he would play this time. He always went alone, of course; only alone could he fully realize the character of Kit Carson or Father Marquette or a reconnoitering scout for General Custer's raiders. South and east of Arcadia the countryside was dotted with occasional farms and cultivated fields and open pastures, but once he had started out, it immediately became unexplored country, enemy country. The farms were lone outposts, the familiar brook was an upper reach of the Mississippi, the single-track railroad was the path of the Iron Horse that had been laid across the Western plains (he knew exactly where the Golden Spike had been hammered in), the horses that grazed in the pastures were mustangs and the cows were bison.

He stowed the peanut-butter sandwiches in his knapsack, slung it on his back, hollered good-by to his mother, and cut across the back lots toward Indian territory.

His last contact with civilization was the asylum on the hill south of town, alongside the railroad. This was a home for feeble-minded women and girls, and it interested him to linger there for a while, watching the inmates in their endless parade around the parklike grounds, wondering who they were, where they came from, what had brought them here, and what strange worlds they lived in. In long skirts that looked like mattress ticking, they marched along two by two, shepherded by stout matrons in white with pompadours, rimless eyeglasses and short blue capes. He leaned against the high wire fence and waved at them, and they would wave back and giggle in tremendous chorus.

Sometimes one of them suddenly quit the ranks, darted forward, and shouted at him a word that not even boys used. Calmly, as if nothing had happened, the nearest matron would get her back into line, paying no attention whatever to the bad word or to the shrieks of laughter that split the air. Then the procession moved on; but all the while, the girls would keep looking back, ducking their heads and squealing hysterically, poking at one another and pointing at him. When they disappeared around the corner of the main building, he turned away and headed out along the high bank of the railroad.

Don loved walking along the tracks, stepping from tie to tie and automatically counting as he went, yet not keeping count, either. Sometimes he tried walking along the rails like a tightrope walker, seeing how far he could go before he fell off; but it was never very far, not more than ten or twelve steps, the last few of them very short and fast, with his arms flailing wildly and the soles of his sneaks squeaking on the iron surface of the track till he lost his balance and had to step down to the ties or the cinder path.

FROM where he had turned off at the asylum, the railroad, raised slightly above the rolling fields, stretched in a straight line for more than a mile across the countryside that he knew so well, till it disappeared around a bend in the distance. He used to stand between the tracks and watch how the rails met and merged together far up ahead, like an immensely long, tapering ladder laid flat, and how, if it was a warm day, the rails blurred and shimmered in the heat waves that played over the roadbed.

But best of all was when a train came along, taking shape and sound from out of the distance, growing bigger and louder, till, after he had hurried down the bank and climbed on the fence to wave at the engineer, it rumbled slowly past with a hiss of steam, a terrible grinding of rods and monstrous wheels, and then the long rattle and clatter of the twenty or thirty freight cars that wobbled along behind, brought up at the rear by the swaying caboose, where, as the engine began to slow down for Arcadia, a couple of men in faded blue work clothes sometimes appeared at the window with fans of cards in their hands.

Don knew the engineer. It was Mr. Colvin, who lived a few doors from the Birnams, and his daily run, the only train of the afternoon, was from Binghamton in the southern part of the state to Parsons Point on Lake Ontario. And one day when Mr. Colvin saw him sitting there on the fence, waiting to wave at him, he slowed the train down and brought it to a hissing, shuddering stop—it was easily the high point of Don's life. Mr. Colvin hollered from the cab, "Hi, boy!—want to ride into town?" Don jumped down from the fence and clambered up the steep bank; Mr. Colvin leaned out to give him a hand, and Don climbed in.

It was hot and smelly inside, and wonderful. Mr. Colvin said to watch out for all the grease and coal dust; he didn't want to have Don's mother get after him. But Don didn't care. He gave the engineer one of his peanut-butter sandwiches, took one himself, and the two of them rode on into Arcadia, where Don climbed down at the station, to the astonishment of Mr. Brink, the stationmaster, and the envy of his friends at school when they heard about it later. Ever since then, he had wanted Mr. Colvin to pick him up again. He knew he had only to ask or to signal to him, but somehow Don never did.

ABOUT a mile along the embankment there was a culvert that ran under the railroad, carrying through it a shallow little stream if it was springtime, the barest trickle if it was summer. The culvert was a round tile pipe, so big that he could stand upright in it if he took off his scout hat. It was one of Don's favorite places along his weekly hike. He always climbed down the bank here and walked through; and sometimes, to get the most out of it, he stopped and sat down for a while, squarely in the middle, midway between the two open ends. It was nearly dark in the culvert, but grew lighter toward the openings.

As he crouched inside, the ends presented round pictures in miniature of the great landscape outside, all the more brilliantly sunlit because of the dark center from which Don looked out. Looking one way, he could see the rolling pastures of Mr. Price's well-kept farm and Bailey's Hill in the background, framed in a round formal frame, like a Japanese window or a view seen through a great telescope; looking the other way, he saw, similarly framed, the cattails and small red willows of the swamp that he had named Ump Swamp, an Indian name he had invented.

In the solitude and secrecy of Don's hide-out, and the absolute stillness, it was fun, then, to shatter the silence by suddenly giving a great shout; his ears rang as the curving tile walls magnified the shout and sent its reverberations back and forth along the tunnel, and a mighty sound like a thunderclap could be produced by taking two rocks and banging them hard together. And when, as sometimes happened, the afternoon train passed along the tracks overhead while he sat inside, the deafening tumult of noise and vibration gave Don the thrilling sensation of resting, deliciously safe and snug, in the calm dead center of a hurricane. It was as though all of nature were suffering a violent convulsion, a vast upheaval in which he alone was untouched.

Before scrambling down to go through the culvert, Don stood on the high embankment and surveyed the countryside—a last look around, to see that all was well. Scout-fashion, he shaded his eyes with his hand and scanned the familiar scene from horizon to horizon. All was not well, of course. The landscape was as quiet and serene as ever—deceptively so, he told (*Continued on page 65*)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

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Continuing Herbert Hoover's Memoirs of Public Life

Working for Woodrow Wilson

Back in Washington, the future President tackles the nation's wartime food problem, making meatless days popular and the slogan "Clean Your Plate" a people's war cry

By HERBERT HOOVER

INTERNATIONAL

Hoover asked Americans to pledge they would follow food-saving rules, and 20 million did

INTERNATIONAL

Wilson made Hoover Food Administrator May 8, 1917, giving him all power he needed

IV

ALMOST until the very last, I had been deeply opposed to America's entering the first World War. My feeling was based, among many reasons, on my familiarity with European subcurrents and power politics and my lack of faith in our ability to change those forces and therefore make a lasting peace. I believed that our moral, economic and military strength could lead the peacemaking even if we did not get into the war.

However, the all-out German submarine attacks on American ships convinced me that we must take military action.

As head of the Commission for Relief in Belgium I had been, for the war's first two and a half years, one of the few Americans who, as neutrals, shuttled between the belligerents and kept in constant contact with their high officials.

Colonel Edward M. House, President Wilson's adviser, always spent a good deal of time with me on his trips to Europe, and from time to time I furnished him with memoranda about the possibilities of peace.

President Wilson's unceasing purpose from 1914 on was to find some ground on which the war could be ended. But both he and the colonel were living in a stratosphere far above the earthy ground on which the war was being fought.

They were exploring the possibilities of a negotiated peace with great phrases such as "peace without bitterness"; they advocated some sort of "association of nations" to preserve eternal peace. They apparently could not conceive but that Europe must realize and recoil from the abyss over which civilization was hanging. They seemed to believe that Europe's leaders, in their secret hearts, must know that the war was a stalemate and, if eventually, why not now?

It was all unreal.

The hard facts were that the leaders on both sides had no idea of stalemate; they wanted victory, world power, new territorial possessions. The masses in each country believed that they were fighting to defend their firesides against monstrous enemies, and that they were going to get full compensation and vengeance.

Although President Wilson was an eminent historian, he did not seem to grasp the fact that the forces in Europe were the distillation of the mores of these widely different peoples, their centuries of dangers, ambitions, wrongs, fears and hates. This war was not just a fortuitous incident apart from the whole inheritance of Europe.

Certainly the foreign offices wanted to please Colonel House, and they all had men trained in that art. The Allies hoped to get us to join them in the war. The Germans hoped to keep us neutral. Therefore officials on both sides listened most respectfully to the colonel's proposals—but gently deferred them.

In mid-1915 an organized campaign sprang up in the United States for a negotiated peace. Great pressures were put on the President to "mediate." Many traveling Americans with these views called on me, and seemed to think me benighted for not crying, "Peace! Peace!" These emotions finally culminated in Henry Ford's "peace ship," whose passengers were to "get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas." I saw these well-meaning people in Holland, and found them crestfallen at the hilarity with which their "dove of peace" had been received by the "boys."

In January, 1916, Colonel House developed the idea that the President should propose definite peace terms and throw our weight in the war to the side which accepted them, if the other side refused. Mr. Wilson did not appear to accept this notion fully. House came to Europe to explore. But the Allies were so sure that the United States would never come in on the side of Germany that they politely pigeonholed the colonel's ideas.

In my talks with House at the time I presented to him a new phenomenon of total war which seemed to me the overriding reason why his plan could not succeed. As this war wore on, there was a growth of hate among civilians never hitherto equaled in war. Total war had produced total hate.

Previous great wars had been fought by soldiers, brave men against other brave men. There had been a certain chivalry and sportsmanship.

But this war was to a great degree a war against civilians. The Allied food blockade of Germany by surface craft stretched hate into every German home three times a day. The German submarine blockade of England threatened England's food, and the sinking of ships without a chance and the air bombing of English towns had raised hates to a degree never before known in the British.

By January, 1917, when I made a trip home in connection with some Belgian Relief problems, it was plain that America was heading for the psychological rapids which lead to war. The President was again making a heroic effort to bring a negotiated peace. I fervently hoped he would succeed, although I saw little prospect of it.

There had been an even further growth in mass hate in Europe. I called on Colonel House and in discussing the current situation I reminded him that when we had talked about the peace drive the year before I had said that in this furnace of hate statesmen were no longer free agents, but were imprisoned by the emotions of their people.

I believed even more strongly than the year before that the war would continue until one side or the other was exhausted, and that in this race the victor would be only one lap behind the vanquished. In sum, European civilization was busy committing suicide.

Despite all my pessimism I advised that the President persevere in his efforts. On January 22d, he delivered to Congress a powerful address on

This cartoon was headed: "When you suddenly find you are having beef on a beefless day"

Collier's for September 1, 1951

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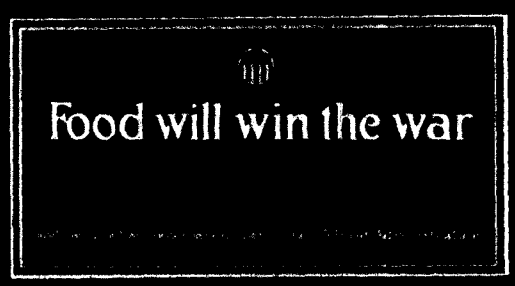

MASON WEYMOUTH

Posters and stickers played a major part in the propaganda drive to get people to save food, but films and pulpit pleas also were used

"We found in the American people exactly what we expected—a wealth of co-operation," Hoover writes. "Saving food became a sort of game"

peace, trying to appeal over the heads of states to their peoples. It made no dent.

With the German declaration of unlimited submarine warfare at the end of January, 1917, the whole picture changed. This violation of specific undertakings to the United States came as a terrific shock to the American people. There was no other course for our government but to break off relations with Germany.

Before I returned to Europe in March to arrange for the continuance of Belgian Relief in the event of our entry into the war, President Wilson invited me to the White House.

The President's mind was full of the probabilities of our joining the war. I told him I was still hoping against hope that the Germans would commit no overt acts, and that some other solution could be found which would not plunge America into the war. He said he also hoped that this last straw would not be loaded on the American back. Because of the Czar's partnership with the Allies, he did not yet accept the European propaganda thesis that this was a holy war for democracy.

Mr. Wilson asked me many questions about the part food would play in the war. I told him that second only to military action it was the dominant factor. I sketched the actual food situation at the time on both sides and the part America played in it. He showed anxiety lest our entry into the war might end Belgian Relief. I said that such would not necessarily be the case, as I hoped we could transfer our guardianship to the Dutch and Spanish, provided that the Germans were not completely lawless and that we could finance the Relief. I added that we had already started to explore these possibilities by cable.

The President also questioned me narrowly about war organization on the economic side in the various countries, and suggested that when I returned to Europe I should study these methods informally in case our situation become more acute. Secretary of the Interior Lane had already given me a hint that I would be wanted in Washington if we went to war.

Mr. Wilson also asked me questions about the kind of aid America could give the Allies in case of war, and said that the Allies had indicated that they did not need man power. Knowing something of the Allies' diminishing man power, I disagreed.

When America declared war a month later, I was back in Europe. That day I had a message from Colonel House to the effect that Mr. Wilson wanted me in Washington to take charge of the food problems confronting us as a result of our entry into the conflict. On May 3d I arrived in New York, took a sleeper, and on May 4th was in the capital. The same day I reported to the President.

A Job Accepted with Stipulations

Confirming that he wished me to organize our food for war, Mr. Wilson formally requested me to join his war team. I of course agreed to serve. But I stipulated that the American government should take a hand in the support of Belgian Relief and that I should continue to direct it. I insisted that I should draw no salary as food chief. I believed that the position would carry more moral leadership if I were a volunteer alongside my countrymen at war.

Four days later the United States Food Administration was launched. Its task was twofold: to supply our Allies with foodstuffs (later, after the Armistice, it was to fight famine in all Europe) and to control the distribution of foodstuffs at home.

The Food Administration was our government's first big venture in assuming great economic powers. The war made this necessary. But we avoided many evil consequences by the voluntary character of our staff, by setting up controls in co-operation with the food trades themselves, and by quickly dissolving those controls after the war.

Like every true democrat, President Wilson wished to avoid anything that smacked of a build-up of dictatorial powers. He favored creating boards and commissions to run the new war agencies, and so proposed a board, of which I would be chairman, with the Secretaries of Agriculture and Commerce and representatives of farm and consumer groups and of the distribution trades. His mind was no doubt influenced by the headlines of "Food Dictator" and "Food Czar" which greeted my return home.

From my firsthand observation of Allied failures in organization, I felt that there must be a single head of the food problem whose authority must cover every phase of food administration from the soil to the stomach.

This included direct or indirect control over production, conservation, exports, imports, buying for our military forces and those of the Allies, prices, rationing, processors, distributors and consumers.

I strongly urged Mr. Wilson that an individual could secure a wealth of voluntary action which no impersonal board could command, and that in this voluntary action lay our guard against Prussianizing the country.

Finally I managed to argue the President out of the board idea as applied to food. Possibly his mind was won over by my proposal of a new term, that is, an "administrator" for the head of an "administration." This was, I believe, the first time this title had been used for a public office. Mr. Wilson finally agreed, but with troubled mind, as he had set up all the other war agencies under boards or commissions.

This principle of a single-headed administration was slow to be adopted by other agencies. During the first six months after we went to war the government broke out with measles of boards, commissions, committees and co-ordinators.

When one of these *(Continued on page 68)*

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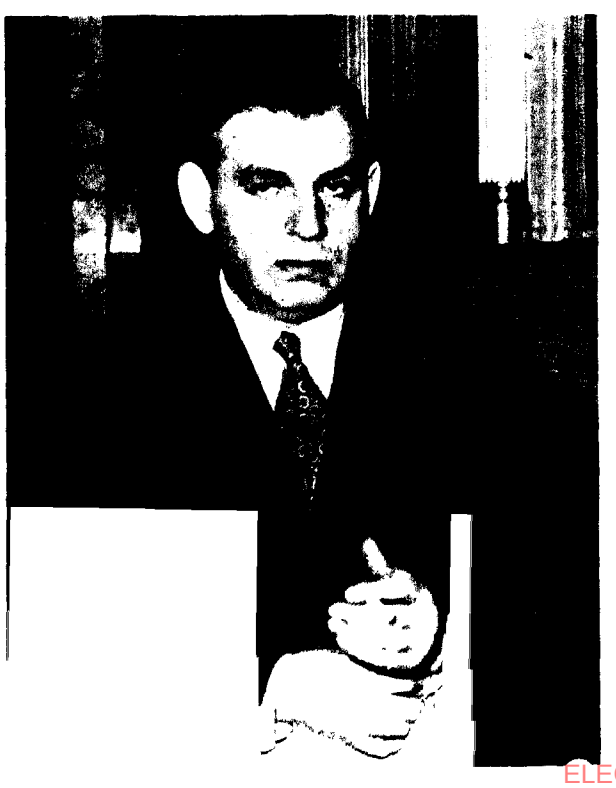
Joseph (Doc) Stacher, gambling operator, split $358,000 with Zwillman in sale of one business

VAN NEWS PHOTO

Jules Endler, restaurateur, bought a Louisville post-office site, assigned share to Longie lawyer

James (Niggy) Rutkin's suit against Zwillman's rumrunning pal gave tax sleuths a valued clue



Concluding "The Man to See in New Jersey"

FROM RACKETS

Using money made in one of prohibition's biggest rumrunning syndicates, Longie Zwillman has bought into real estate and other legal businesses. He is trying to become "respectable"

By LESTER VELIE

II

WHATEVER some labor bosses and politicians may want in New Jersey—a state considered by many crime students one of the most corrupt in the U.S., the chances are that the man for them to see is a forty-seven-year-old ex-rumrunner named Abner (Longie) Zwillman.

Zwillman, once branded by the FBI as a "public enemy," was described recently by a New Jersey newspaperman as "the biggest man" in the state. Support for the reporter's appraisal may be found in the fact that ex-hoodlum Zwillman, in the 1949 Jersey City election, helped shove Boss Frank Hague into political oblivion, ending 36 years of papa-knows-best rule; and that when someone wants a strike settled, a visit to Longie often will do the trick.

Zwillman's story is a familiar lesson in the underworld's four R's: rags, rackets, riches, "respectability." Starting as a strong-arm boy in the slums, Zwillman moved on to liquor smuggling, made enough money to buy into legitimate businesses and now, as he told the Kefauver Crime Committee, is "trying, trying hard" to rehabilitate himself.

In working to achieve this ambition, Longie is helped by his lifelong policy of operating behind the scenes. He has risen to great power in his home town, Newark, and his state, but his influence is hidden. So successfully, in fact, does Zwillman keep off the political stage that few in New Jersey suspected it was he who controlled the balance of power that helped re-elect Alfred E. Driscoll as governor two years ago. (Driscoll neither sought nor wanted this support.)

Today, Longie Zwillman's hidden influence is one of the best-kept secrets in politics, in labor, in business—and in the underworld.

In the miasmic moral climate in which some of New Jersey's unions flourish, Zwillman wields such power among labor bosses that, as one admirer said, "his word is like magic" to them.

One Jersey labor leader is Frank (Biffo) de Lorenzo, water-front labor boss. De Lorenzo has a police record which includes arrests on charges of atrocious assault and numbers racketeering. (He beat both raps.) De Lorenzo bossed Local 1247 of the International Longshoremen's Association (AFL) before it slivered into factions. Bombings and shootings have marked the struggle for control.

One of the aspirants to power was one George (the Rape Artist) Donahue, now in jail for carrying a piece of pipe which could have been used as a weapon. He has been arrested 21 times and jailed for rape and atrocious assault.

Local 1247 was organized under the leadership of Biffo de Lorenzo's brother-in-law, the late Charlie Yanowsky, a water-front racketeer who lived by terror and died by an ice pick. An alumnus of New York's Arsenal Mob, Yanowsky was found, thoroughly punctured, in 1948 during one of the endless wars for water-front racket control. For some months before he was murdered, police reported, Yanowsky phoned the home of Michael Lascari, Zwillman's business associate. This Lascari denies. As chief organizer, Yanowsky had a lieutenant, who, when talking of labor matters, calls Zwillman "boss."

Longie's advice carries such weight with some unions that he is able, as one leader put it, "to call the signals" when strikes are threatened. Knowing this, some employers go to him to keep their men on the job. When a teamsters' strike stalled trucks in New Jersey and New York not long ago, one executive knew what to do. He saw Longie—who sent word to friends in Local 478 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers (AFL). Competitors remained idle. But the man who saw Longie got his trucks rolling.

Longie's feat demonstrated what he can do in unions. It also revealed who his friends are.

One friend in the teamsters' Local 478 is business agent Anthony Cusano. Arrested eight times since 1927, on charges including disorderly conduct and malicious mischief, he has got off with a $20 fine—for disorderly conduct.

Longie's friends in Local 478 immobilized the Port of New York Authority's new $8,300,000 truck terminal by insisting on a contract that barred the efficient use of the terminal's platforms. When a mobster crony of Zwillman's, one Gerardo (Jerry) Catena, popped up as the vice-president of a trucking firm (People's Express), which offered to settle the Authority's troubles with the union—if Catena's company could lease the terminal for a pittance—the Authority asked the Senate Crime Committee to look into the matter.

The Port of New York Authority's ordeal with mobster Catena and his friends in the teamsters' local illustrates a frightening development in American life—the emergence of underworld figures in legitimate business and the use of underworld alliances (including links to labor racketeers) and underworld methods in business dealings.

Biographical Briefing on a Mobster

In this connection, let's look at Jerry Catena, Zwillman's crony.

Catena, alias Allen, has a police record dating back to 1923. Arrested four times in eight years, he was jailed in 1934 for bribing a juror in the murder trial of one Nick Delmore. Delmore, acquitted, went on to become the rackets boss of Union County, New Jersey, and Catena's partner in a paper mill. Catena drove Zwillman's car during prohibition and became such a close friend of Longie that they took apartments in the same East Orange building. There, until 1939, they were seen often at each other's homes, where they entertained such underworld notables as the late Bugsey Siegel and others.

To enter the cigarette vending-machine business in 1938, Zwillman bought out Catena's "piece" in the Public Service Tobacco Company. In 1946, Catena showed up as partner of Joe Adonis and others in the plush gambling joints of Bergen County.

How did Catena muscle into the trucking company, People's Express, and become its vice-president? Why could Catena, Longie's pal, assure the Port of New York Authority he could settle things with the teamsters' local? Answers to these ques-

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TO RICHES

tions would reveal much about the influence that Longie and his friends exert on the affairs of New Jersey's unions. (The Port of New York Authority's terminal, prevented from serving truckers, has been leased to the Army Air Forces for a $420,000 yearly rental. Catena's company tried to rent it for $96,000.)

Zwillman, the phantom wielder of great power in labor, is even harder to detect as a legitimate businessman. The variety of his business interests has become such a legend in his home town, Newark, that, as Zwillman himself has complained: "If I go to the same shoestand twice, they say I own it." But that is because so much smoke about Longie has turned out to be fire. For instance:

Although it has been gossiped in Newark for years that Longie owned the truck agency that sold equipment to the city, it wasn't until last April, when the Senate Crime Committee nailed it down, that the town knew for sure. Even then, nobody might have known about it but for a lucky chain of breaks in investigation. The first link was supplied when Frank S. Hogan, New York County district attorney, seized the records of Frank Erickson, the jailed ex-No. 1 bookmaker. Erickson's records, it turned out, were kept by I. George Goldstein, Newark accountant. The Senate Crime Committee invited him to testify.

Goldstein was the kind of witness crime probers adore. Not only was he the accountant for bookmaker Erickson—he kept the records, as well, for the big-time gambling joints of Bergen County (dominated by Joe Adonis). He audited the books, too, for Meyer (Little Meyer) Lansky, the arbitrator for the Eastern mobs, and kept track of his Florida and Louisiana gambling investments. And Goldstein was the accountant for the legitimate businesses of Longie Zwillman.

Grilled, accountant Goldstein let a juicy piece of fat fall into the fire.

He was, he admitted, the secret front who held—and so concealed—client Longie Zwillman's ownership in a truck equipment agency. Newark reporters hustled to City Hall and there found proof of what they had long suspected:

Since 1947, Longie's truck agencies had sold to the city equipment which cost the city over $520,000. (Longie's laundromat business, Federal Automatic Company, had also leased some 700 washing machines for use in city housing projects.)

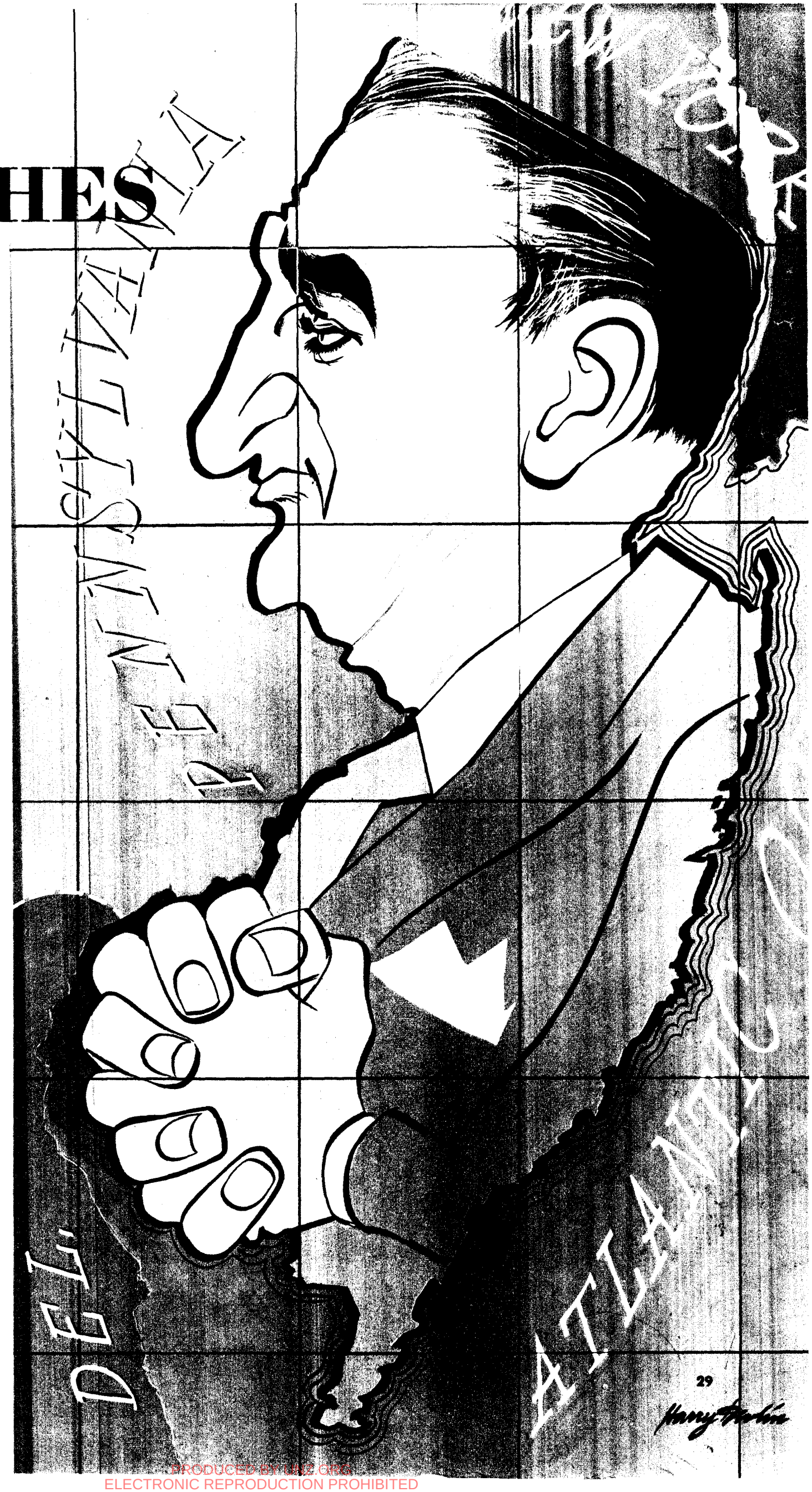
Zwillman tried to hide his truck agency ownership because a fuss would surely be made if it were known that a man of his underworld links and political power was selling to the city. He was right. Mayor Ralph A. Villani of Newark publicly announced no more trucks or equipment would be bought from Zwillman's agency.

He didn't know, said the mayor, that Longie was interested in the agency.

Longie's open participation, as he himself has admitted, can kill a business deal. So he hides himself. Tracking

(Continued on page 48)

DRAWING BY HARRY DEVLIN



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She came back with a wet handkerchief and began to clean my face with it. The cold water on my face made me feel a little more alive

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If You Don't Get Caught

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

I didn't have too many moral scruples about bootlegging, and I guess I had the hijacking and the pistol-whipping coming to me. But now a guy had been murdered, and I wanted out

The Story: I was lying in my room at Oklahoma University, where I was an unenthusiastic journalism student, feeling poor and bored, when in walked my old pal BUCK EARLY, whom I hadn't seen in a long time. Buck offered me five hundred dollars to pretend to be a guy named "Edgar Jones" and bid in a truckload of whisky at a sheriff's auction in a town called Derrick. It was a bootlegging scheme. The sheriff, FLOYD TALMADGE, was in on it. I'd load the whisky in a truck and drive it to Buck's farm, from where it would be sold to bootleggers in Oklahoma, a dry state. I said okay. I needed the money.

Buck drove me to Derrick. I met his uncle, TONY, who, like Buck, was a deputy sheriff. I also met Floyd, and didn't like him. He was so mean he had ulcers. He also had a brother named CLARENCE, who had killed a guy and had just got out of prison. Clarence was supposed to be in Texas somewhere.

Buck took me to a rooming house run by a MRS. TURNER. There I ran into an old girl of mine from school, JERRY EVANS. She was plenty hostile, and plenty suspicious too when she found that the guy she'd known as ROBERT NOLAN was calling himself Edgar Jones. I felt pretty guilty myself.

Next morning, I went to the auction to bid in the whisky. Jerry, who worked for the local paper, turned up, smelling a rat. But she didn't expose me. The auction went off okay, except that right after it Floyd sent Buck off somewhere on an errand. I went up to Floyd's office to fill out the papers. We got into an fight. I won it, but it made him pretty sore. A mean boy, Floyd.

We loaded the truck, and I drove off with the whisky. I was to circle around on back roads and end up at Buck's farm. And then I found I was being followed by Jerry. I stopped the truck and she stopped her car. I persuaded her not to follow me, and drove on.

I didn't get far. A couple of hick farmers had a truck parked across the road. They were trying to load a cow into it. I fell into conversation with one of them, a wild, nervous little guy. All of a sudden the conversation got rough. He pulled a gun on me and said, "Git them hands up where I kin see 'em!"

II

I GOT my hands where the little guy could see them. "Wait a minute," I said. Everything about him was shaking now. His voice, his hand, the muzzle of that cannon shook like palsy, and the knuckles of his shooting hand were white and sharp, as though he were fighting an impulse to go ahead and pull the trigger.

"Git down outa there!" he shouted suddenly.

His eyes were flickering, and I knew I had to make up my mind quick. Buck's pistol was in my slicker on the seat beside me, but the slicker was folded over so I'd have to fight it if I went for the automatic. Not that I was exactly willing to defend the truckload of whisky; I wasn't. But it looked like it might be a simple matter of self-defense, and if I did try for the gun it would be because I figured the crazy fool was going to shoot me even if he got the truckload of whisky. That's what I couldn't decide—what he was going to do anyhow. I knew he had the trigger-happy shakes, and his gun might go off accidentally if he got any worse, and I judged my chances of getting the automatic out of my slicker were mighty slim.

You understand all of this figuring and estimating chances and analyzing the guy's condition flashed through my mind in the space of a couple seconds. I even tried to remember if I'd ever heard whether a truck door would stop a pistol bullet or not. Then it occurred to me that Shorty would only need to jump on the running board and shoot through the open window while I was wrestling with the slicker, and I'd be as wrong as a man can get, which is dead wrong. I was pretty cold now, frozen with shock and a growing fear of that twitching gun, and I made the sensible decision, but not fast enough to please Shorty.

"Come the hell outa there!" he screamed, and I hope I never see such a wild look in a man's eyes again. He looked even more unbalanced than Floyd had, and Floyd had been wild enough for my simple tastes. I stopped wasting the little guy's time and opened the door and got out, hands high, feeling scared as hell. Scared silly, almost—so silly that I thought of diving at him suddenly and trying to knock him off his feet. But I had a feeling no dive could be sudden enough. He was a full head shorter than me but the gun in his hot little hand made him ten feet tall. His first reaction would be to pull the trigger.

I was plenty intimidated, all right. If there were any foolhardy ancestors on my family tree, I didn't inherit anything from them. You have to draw a line between courage and suicide, and I drew it, feeling the dregs of whatever courage I possessed draining out of me like water out of a colander. I just hoped I hadn't offended that crazy little guy.

"Look, what's this all about?" I said. I knew what it was all about. "I don't get this."

"You'll get it!" he yelled. "You make one wrong move and they're gonna find an unidentified corpse in the brush when you git to stinkin' loud enough," he shouted, so close that I could smell his breath. He'd been drinking.

I couldn't think of anything to say.

"Turn around!" he barked.

I sure hated to turn my back, but I hated a lot worse the mental image of me lying dead and anonymous in the thickets, giving possums indigestion. So I turned around, and his hands went over me quickly, fumblingly, frisking me for the gun I might as well have left at home.

And then he hit me.

He picked up the long-bladed knife and came after me. He was off his rocker, sure enough

IT WAS an inept performance; a six-year-old kid could have done a better job of slugging. In his nervousness, acting too hurriedly, he bungled it, and the short-barreled gun, not right for the job in the first place, glanced off my skull and knocked my hat off and sent me staggering against the fender of the truck. The blow was badly aimed; it hurt, but it stunned me just enough to make me want to fight back. I bounced off the fender, trying to turn, slipping and sliding on a patch of thin muck, I went down to my hands and knees, and I guess that saved my life, because the gun roared in my ears as I kept going after him, staying down and clawing and diving after him, trying to get in under the gun. He swung wildly and viciously again, missing my head by the width of a hair, and then I had him by one leg and was yanking and driving against him. Then he was falling backward, and as he fell he screeched for reinforcements.

I thought he yelled: "Help me, Herb!" Or Herbie. I couldn't be sure because he hit the ground as he said it, biting the name off with a wheezing grunt. But it sounded like he'd said Herb, or Herbie. I wasn't checking his enunciation at the time; I was trying to swarm all over him like bees, and I kept grabbing blind and finally got my fingers wrapped around his gun. I was trying to twist the gun out of his grip when I heard shoes scuffling in the gravel, getting louder, and I was still fighting for the gun when Shorty's partner lowered the boom on me. The sickening thud echoed in my head, like a pumpkin bursting, and felt like concussion from the muzzle-blast of a big gun. Then the slivers of pain drove deep into my brain and blackness took me down and down, like I was falling into a deep well. . . .

I don't know how long I was out, and it doesn't matter. But it must have been five or six minutes, and the whole thing up to the point where I began coming to couldn't have used up more than ten minutes. My first awareness was of being thoroughly miserable and chilled, and as the blackness receded I realized I was lying in cold water except for my head and shoulders, and my face was in a chocolate pudding of gooey mud. My eyes seemed to bulge out and suck in with the pulsing throbs of the worst headache I'd ever had, and there was a raw hot pain at the right rear corner of my big square bellows of a head, and after a little half-conscious reconnoitering I got around to realizing that I was under the culvert.

"I'm under the culvert," *(Continued on page 38)*

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

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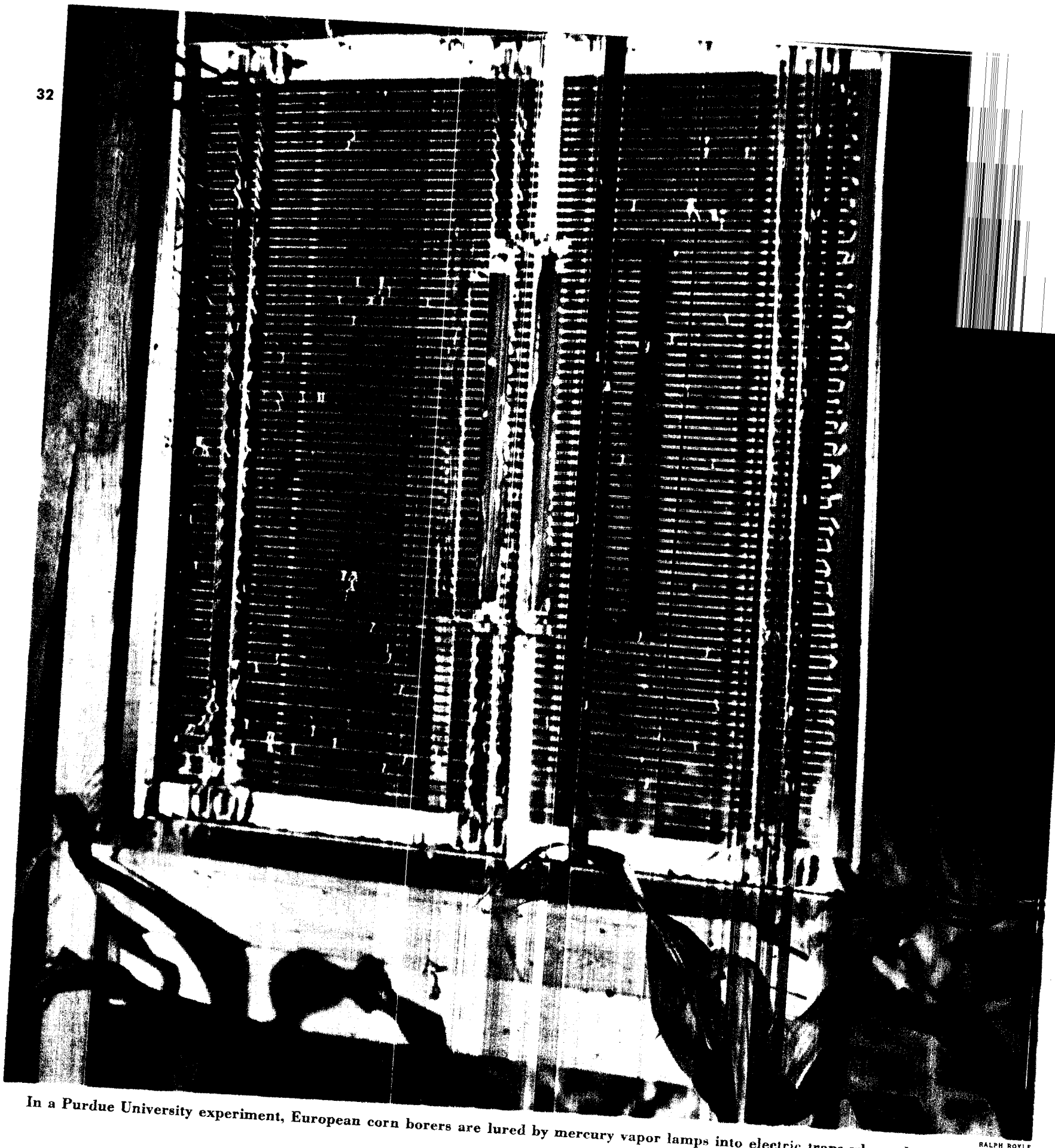

In a Purdue University experiment, European corn borers are lured by mercury vapor lamps into electric traps where they are killed

RALPH ROYLE

Eggs being washed mechanically at A. J. Raskin's farm in Marion, Conn. His 54,000 hens feed from a continuously moving conveyer

JACOB LOFMAN

Prof. F. W. Duffee of University of Wisconsin (r.) describes an electronic cattle feeding operation to L. A. Gattoni, of Paraguay

CHICAGO PHOTOGRAPHERS

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PUSH-BUTTON FARMING IS HERE

There's been a revolution down on the farm. Electrical gadgets are lifting food production to new highs—a "secret weapon" in any emergency the nation may face

By ARTHUR BARTLETT

A SHORT while ago I was up in the second story of one of A. J. Raskin's two biggest henhouses in Marion, Connecticut, and, believe me, hens never had it so good. Raskin's modern henhouses are 420 feet long and 50 feet wide, and accommodate in cool comfort something over 21,000 hens apiece.

There are magnificent views through the open ends and sides of both of these houses. The hens, however, take no interest in the scenery. What interests them are food, water and a place to lay their eggs—and in these houses, as in all 12 or so of Raskin's king-size coops, the accommodations are de luxe.

Raskin's hens hardly have to move. Endless-chain conveyers, right under their beaks, serve up their food. Fresh water flows past them constantly. And thermostatically controlled heat, combined with a ventilating system composed of twenty 16-inch fans, keeps their litter dry and spongy.

But A. J. Raskin's elegant hennery is not engineered solely out of poultry-orientated altruism. True, happy hens are productive hens. There is more to the business than that, though. Raskin, like a lot of other farmers all over the country, is discovering that a good mixture of modern mass-production methods with traditional farming makes better feed for the pocketbook. And it is not only profitable for the farmer, it can go a long way toward keeping prices down and stabilizing them for consumers.

"Before push-button farming," says Raskin, "a farmer had to get a sizable price or go broke. But we are beginning to figure that assembly-line methods, properly applied, can help cut production costs enough so that when price drops come along we can still pull out a profit. There's no reason why farmers can't make their money on volume production, like they do in heavier industry."

To demonstrate how this new, better farming works for him, Raskin first shows off his system for feeding 21,000 hens in each of his two biggest houses. In this operation, bags of feed are emptied into agitator tanks and delivered automatically to the hens by conveyers on 400-foot tracks. The conveyers travel round and round all day long, being filled by the machinery and emptied by the poultry. They are stopped only once a day, for cleaning and freshening.

There are more than a dozen smaller mechanized henhouses on the Raskin Farms, in addition to the two big ones. The total hen population is about 54,000. The task of sorting and packing the average weekly production of some 14,000 dozen eggs is tremendous, but Raskin's machines make it quick, efficient and inexpensive. In a modified assembly-line procedure, the eggs are gathered into rubber-insulated wire baskets, without regard to size, and trucked to a cooling room. After cooling, they are unloaded onto a slowly revolving platform, candled and automatically sorted into five different size groups, according to weight.

By further electric magic, each egg slides into the proper tray for its size group, in front of a young woman who stacks them in egg boxes—a differently colored box for each size. The egg boxes have been fed to the young woman by a conveyer which sets them up en route. After she fills them, they slide away on another conveyer which seals them before depositing them on a loading platform. There, another attendant packs them in cases (according to color) which are then rolled over to a ramp for trucking to market.

Electricity Solves Chore Problems

The revolution represented by Raskin's egg farm is no mean one. What's more, it is daily increasing in significance for all aspects of agriculture. This is the electric-power revolution. The gasoline motor accomplished one agricultural revolution by giving farmers bigger, better and more efficient field machinery and transportation. But they still had to do the routine chores that no tractor or combine would do. And any farmer will tell you that chores have always taken up at least half of his time. If he could cut out that chore time, or even prune it sharply, he would produce a lot more food with less dependence on dwindling supplies of hired hands.

In the last year or so, power companies all over the nation have been completing the job of getting power out to the farms in their territories. It has taken time, but as of this year approximately 95 per cent of American farms have either been electrified or are within tapping distance of power lines. Except for a few impossible cases—farms so isolated that no power line could possibly reach them at a reasonable cost—the job of getting electricity to the farms of America is virtually finished.

To salute this achievement, the period from August 26th to September 1st has been designated Farm Electrification Week. This is the week for the electric-power industry to indulge in a little boasting about its work. Nation-wide plans have been made for informing the public of the industry's progress by radio and newspaper mention, posters, and special programs before civic and farm organizations.

"Increased farm production in this time of emergency is one of the 'secret weapons' of defense," it was said recently by Grover Neff, chairman of the committee supervising the industry's celebration and president of the Wisconsin Power & Light Company. "With electric power available to fill some of the gaps of a man-power shortage, farm production and efficiency will be increased. At a time when all our machinery is in high gear for defense, it is rewarding to know that the farmer has the electrical tools to turn out the basic necessities for the nation."

Meantime, agricultural colleges, industrial researchers and farmers themselves are developing all sorts of ways to use electric power.

More and more, electricity is pumping, chopping and lifting, milking cows, grinding feed, sweeping out manure, repairing machinery, debeaking chickens and dehorning calves, and doing literally hundreds of other jobs over which farmers used to have to sweat and strain, with a sizable expenditure of valuable time.

Ultrasonics, ultraviolet and infrared rays, radiant energy, electric eyes—the electrical revolution is bringing all of these to work on the farm. Making fancy cheeses, for instance, used to be a tricky, fussy job. Idaho researchers have now worked out a way to control the cheese mold with ultraviolet lamps. Infrared lamps are helping to keep litters dry in calf pens, and to prevent water from freezing in stock tanks.

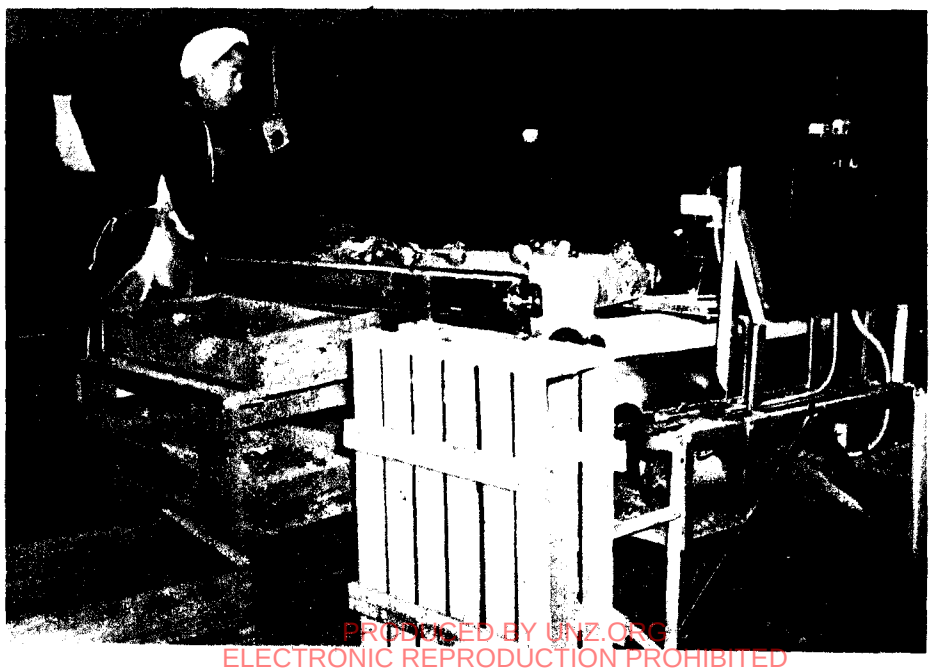
Californians are using infrared energy to dry rice. They are sizing lemons with electronically operated gates, and heat-treating honey with high-frequency radio waves. Washington farmers are using electric eyes to count and separate flower bulbs in units of 100 up to 1,000. Agricultural scientists at Purdue University, in Indiana, are doing research on fighting the European corn borer, one of the farmer's worst enemies, with mercury vapor lamps which lure the moths of the borer into electric traps.

Some of these more advanced uses of electricity are still in the research stage, but any farmer who isn't already using electricity in a dozen or more ways to save his back, his time and his money will soon find himself as outmoded as the horse and buggy.

At Kermit Schiltz's farm in De Forest, Wisconsin, the hired man works in a big and immaculate dairy barn listening to music emanating *(Continued on page 59)*

This machine on farm of Charles Ortan, in Sumner, Wash., counts flower bulbs as they move along on a conveyer. An electric eye does the job

COURTESY OF PUGET SOUND LIGHT & POWER COMPANY



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By the time the buffet dinner was over, "poor old Owen" and Peggy were sitting cozily on the floor together. At first Liz had been mildly amused by Peggy's performance. Now she was getting annoyed

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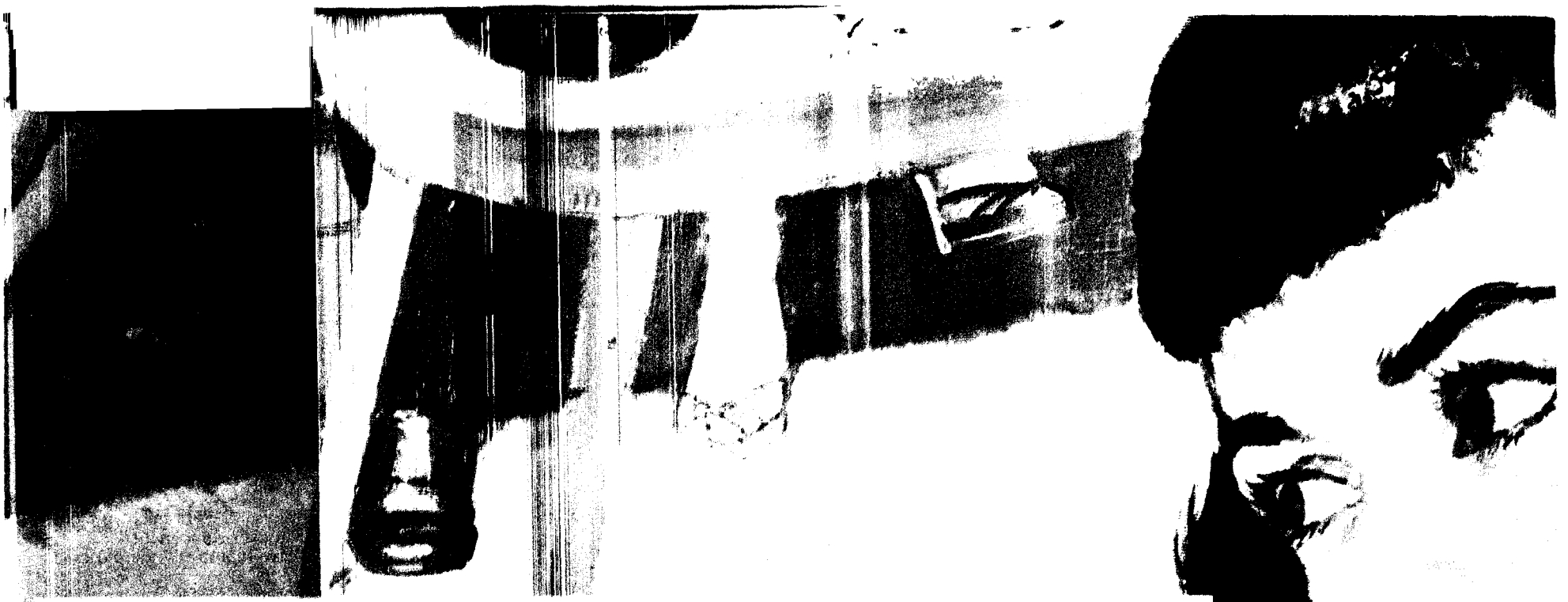

IN A PINCH

The two couples were friends as well as neighbors. None of them would have believed that two hundred dollars could turn their houses into enemy camps

By VIRGINIA and EDWIN GILBERT

IT WAS one of those matchless evenings when the wind touched you with its gentle warmth and the sun's afterglow endowed the lawns and flower beds with a new vividness. It was the kind of night, Liz Kendall mused, when only good can happen. But it was on that perfect evening, she thought afterward, that the telephone call came that started all the trouble.

"Who was it, Liz?" Owen asked when she returned to the flagged terrace at the back of their house.

"Peggy." She nodded toward the Midgley house next door. "They're coming over." She paused. "Something's up, I think."

"Oh?" He closed the sailing magazine he'd been reading.

"I'll go put on some coffee." Liz opened the screen door. She was a slender young woman with dark hair cut in bangs, and candid light-blue eyes.

"What makes you think something's up?" her husband asked, a look of amused skepticism on his tanned face.

"I don't know. Just the way she talked."

"Probably," Owen said, "Pete wants to feel us out on another gadget of his." Though Peter Midgley was in the insurance business, he was by nature a chronic inventor, and his gadgets were legion.

"No," Liz said. "I think it's more serious. She said they wanted to have a talk with us."

He smiled over at her affectionately. "Trouble with you is you have a nose for disaster. You smell the house burning and it turns out to be a cigarette in the ash tray."

Liz laughed. "Well, anyway, she's bringing over half a coconut cake, you'll be glad to hear."

From the kitchen she saw the Midgleys come out of their back door. She picked up the tray with the coffee and dishes, and carried it out to the terrace. Watching the couple start across the lawn, she thought how extremely attractive Peggy looked in her summer dress, and how little she'd changed since they'd both gone to Blacksville High. Her hair was the same smoky blonde, and though she'd gained some weight, it had filled out her small heart-shaped face and given her a softness that was particularly engaging.

"Hiya, skipper!" Pete Midgley called to Owen. He stepped over the low hedge that separated the two lawns, and held up the cake on the palm of his right hand. "Share and share alike is the Midgley motto," he said, grinning.

"Have a seat, Peggy," Owen said, pulling up a wicker chair. He turned to Pete. "Take a load off your feet, man. You look done in. Don't tell me business is that bad."

Pete Midgley laughed a little nervously and then sat down. "No," he said, bringing a measure of heartiness to his voice, "business is great." Liz noticed that Peggy quickly glanced over at him, and he lapsed into an abrupt silence—a rare state for him.

"That's quite a corral our kids are building over there, isn't it?" Liz finally ventured.

"Umm. Certainly is," Pete replied distractedly, and opened the collar of his green sport shirt.

Peggy fingered her bracelet.

To cut short their discomfort, Liz began, "You said you had something you wanted to talk over with us, Peggy—"

"Oh, that's right. I did, didn't I?" Peggy said with extreme casualness.

"Yes," Pete said. He cleared his throat. "Owen—" He started, paused, and then consulted his wife. "Maybe Peggy—you're better at this than I am—"

"You know how I hate to talk about money!" Peggy burst out involuntarily. "That is, I—"

"Money?" Owen asked.

"Well," Pete said and ran a hand through his thick russet hair, "we hate like the dickens to air our troubles here, but as I said to Peggy, if we can't discuss it with the Kendalls, who *can* we talk to?"

"Of course!" Owen said.

"Naturally," Liz assured them warmly, for the Midgleys were not only good friends but the most ideal neighbors.

"The fact is—" Pete plunged on, "well, there's no use beating around the bush. Could you, would you be able to lend us—two hundred dollars?"

Owen sat up and looked at Liz.

She put down her coffee cup. Money. She'd never have dreamed it would be that. Pete had a good job, they lived well, and—well, you just didn't think of the Midgleys having to borrow. *(Continued on page 55)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

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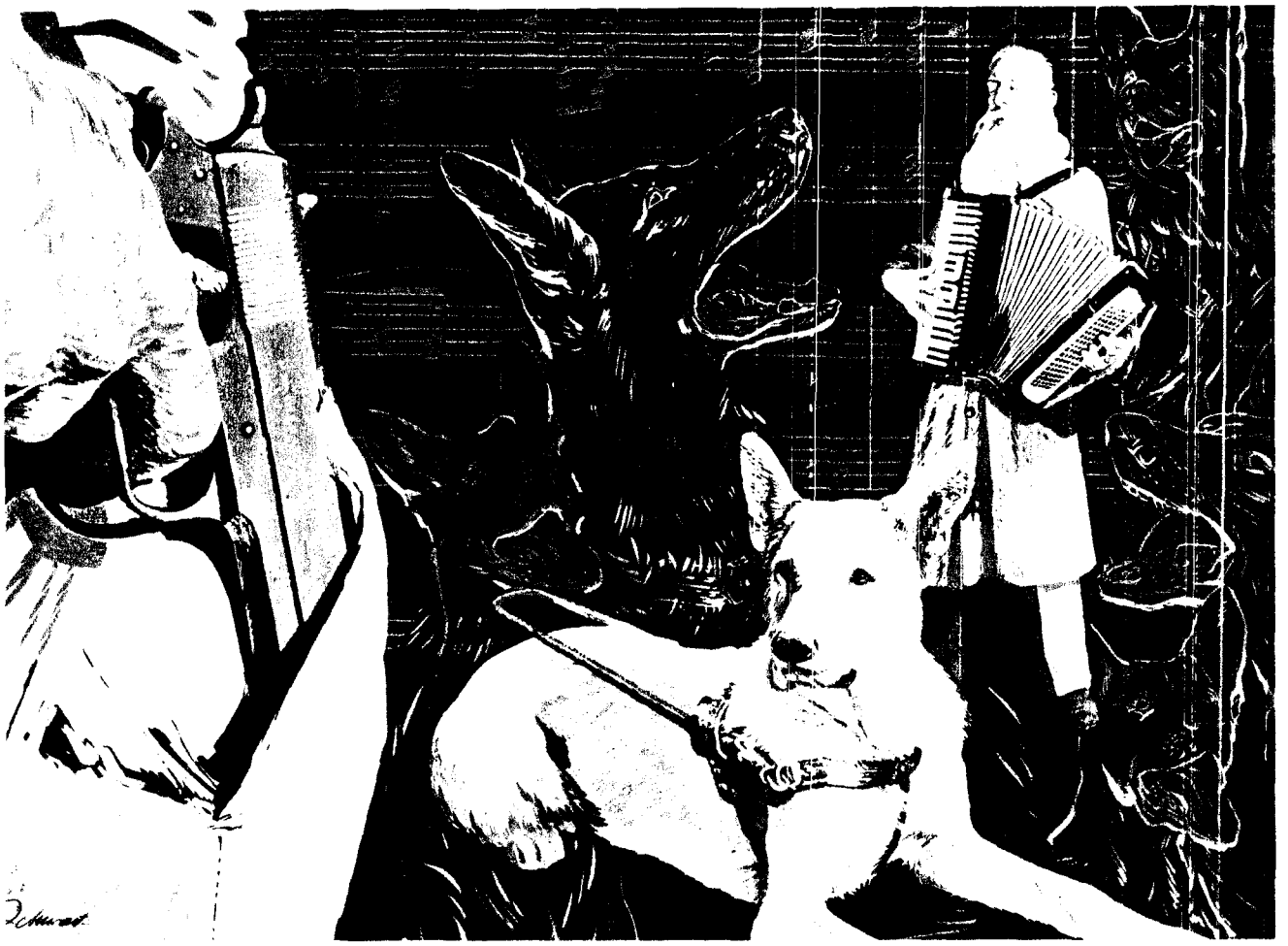

Reluctantly George took the gun out of his pocket. The dog looked up at it curiously

Music Hath Charms

BY KEN KOLB

ILLUSTRATED BY MAXWELL SCHWARTZ

THE party noise died out suddenly at the insistent knocking. George set his drink down, hurried to the front door and threw it open, shouting, "Come in! Come in, whoever you are!"

The old man on the porch had backed off nearly to the steps. In the glare of the naked overhead bulb he looked gaunt and tired. His white beard covered half his chest, and the weight of it seemed to pull great hollows in his cheeks. George saw at once that he was blind.

"I beg your pardon," George said. "What can I do for you?"

The old man stood nervously caressing the keys of the accordion which hung in playing position from a strap over his shoulder. Finally he said, "I'm sorry to disturb you, but I heard the noise from the street. I'm afraid I'm lost."

"Well, we can fix you up," George said. "Where are you going?"

"I'm trying to get back to Taft," the old man said.

George hesitated. "Well, I'll tell you," he said after a moment, "that's four miles and there are no more busses tonight. Why don't you come in and rest a while? Then one of us can drive you over."

"Oh, no," the old man said. "I won't trouble you. I just heard your party from the street and thought I'd ask."

"It's no trouble," George said. "You can earn your ride by playing something for us." He glanced quickly over his shoulder into the living room, and several voices echoed his invitation.

The old man smiled slightly. "Would you really like me to play?"

"Sure we would," George said. He guided the old man through the door to a chair, and the old man sat down wearily. "I'm going to mix another round of drinks," George said. "You can play whenever you're ready."

There was an awkward silence after George left. Finally the old man made a few tentative noises on the accordion. "Perhaps you'd all like to sing something," he said timidly. He began playing There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding, singing softly in a rich baritone voice. By the end of the first chorus everyone was singing with him. When they finished they asked the old man for a solo number, and he played Without a Song, holding his head proudly erect and smiling a strange, sad smile.

When George returned with the drinks, they all drank to the old man, telling him how well he played. He said, "Thank you, thank you," very quietly, ducking his head and feeling his great beard to hide his emotion.

"Well," George said finally, "I guess you'll be wanting to get back to Taft. It *is* getting pretty late."

The old man raised his head slowly. "No," he said, "no, I don't really want to go back at all."

"Why not?" George asked.

The old man was quiet, thinking. He squeezed the accordion gently, and it let out a heavy sigh. "Where are all you folks from?" he asked abruptly.

"We all live here in town. Why?" George said.

"I wouldn't want this to get back," the old man said. "You'll promise not to tell anyone else?"

"All right, we'll promise," George said.

"It's King," the old man said. "My dog."

He didn't go on, so George said, "What's the matter? Is he sick?"

"No," said the old man. "I'll tell you. King was given to me by the people of Taft. He's a Seeing Eye dog. They took up a big collection and bought him for me. They even sent me to school to learn how to handle him. It cost them a lot of money."

"That was a very fine thing for them to do," George said.

"Yes, it was," the old man said. "That's what makes it so bad. Because after I got him home I found out that he can't stand the accordion. The first time I began to play, he began to howl. It made me mad and I played louder and louder. And the louder I played, the louder he howled. I finally had to stop playing because I was afraid someone would think I was beating him."

The room was very quiet while the old man breathed deeply. He looked worn and tired. "I've been blind for sixteen years now," he said slowly. "I don't have anything in life except music. Ever since I lost my sight I've been playing the accordion. I haven't got anything else to hang on to."

"Can't you tell them?" George asked.

"Tell them what?" the old man said. "That they wasted their money? That they should send me to school again to train with a new dog? I can't tell them that. And now what can I do? I've just got a small place. There isn't anywhere I can play without him howling. Lately I've been taking walks, like today, but I get lost, and I'm afraid of meeting someone from Taft and having them ask where King is. I don't know what to do."

The old man's voice cracked at the end of his speech. He sat slumped in the chair, fingering the accordion. No one said anything for a long time.

Finally George cleared his throat and said, "Uh —your dog might have an accident."

The old man wiped the corners of his eyes, felt of his beard for a moment, then said slowly, "Do you think he might?"

"It's possible," George said. "He might get out of the house and get run over some night."

"I wouldn't like to have him hurt," the old man said quickly.

"Of course not," George said. "Do you have any near neighbors?"

"No," the old man said. "No, I don't."

GEORGE went to get his coat and was gone for quite a long time. When he returned, everyone glanced at him uneasily, then looked away at the rug or into their drinks.

The old man got up and thanked everyone for the privilege of playing for them, and they in turn thanked him for playing. Then George took his arm and led him out to the car. Everyone stood on the porch, watching in silence as they drove away.

It was very quiet in the car. George could feel the cold weight of the gun against his side, and it made him incapable of conversation. The roadside telephone poles flashed steadily in and out of the headlights and the two men kept silent for the four-mile trip.

They found the old man's isolated cottage without any trouble. George pulled the car off the street and parked on a dirt road behind the house. The two of them got out and stood together in the darkness.

"You're sure it won't hurt him?" the old man asked anxiously.

"I'm sure," George said quickly. "Listen, this will be the best way. You bring King out here. One shot will do it. Then I can put him in the street out front and go over him to make it look like an accident. Someone will find him tomorrow."

The old man listened and nodded, then went up the back walk and into the house. George gripped the gun in his pocket tightly and bit his lip, trying to think how he had got so deeply involved in this. He could see no way out of it.

In a few moments the old man returned with the dog. He still had the accordion hanging over his shoulder, and it made him walk slowly and awkwardly. When they reached George he leaned down and patted the dog and spoke softly to it. The dog sat down, looking poised and alert. The old man straightened up, wiping his hand across his face to remove the tears that seeped out from under his closed eyelids.

"Now I can go in and play," he said. "Stay here, King." He turned and walked as far as the back gate, where he stopped.

Very slowly and reluctantly, George took the gun out of his pocket. The dog looked up at it curiously. George flicked the safety off and the click seemed to echo down the dark road. His finger tightened on the trigger.

"Stop," the old man said quietly.

George exhaled the breath he had been holding, flicked the safety on again and put the gun away. He felt suddenly weak.

The old man came back and put his hand on the dog's neck. "I'm sorry," he said. "I can't do it. I mean my music doesn't—"

"Sure," George said. "I know."

"I'm sorry to have been all this trouble."

"No trouble," George said. "Please come and play for us again."

The old man smiled tiredly. "I'd be happy to," he said. "Any time at all."

"Thank you," George said softly. "Now good night." He climbed into the car and drove away quickly, leaving the old man standing there in the darkness, one hand on the neck of the dog, the other gently fondling the keys of his accordion. THE END

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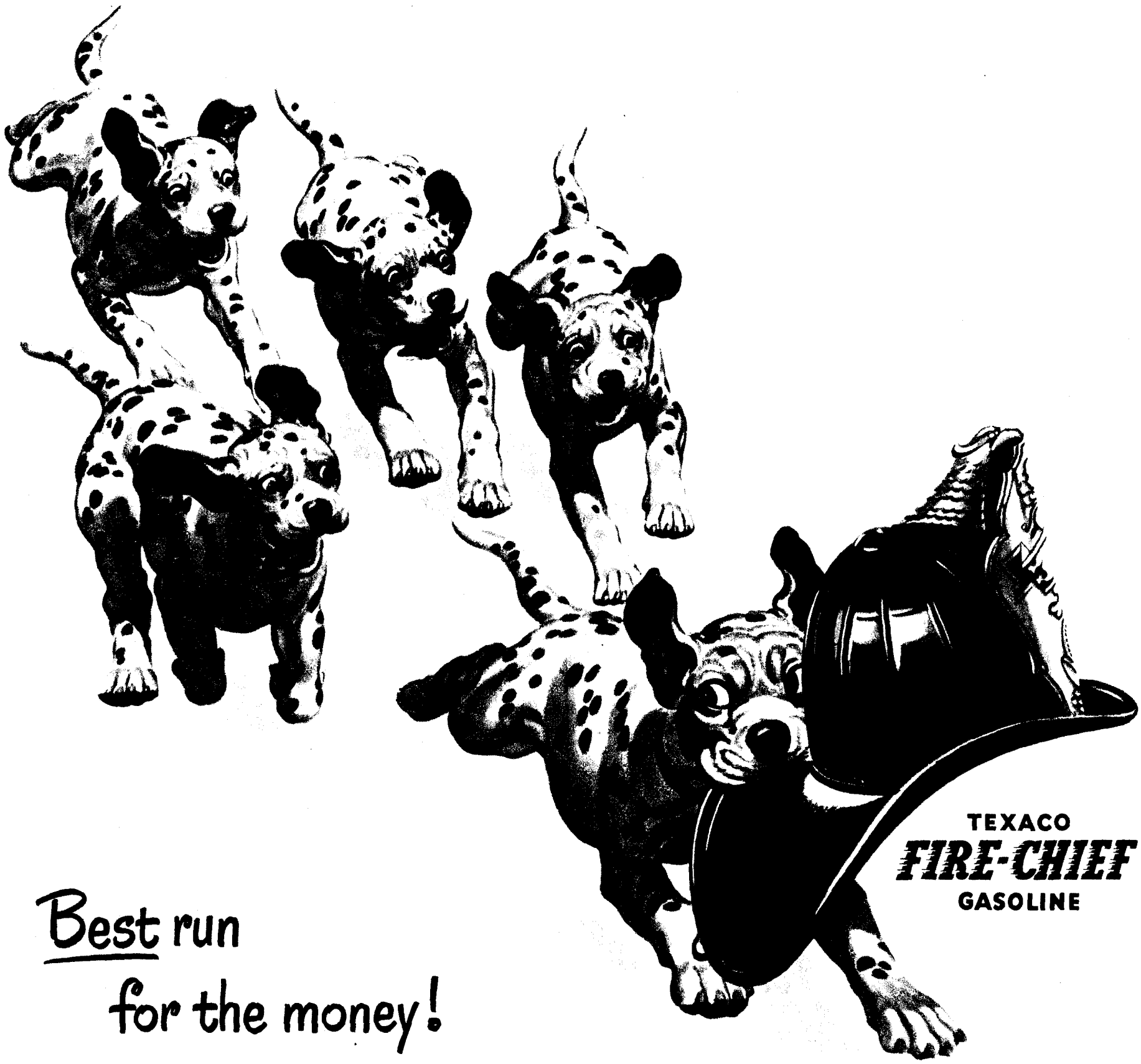

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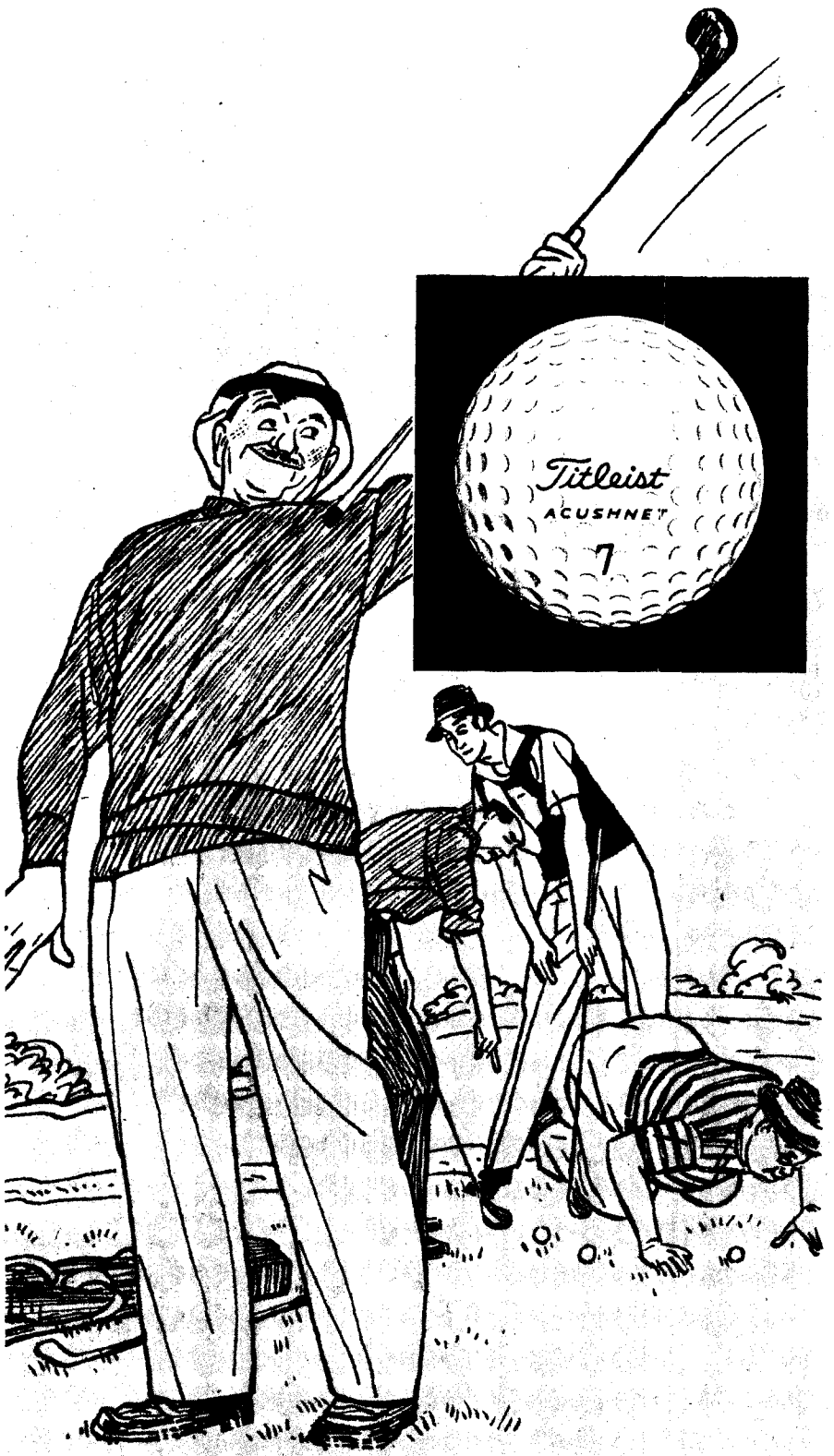

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If You Don't Get Caught

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

I told myself. I felt pretty sly about it. They'd never find me under there. I was safe. It didn't take much longer to arrive at the deduction that they had put me under there, and that I wasn't so shrewd after all. The first couple of times I tried to get up and crawl out of there, I flopped into the muck again. But after a while I got sufficiently synchronized to crawl out from under the culvert.

Getting up onto the road is something I don't remember except in a blurred, drunk sort of way. When things got cleared up again I was sitting on the raised concrete end of the culvert with my arms down between my legs, my head hanging down on my chest, and blood trickling thinly down my jaw. By a clever bit of muscular co-ordination and mental application, I got my head up off my chest and stared woozily around, and both of the trucks were gone, naturally.

I labored to my feet and stood there swaying and squinting and fuzzy-minded, and I knew it wouldn't work, so I sat down again. I felt the beginning of a panicky feeling crawling around in my mind, but then I accepted the way things were. Somebody would come along sooner or later. All I had to do was sit there and wait and shiver and make a cool, detached study of a man's reaction to being slugged on an empty stomach. Or, as the case seemed also to be, on an empty head. I think I must have been suffering quite a bit of shock, and when my mind worked at all it worked sluggishly. The only definite conclusion I got a grip on was that if I sat there long enough, Buck would find me. But it wasn't Buck who found me, after all.

WHEN I heard the car coming from the west I started a weak wigwagging with my arms, afraid they wouldn't see me, and then afraid they—whoever "they" happened to be—would turn out to be the kind of milk-toast people who are terrified by the sight of a rumpled and bloody man beside the road, and wouldn't stop. But they stopped, all right, and I just sat there with my chin on my chest, shivering and bleeding, and too sick and groggy to look.

"Robert!" she wailed. "Robert, you're hurt!"

Yeah. Jerry Evans. Coming from the west. The fact that she was coming from the west—the significance of it—didn't penetrate the fog in my head. Not then. Not until much later.

"Oh, Robert!" she said, coming toward me. I got my head up and saw her there. I was glad to see her.

"I'm c-c-cold," I told her, my teeth chattering.

"Oh, Robert, you're *bleeding!*"

I wished she would stop oh-Robert-ing. She was one of those talkers when the situation called for action. Sure, I was bleeding. That stuff all over me wasn't ketchup.

"Are you *shot?*"

I tried to shake my head but it wouldn't shake, and it hurt just to think about shaking it. I said thickly, "Pistol-whipped. They slugged me." I couldn't make my teeth stop chattering and I couldn't hold my head up. "I don't think I'm shot," I said, remembering the shot that had been fired when I went for Shorty, remembering a little more about things all the time.

"Oh, Robert!" Jerry moaned.

"For God's sake!" I said. I was going to tell her to stop that damn' monotonous oh-Robert-ing and make up her mind what we were going to do about me.

"You're a mess," Jerry said, She was getting a little better grip on the situation. "Wait," she said, and she came back in a minute with a wet handkerchief and began cleaning my face with it. She rinsed the handkerchief in the cold ditchwater again and dabbed at the wound on my head. There was also a very tender spot where Shorty had bounced the short-nosed revolver off my skull. The cold water on my face made me feel a little more alive.

"Take me somewhere warm," I said.

She put an arm around me and helped me stagger to her car, and she opened the door and helped me fall in. She got in on the other side and started the engine. "But —what in the world *happened,* Robert?"

"Two guys slugged me and took the truck," I said.

"You mean—hijackers?"

"What else?" I said.

"But, listen," Jerry said. "I was just by here not more than two or three minutes ago, and I didn't see you then. Where *were* you?" I told her I was under the culvert, and she said, "Oh, gee!" And then she said, "You need a doctor. You may be hurt badly. I'll take you to Mrs. Turner's place and have the doctor come there."

I didn't care how she arranged it. I wasn't able to handle it myself, that's all. R. L. Nolan, the pushover. I thought about Buck, and felt lousy, so I stopped thinking about Buck. It was his own damned fault. He should have had better sense; he should have hired him a boy he could depend on.

Jerry said abruptly, "You had an accident." I muttered that it had been no accident, and she said, "I mean, that's what we'll tell Maw Turner and the doctor."

I couldn't stop shivering. "Has this thing got a heater in it?"

"Oh, golly," she said. "You're probably catching pneumonia." I heard the click and whir of the heater being turned on, and I kept waiting for some warmth but I never did feel any. I had another mild attack of self-recrimination and I thought: Pneumonia is too good for you, Nolan.

The details from there on are still a little hazy to me. I do recall getting undressed in the bathroom and taking a warm shower, and then I was going slowly back to my room, wrapped in Jerry's woolly robe, which smelled nice, like Jerry, and then I got in bed in the room I'd had the night before, naked, and pulled the sheet and a blanket up over me and lay there shivering. The people who had the truck and whisky also had my bag and brief case and slicker —and the gun I hadn't found much use for.

The doctor's name was Eames. He gave me a hypo after he decided there was no fracture or concussion, and a shot of penicillin, and then he used a local anesthetic of some kind and washed the blood off my scalp and began sewing me up. By then I was half asleep. I felt pretty good then.

"What was the name?" the doctor inquired.

"Jones," Mrs. Turner said gently. I hadn't known she was in there. "Edgar Jones," she said, and I wondered with my slow, swollen wits who *he* might be.

"Skull seems all right," the doc said. "What happened, anyhow?"

"I'm not sure," Jerry said. "Some kind of an accident. I knew him because he stayed here last night, so I brought him back here because he was wet and cold. I thought he should be dry and in bed."

"Next time, deliver your accident patients to the clinic."

"Yes, sir," Jerry said.

"What time is it?" I asked anybody, and Jerry said, "Almost eleven."

From nine until eleven—two hours, I thought dreamily; that didn't take long. It had seemed much, much longer. And then along about there I sort of went to sleep.

I CAME awake abruptly. Bright warm sunshine was flooding the room through the west windows. Buck! I thought. Oh, hell! I got out of bed, cursing the doctor for doping me, and then I realized I didn't have any clothes to wear anyhow, and I got to feeling pretty frustrated. Buck would think I'd run off with the truck myself. I started banging on the door, and when I heard somebody coming upstairs I jumped back into bed. It was Jerry.

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"What time is it?" I asked her. She had some clothes over her arm; a shirt and things. Not mine. She said, "It's after three—you had a nice snooze. How do you feel?" I told her I felt naked, and she said she had expected I might, and she dumped the clothes on the bed. "Here's some of Mrs. Turner's dead husband's stuff. It may not fit, and it sure won't be very chic. He died fifteen years ago, aged sixty-something."

"All right," I said. "Go away now, please."

"You really should stay in bed a while," she said earnestly.

"I'm in a hurry," I said. "Get out of here." Nine until three—that's six hours, I thought. They got the truck after ten sometime—they've had nearly five hours to go wherever they wanted to go with it.

"I took your suit to the cleaners," Jerry said. "I should have got you a shirt and some socks. That stuff probably won't fit."

Talk, talk, talk. I moved as if to throw the cover off and she turned around and beat it out of there. I checked the wardrobe she'd brought, and it was what you might expect a man sixty years old to wear. The union suit I tossed aside. The shirt was a brand of candy-striped purple and a fit after a fashion—tight through the shoulders and under the arms, sleeves too short, and too big everywhere else. Mr. Turner had been a funny-built man. The trousers were like a tent, but the cuffs came several inches above my ankles. The socks were all right.

I found my shoes, which were wet and stiff but had been cleaned by some thoughtful person—Jerry, undoubtedly—and I put them on and looked at myself in the mirror. In those clothes and with the bandages on my head, I looked like a sporty type plotting to win first prize at a costume party. I decided that as soon as I got downtown I would buy me some clothes. The billfold and my penknife and lighter were on the bureau, and I put them in my pockets and went out of the room.

Jerry was leaning against the wall at the head of the stairs, biting her fingernails. She looked at me and started laughing.

"Sorry," she said. "You ought to see yourself, Ro—Edgar."

"I did," I said. "Will you drive me to a place where I can buy some clothes?"

"Gladly," she said. "I consider it an errand of mercy."

Whatever chance there might have been to follow the truck by its tracks in the road was undoubtedly lost by now.

IN THE car going downtown, Jerry looked at me and laughed some more. "You sure don't look much like the well-dressed Mr. Jones at the moment," she said.

"I never did," I told her. I didn't want to be cheerful. What did I have to be cheerful about? Who was more loused up, except maybe Buck? I said, "Can you spare a cigarette?"

She gave me a cigarette. "What occurs now, Dillinger?" she asked me.

"Go see the sheriff. Report a robbery."

"My gosh!" she said. "Isn't that sort of pushing your luck?"

"What luck?" I asked her.

She shrugged. "Did you happen to know either of the hijackers?"

"No," I said. "What is this, an interview?"

"Could be," she said. "May I quote you?" I scowled at her, and she said, "My, my—getting conked hasn't helped your disposition any." She fell silent for a minute or so, and then she said, "Why don't you give up and go back to Norman, Robert?"

"Mexico," I said. "I'm going to Mexico, remember? Incognito."

"Ah, yes. I'd forgotten. Mexico."

"Of course," I said, "if you could see your way clear to resist your desire to ruin my social status—"

"I can think of no reason why I should have any mercy on you," she said. "I've got a job to do. Nothing personal, of course."

"Of course not," I said. "But you could hold off a while. Maybe your story gets better all the time. The robber robbed. I need more time now."

She didn't answer until she stopped in front of a clothing store, and then she said slowly, "I might give you a little more time. As you say, maybe it's going to develop into

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a whole series of swell stories. Okay, you've got more time."

More time, hell! All I could do was tell Buck the sad facts about his potables, get my car, and hit the road. Maybe I was just working her for a laugh, only nobody would laugh. I got out of the car.

"Much obliged," I said. "Sometimes you act almost human, Evans."

I went into the store and bought a tan sport shirt and a pair of khaki pants. That left about six dollars out of the ten-dollar bill from Edgar Jones's billfold, so I bought a pair of sneakers and a pair of wool gym socks. The salesman, who managed to keep a straight face, wrapped my shoes and borrowed duds into a bundle for me, and I walked to the courthouse, feeling like a school kid going to report to the principal about those two days of hooky.

It wasn't just losing the truck and the whisky. That could have happened to any dope. It was the fact that I was four or five hours tardy in notifying the proper authorities. They would probably be sitting around the office chewing their nails, and I figured Buck was going to be terribly annoyed with me.

Only Buck wasn't there. The sheriff was alone in his office, sitting in his swivel chair with his boots up on the desk. They weren't the same boots he'd been wearing that morning. He had on a single-breasted lightweight coat, in spite of the heat, and a tie. He had changed his clothes since morning, probably on the theory that now he could afford to dress better. I had a rude shock for him. When he saw me he stopped cleaning his nails and started looking tough.

"Where's Buck?" I asked him.

Floyd got up out of the chair, sort of gnashing his teeth. "I thought I told you not to show up around here no more, boy."

"Knock it off, damn it!" I said. "I was hijacked. Two guys got the truck and I got a hole in my head. Where's Buck?"

I don't know whether he looked stunned or not. I don't think he was capable of but two expressions—scowling and not scowling. He kept on scowling. "What are you talkin' about?" he demanded harshly.

"Two guys held me up, slugged me, made off with the truck," I said. "We got to get in touch with Buck. Where is he?"

"How should I know?" Floyd snarled. "He's not back yet." He narrowed his eyes suspiciously. "When did this so-called hijackin' take place?"

"About fifteen minutes after I left here."

HE WAS beginning to react now. He was turning purple. "Why, damn you, that was over five hours ago. Where in hell have you been all this time—helpin' unload the stuff somewheres?"

I sighed. "What's the use?" I said. But I told him about it anyhow, all about it, except that I didn't mention Jerry's part in it.

"I don't believe you, boy," he said softly, his stare like razor blades slashing at me. "You sold out on Buck and me, that's about the size of it. And now you expect me to swaller a wild story about two other guys. I oughta kick the truth outa you, feller."

"Don't try it," I said. "Look, Floyd, I've had my quota of trouble for one day. Let's just kind of keep a grip on ourselves until Buck shows up. I don't blame you for being sore at me for coming in so late to tell you about it, but I explained all that. I've got a dozen stitches in my head to prove it, and I've got a headache. So just don't crowd me, Mr. Talmadge."

I always got worked up around Floyd. He had a nasty, contemptuous manner that infuriated me, and besides, I just didn't like him, and I wasn't going to take any more tough talk from him. I thought.

Abruptly he picked up the long-bladed knife and came around the desk in a slow stalk that chilled me, and I got the impression that he was off his rocker sure enough. I still think he was. And I am willing to admit that I am scared silly of knives when somebody is waving one around in front of me like that.

"I told you not to come back here," he said hoarsely.

"Maybe I should have sent you a telegram," I said.

"I'm gonna carve some truth outa you, you lying double-crosser," he told me, his eyes glittering. Cold chills were running up my spine, and I was backing around the desk, and he kept on stalking, slow and very deliberate. He kept the knife in front of him, belt high, with the blade up, and I'd read about that somewhere. Stick it in your belly and rip upward. There wasn't any use trying to reason with him. If he had a mind, he had stopped using it.

"I'm gonna put my initials in your meat, boy," he said huskily.

"I didn't know you could write," I said, and I swung the bundle with my shoes and borrowed clothes in it, hoping to knock the knife out of his hand. But as the bundle came down he stabbed upward in a kind of reflex action, and my blood felt like creek water when I felt the jar as the blade skewered the bundle and hit a shoe. I let go of the bundle and kicked upward, and my foot caught him on the arm somewhere, so that he dropped the knife. And then I went after him fast, not wanting him to substitute his gun for the knife.

My left caught him in the neck, and my right landed high on his cheek, and he went staggering backward, collided with the swivel chair, and fell sprawling, his legs tangled with the chair. I yanked the chair out of the way and got to him in time to kick the gun away from him as it cleared the holster, and then I fell on him with both knees and hit him a half dozen times in the face, and he went limp on the floor. I never wanted to kill a man before, but I wanted to kill him. I got off of him and went to pick up the pistol. I thought he was out. He wasn't.

"Leave it lay," he gasped, and when I looked around he was pointing a small pistol at me. It looked like a toy in size, but I think it must have been one of those small .22-caliber deals with a pug nose, and it looked lethal enough.

A lot of things went through my mind as I stood there. Things like: he can get away with it. Self-defense. I beat him up, so he had to kill me. He's the law, he can get away with it.

And then Buck's voice said sharply, "Put it away, Floyd!"

I don't know how long he'd been there; he must have come in while I was trying to ruin Floyd's unpretty face. I guess Buck was able to make a guess at what my bandaged head could mean; bad news, anyhow. He looked pretty grim.

"Put it away, Floyd," he repeated.

Floyd didn't want to put it away. The color had drained out of his bruised face, but he kept the gun aimed at my belly, and my navel kept trying to squirm out of the line of fire. And then slowly Floyd's face set in a tight, stubborn look, and he got on his feet in a half crouch and lifted the muzzle of the gun a little—to my chest.

Then Buck went past me, unhurried, getting between Floyd and me, and said quietly, "Floyd." Beads of sweat stood out like rivets on Floyd's face, and then the gun lowered and hung in his limp fingers, and Buck stopped in front of him. And suddenly Buck began slapping him. *Whap, whap, whap, whap!* And Floyd backed away, taking it, not fighting back at all.

"Now put it away," Buck said softly, and he turned his back on Floyd and came toward me. "What happened, Robert?"

"He double-crossed us!" Floyd yapped. "He rigged a deal on us!"

"Oh, yes. Welcome back, Kurts. I forgot you had been away"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

"Aw, shut up, fool," Buck said wearily. "Tell me, Robert."

So I told him, leaving out Jerry again, saying only that some people picked me up and hauled me to town, and Buck's eyes got duller and sicker as I talked.

"Two guys," he whispered. "Who in hell could it have been?" And then he cut loose and swore for a solid minute, his voice bleak and sad. "That's the one thing I never thought could happen," he said. "It just never entered my mind. How did they find out about it? Who could . . . ?"

He shrugged and took a cigar out of his pocket and started to bite the end off, but suddenly hurled it savagely against the wall. "Dirty, lousy . . ." he said, and sat on the desk, rubbing at his eyes.

Floyd said, "Buck, you gonna fall for that guy's made-up story?"

Buck whirled on him. "Shut up, you simple-minded jerk!" He got up and started pacing; as he passed the turned-over chair he grabbed it angrily and set it upright and sent it skidding into the desk. Then he turned on Floyd again. "If you hadn't felt called on to show what a big shot you are in front of those Tax Unit guys, sending me off clear down to the other end of the county, this wouldn't have happened. I would have followed the truck out to the farm, just in case he had engine trouble or something, just to play it safe. But no, you had to throw your weight around!"

"You didn't have to go," Floyd muttered.

"The hell I didn't!" Buck said furiously. "You knew all the time the county attorney was going along. You had it all arranged before you played Mister Big for those guys."

He started pacing again, and the look Floyd gave him was murderous. Floyd put on his hat and began patting his coat and shirt pockets, and then he checked the desk drawers. Looking for his pills, I guessed. His ulcer must have been giving him the devil.

Buck looked at him. "Go clean yourself up, Floyd," he said. "Wash the blood off. Go on, beat it." As Floyd stomped sullenly out of the office, Buck looked at me and shrugged. "I'm sorry you ran into trouble, Robert. I sure hadn't figured on anything like that." He got out another cigar and lighted it and puffed on it. "Well, let's go out there and look around."

"Do we want to be seen together?" I asked him.

"Why not? Who would know you with that bandage around your head? Besides, there's nobody who might recognize you except that newspaper girl, and we're not apt to run into her."

Want to bet? I thought. I was hungry—hungrier than I'd ever been in all my life, it seemed—but I figured I'd already delayed Buck about enough. We went out to the car Buck had been driving and got in.

THERE were no clues at the scene of the crime except the almost unrecognizable corpse of my hat, ripped and smashed and muddy where the truck had run over it. There was nothing under the culvert but a puddle of my blood. We got back in the car and Buck drove west, aimlessly. The road had been driven over plenty since the rain, and there was no chance of trailing the truck. The hijackers could have gone almost anywhere by now—or practically nowhere. They could be in Kansas or Missouri or Arkansas, although none of those destinations seemed likely.

"I'll get in touch with some people I know around various towns and have them keep an eye out for the truck," Buck said glumly. "But hell, they've probably ditched it by now, unless they went to Missouri, which isn't probable." His eyebrows went up a little, as if he'd had a mildly shocking thought, but then he shook his head. "None of those guys in Missouri knew what was on the fire here. Not even Jones knew exactly when the auction was to be held. Naw—that's out." He sighed. "Kid, I feel like a tire that's had all the air let out of it. I can't think yet. Tell me all you can remember about those two guys."

I described the little guy, saying he was probably in his late twenties, and the big guy as best I could, and Buck said they didn't sound like anybody he knew. I told him I thought the farm truck had been a Chevvy, about a forty-eight model, but I didn't know if it had an Oklahoma license or not. I didn't know much of anything, when you came right down to it, except that I was sorry I ever got mixed up in the thing and that all I'd managed to accomplish was to swap all of Buck's nice whisky for a goose egg and stitches.

"Let this be a lesson to you, Robert," Buck said grimly. "Easy money ain't. Sometimes you think it's going to be easy, but it almost never is. You had any lunch yet?"

"No," I said. "Or breakfast, either."

"We'll go out to the place. Mom will fix us something, I guess."

We got in the car and started up the road, and I guess that's when this other part of me that had been a little vague so far, this other Robert, showed up. Until now it had just been me, old one-way Robert, suffering a few qualms but managing to overcome them, not liking the thing I had let myself get mixed up in but going on with it anyhow. Now all of a sudden I was a split personality, Robert-Robert, beside myself, as it were, being looked at askance. And this second Robert was a talker.

Well? this number two Robert asked in

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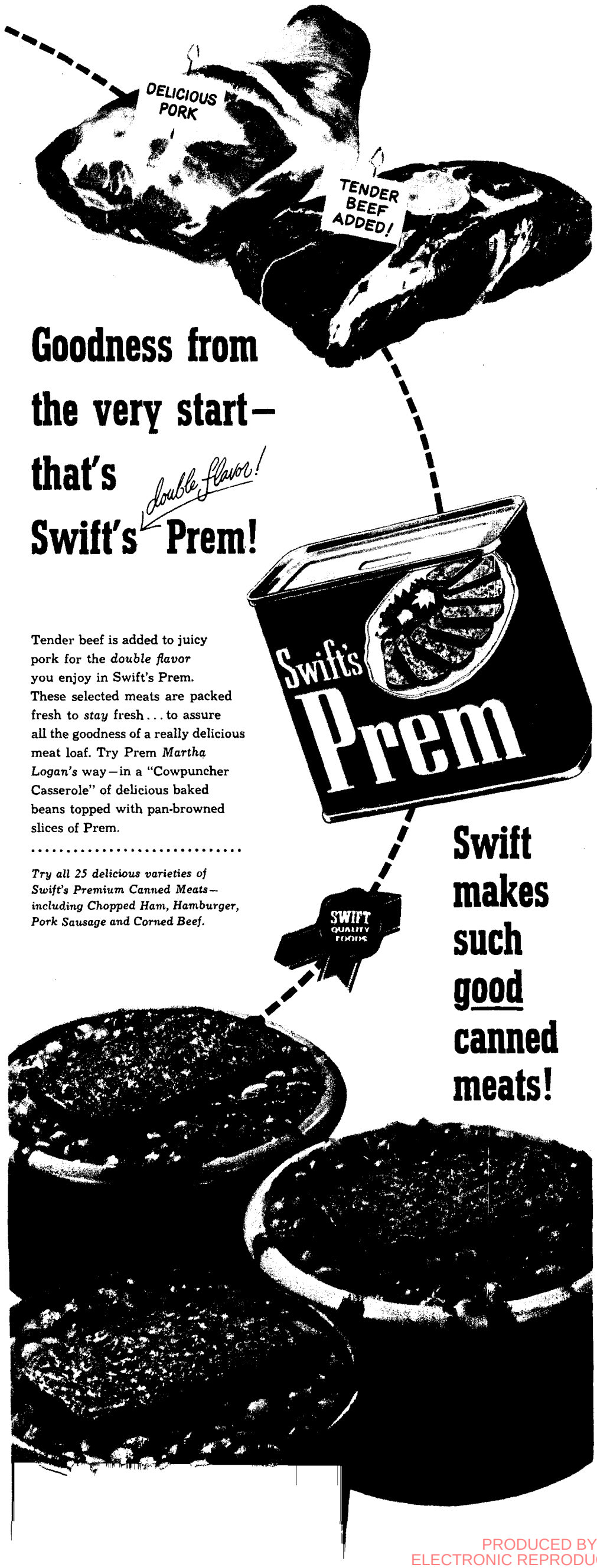

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a contemptuous manner, *how you feel, boy? Relieved, huh? It's all over now, and you're a little glad you failed, because now it doesn't seem quite so sinful, and you also feel sorry for yourself, because now you got to start running, and if you hadn't stepped into the muck to begin with you wouldn't have to run.* Aw, shut up! I said to this other Robert, the pious so-and-so, watching the gravel road come sliding toward us and under us. *How about proud?* Robert number two wanted to know. *You proud, boy? You proud of yourself, now that you've taken that first step down the road of wrongdoing?* Shut up! I thought. Knock it off, damn you!

"You still get paid, of course," Buck said.

"Nuts," I said. "It didn't come off. Forget it, Buck."

"You still get paid. You did your part, and a deal is a deal."

"Nuts," I said, but I didn't really mean it. I needed that money worse than ever. Getaway money now, for sure. *You happy now, kid?*

WHEN we were going up the hollow to Buck's place, he broke his long silence. "That pickup last night," he said. "Maybe it was following us, at that. But if it was we'll never see it again. An old job like that, worth at best two hundred—whoever's got the whisky now can afford to drive it into a canyon and leave it, junk it and forget it."

"Yeah," I said. "Look, I hate to bring this up, but doesn't it kind of figure that somebody on the inside might have tipped those guys off? Funny they'd know the best place to waylay me like that. And even if it was part of the gang in that pickup last night, they'd just be guessing we planned to use this route, wouldn't they?"

"Nobody knew about it except Tony and Floyd and me," Buck said. "And I guess Mom had an idea what was cooking, and maybe even Grady. But none of them would double-cross me—hell, they all had a stake in that whisky, directly or indirectly. Only thing, maybe one of them might of got a little careless about what they said somewhere. Floyd's wife might have known about it, too, and she's not real bright. She could of let it leak. Hell!" He sighed gustily. "I just don't know."

I was sorry I'd brought it up, since it only seemed to make him feel lousier. But I kept thinking about crazy Floyd. He was just the dim-wit type to brag about a thing like that. I mean, I figured he was stupid enough to say the wrong thing in the hearing of wrong people. I quit thinking about it and thought: After I eat I'll take my car and get the hell out of here; I'm no good to Buck. And I thought about Jerry and wondered if there was any chance I might talk her out of giving me all that bad publicity. She had already saved me from two kinds of exposure, temporarily, and according to an old Chinese custom she had to be on my side right on down the line. But Jerry wasn't an old Chinese. So I thought about Floyd Talmadge again, very briefly, and I shivered a little. Floyd Talmadge was not a nice person at all. When Buck parked in front of the house, I said:

"Listen, do you slap Floyd around like that very often?"

His grin flickered on and off. "Never had to before. I don't think Floyd would have actually shot you, but then again he might. After all, I don't imagine anybody ever figured his brother Clarence would kill that guy that time, either, but he did. Sometimes I regret I ever got mixed up with Floyd. He's a weirdy, a real tight-wound birdbrain."

"He has absolutely no restraint," I said.

"He had two thousand in that load of whisky himself. He'd naturally hate to lose it. Two thousand ain't hay to Floyd."

Or to Robert L. Nolan, either, I thought, as we continued to sit there, each of us mired in his dreary thoughts. The sound of an ax came from the woodpile, and I looked and saw a nondescript man of uncertain age splitting wood. Buck was watching him, too, and now he leaned out the window of the car and called to him.

Grady Pickens, Buck's stepfather, laid down the ax and came shuffling toward the car, and six hounds got up from various points around the woodpile and followed him. Grady seemed to need a haircut and a bath and a change of clothes. He showed strong yellow teeth in a grin.

"Haddy, Buck," he said, spitting tobacco juice at the old tree. He had a pleasant, innocuous face and his clothes looked like he'd stolen them from a tramp.

"Grady," Buck said, "do we know anybody named Herb?"

Grady studied for a while. "Well, the banker's name is Herb. Then there's old man Herb Hoskins. Dave Herbert is called Herb some."

"Anybody else?" Buck asked, and Grady looked intensely at the blue sky with its scattering of clouds and shook his head. Buck said, "Know anybody that drives an old-model red pickup around here?"

All this attention was getting Grady flustered. He stared off across country with his Adam's apple going up and down nervously. He said, "Guess not, Buck."

"Okay," Buck said. He got out and I got out and we went into the house. Going in the door, I looked back at the view, and with the sun shining the view was nothing short of magnificent. The river valley looked peaceful spread out below in the clean rain-washed air of afternoon, and I thought it was a shame I had to know different. Too much violence around Derrick. Too many uncouth people, like Floyd.

Buck's mother fried us some eggs with country sausage, and broke out cold biscuits and molasses. With the hot black coffee, it all made a very fine meal for a hungry man. Pretty soon Grady came up on the back porch and cleared his throat outside the screen door.

"Say, Buck," he said diffidently, "seems I heard somebody say Herman Tailfeather bought an old red pickup jist recently."

"Where's he live?" Buck asked. Grady said about six miles east of Derrick on Punkin Flats. He went back to his woodpile.

I wasn't doing any extraneous thinking. Just enjoying the food. My long-neglected stomach was having itself a ball, and it seemed to me I'd been without good hot coffee for at least a month. After I finished, I had another cup of coffee and lighted a cigarette and thought about my own personal situation, and it came to me that I couldn't very well leave Derrick right away. I had to get my suit from the cleaners. I didn't think there was much chance I'd ever get my suitcase and slicker back from the hijackers, but the suit had cost me sixty bucks and I didn't feel like parting with it.

THIS brought up the thought of Jerry. It was a sad thought, so I stopped thinking altogether and waited for Buck to stop toying with his food. When he did, we went in the front room and Buck had a couple of drinks. I didn't want any, myself. I didn't even want to hear the word "whisky" again for a while.

"I guess we better go check on that Indian, Tailfeather," Buck said.

We? I thought. I'm out of it now, boy. Skip Nolan, starting now.

"Drive your own car to the courthouse and I'll pick you up, kid."

"Look," I said. "Look, Buck. Let's face it. The best way I can help you is by not trying to help. I'd better bail out of this."

He looked at me quickly. "Well, there's no hurry, Robert. I'd like to get you and Tony together and have him hear your description of those guys. Maybe one of us will get an idea. But first I want to check on that pickup, and you'd know better than me if it's the same one that followed us last night. I need you, see."

"Okay," I said. What else could I say? My car was out by the barn, and I got it and drove to Derrick and parked by the courthouse, and Buck picked me up and we went on out east of town to Punkin Flats to look up Herman Tailfeather.

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It wasn't difficult to locate Herman's hogan, since the pickup was parked in front of the shack just off the road. Buck parked the car and we got out and climbed the bank, and a man appeared in the doorway. He was lean and shabby and the color of oiled leather, with one of those tight-stretched, sharp-angled faces a lot of poor Indians have, seemingly incapable of any kind of expression except moroseness. You knew, seeing him for the first time, that he almost never grinned or laughed, and that a grin or a laugh wouldn't look right on his face. He sat down on the sagging step and began rolling himself a cigarette.

"Tailfeather?" Buck inquired.

"You got it right, friend," the Indian said, making the cigarette.

"Your pickup?" Buck asked him.

"Bought and paid for," the Indian said, licking the cigarette.

I had been studying the pickup, and now, as Buck looked at me for the clue, I nodded. It was undoubtedly the same pickup that had followed us the night before. There couldn't be two like it.

"You were following me into Derrick last night about dark," Buck said. "You didn't have any lights. I'd like to know why, Tailfeather."

Herman gave him a long, steady glance. "Do I know you, mister?"

"Buck Early," Buck said. "I'm a deputy sheriff."

The Indian nodded and lighted his cigarette. "Lights burned out," he said. "We was over west of town, me and my cousin Pete Humatubby. You know him, deputy sheriff?" Buck said he didn't, and Herman almost but not quite grinned. He said, "We followed a car when it got dark, so we can see where we're goin', that's all. Purty near run her off the road, at that. We stopped in town. You know Mister Charley Babble?"

"Him I know," Buck said.

"We stopped at his beer joint," Herman said sadly. "Stayed all night in town. Too dangerous drivin' without no lights."

Buck studied him for a long minute, then shrugged. "Well, you'd better fix the lights or quit driving at night, Tailfeather."

"You betcha," the Indian said. "You said it, friend."

We got back in the car and Buck lighted a cigar and we started to town. Buck remained silent, so after a while I said, "No soap, huh?"

"You saw him," Buck said. "You heard what he said. Did you believe him?"

I said I guessed I did, and he said, "Cross off the red pickup. We're in a blind alley. From here we go exactly nowhere." He settled into his melancholy silence and I joined him there. Poor old bankrupt Buck, I thought. And then I thought maybe I was a heel to take his money, when in a way I'd bungled the job. But I didn't let the thought get out of hand. To a guy who lost as much as Buck, what was another measly five hundred dollars? And to me it was so important, and not at all measly. I had to have the dough. I let it ride right there.

WHEN we got to the courthouse, Floyd was sitting at his desk with his head in his hands. He turned a puffy, vicious scowl on me and looked away, and Buck hooked a thumb at the door.

"Go home, Floyd," he said. "You don't look presentable. You'll scare all our customers away. Put some cold towels on your face or something and relax your ulcer. Stay sick a couple days if you want to, and let your mouse clear up a little. But stick around home, see. Stay available. I may want to call you about something."

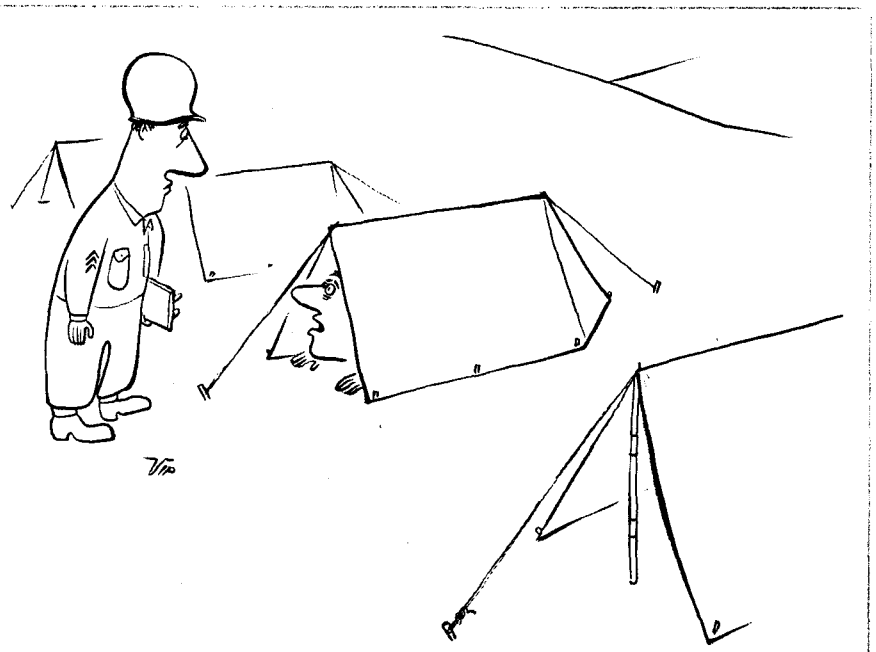
Floyd got out of the chair and went to the door without looking at either of us again, but his face was mean and ugly in profile. I was sorry I'd made him unpresentable, but I was glad he wasn't going to be around. He wasn't very congenial company.

Buck used the telephone. "Tony," he said into the mouthpiece, "Buck here. Come on down." He replaced the telephone and swiveled his chair around and stared out the window. I sat on one of the chairs along the wall and reminded myself to take the borrowed clothes back to Mrs. Turner. There was a clock on the wall that said it was twenty minutes to five, and I wondered where the day had gone to, and then I remembered that I'd spent a large part of the working day asleep. On the needle.

"What about the guy you were going to sell part of the load to, Buck?" I asked, trying to be helpful. "Could he have anything to do with this business?"

I guess it was a stupid question, but Buck was nice about it. He said no. The guy operated out of Tulsa, and knew only that Buck was going to have some whisky to sell. He thought Buck was making a load out of Cairo, Illinois, where most of the bootleggers used to get their goods until the Congressional investigations turned up the fact that most of the contraband from Cairo was traveling without the customary taxes being paid. Buck said it was getting harder and harder to get whisky into Oklahoma, which made it strictly a sellers' market, which was why he had figured to make such a nice profit from the truckload. When he said that, a look of pain crossed his face and he

VIP'S WAR



"He'll be out in a minute, Sergeant. He's in the tub"

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began chewing his cigar glumly, and I decided to stop being helpful.

Tony, the deputy who was Buck's uncle, came in. He was a wiry, intelligent-looking Indian with a pocked complexion, and he gave the impression of being dependable and closemouthed. After Buck introduced us, Tony told him the Alcohol Tax Unit men had left soon after Buck went to Pinto Creek, and then shortly thereafter Floyd had taken off for somewhere and hadn't come back until sometime around noon. Buck told him about the hijacking, and I was just getting ready to describe the culprits when a nervous knock sounded on the door.

"Come in," Buck called.

THE door opened and a skinny kid about fourteen or fifteen came in. He had a three-month crop of hair hanging over his ears and running thickly down the back of his neck, and he wore faded jeans and a blue work shirt buttoned at the neck, and he looked frightened.

"What can we do for you, buster?" Tony asked him.

"Is this yere the shurf's office?" the boy asked in a sparrow chirp.

"Sure," Tony said. "You want to give yourself up?"

The boy looked bewildered and kept swallowing. He licked his lips and worked his Adam's apple and made a couple of strangling false starts before he got it out.

"They's a dead man out yonder in the brush," he quavered. "And they's a big ol' truck down on the crick clost by."

Buck came out of his chair like he'd been stuck with an icepick. "Tony, stay here," he said. "Come on, Robert, let's go."

Come on, Robert, let's go. What the hell—did I have to identify the damned truck for him, too? "We," he kept saying. Him and me. I got up reluctantly and followed him, not wanting any part of any dead men or any more trucks. Or Buck, either, for that matter.

"Come along, sonny," Buck said to the boy. And then, when the three of us were outside: "Let's take your car, Robert. The one I was using is low on gas."

Sure, you bet; take my car. Go ahead, use me, friend.

In the car, the boy said, "You reckon he was *murdered?*"

"Can't tell yet," Buck said. "How far is it, and which way?"

It was north of town. In fact, from the kid's directions, it was about four miles farther north of town than the corner just west of where I'd been held up and relieved of the bottled bonanza. I felt a couple of cold fingers fiddling with my spinal fluid again.

"How'd you get to town, son?" Buck asked, and the kid said he'd caught a ride with a feller. "You tell him about this?" Buck asked.

"Heck, no!" the boy piped. "For all I'd a knowed, he mighta been the one that done it to that other feller out there."

"Haven't told *anybody?*" Buck persisted. "Just us?"

"'Nawsir, I shore ain't. Not even Maw. I jist told 'er I's a-goin' to town, never said why. Didn't want to git her skeered up about it."

"Fine," Buck said. "You used your head, pal. You did right."

I drove north on the highway and then west the three miles over the route I didn't quite take the truck, and then north again on the gravel road—the same road that ran past Buck's farm back south, and after a while we were there. It was an old logging road, and you'd have to know it was there or you'd never spot the entrance to it. After a few yards the brush and saplings closed in on it, hiding the car from the road. I noticed that the sprouts and bushes had been crushed and broken by the passage of the truck. After a couple of hundred yards of rough going, the kid said we were about as clost as we could git, so I stopped the car. We got out.

"See that there leanin' red oak over yonder?" the kid said shakily. Buck said yeah, and the boy said, "He's under it. I jist as soon stay here, mister. I done seen 'im once."

Buck nodded and struck off through the brush. I jist as soon stayed there, too, but I went with Buck. Corpses are something I don't like to associate with under any circumstances, but I figured I had to go see this one. I had a hunch I might recognize the deceased.

The dead man was lying on his side with his knees drawn up, and, as we approached, a swarm of blowflies rose into the air like vultures, and I started feeling sick. The face was contorted, and the eyes were rolled back, as though he were staring up inside his own skull, but I recognized him, all right. Herb. The big guy who clobbered me.

"That's Herb," I told Buck. My voice sounded appallingly loud.

Buck nodded and knelt on the damp leaf mold and pulled the dirty shirt aside, and I turned my back, and presently Buck said, "Shot twice at close range." And when the noise that clawed out of my throat cut through the buzzing of the flies, Buck asked, "Are you feeling queasy, Robert?"

"Yes," I said. "Hell, yes!" I said. "Aren't you?"

He grunted. "Better go see about the truck, Robert."

"Thanks a million," I said.

The truck was a hundred yards away, on the bank of the small creek with its flow of dingy, soapy-colored water, and there was a patch of yellowish clay back of the trailer, where somebody had once dug fishworms or something, and on the wet clay there were innumerable marks of feet. Under the end of the trailer was a puddle of blood. I moved around the truck and looked in the cab, and my bag and the brief case were there. But the keys were gone from the switch, and my slicker and the gun Buck had loaned me were gone.

I took my bag and the brief case and went back to the car, where the boy was waiting, his face the color of bleached bones. He gave me a sick grin, and I gave him a sick grin, and then I lighted a cigarette and started to sit down on the front bumper of my car. But Buck had other ideas. He was coming through the brush, dragging the body, and he wanted help.

"How about giving me a hand with this, Robert?" he asked me.

I swallowed my repugnance and helped him drag Herb out to the logging trail. At the back of the car, Buck said, "Leave it here a minute, Robert." We left it there, and I took my cigarette and went back around the car away from death. Buck grinned faintly and bit the end off a cigar and then turned his attention to the boy.

"How'd you happen to find him, son?"

"Huntin' squirrels," the boy said. "Me and my tree dog, we come through there, short-cuttin' to the crick, and that old dog started actin' spookyfied. So I went lookin' around, and I seen—him."

"What made you think he was dead?" Buck asked sharply.

The boy stretched his neck and squirmed uneasily. "He jist *looked* dead. And they was flies all over 'im." He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and grew paler and tried not to look at the body back of the car. "I jist taken one look an' then I lit outa here."

Buck lighted his cigar, taking his time, and shook his head slowly. "Son, you're in a pretty bad spot," he said gravely. "Bad trouble."

"Wha-wha-wha—?" the kid stammered.

"Looks like I'll have to take you to jail."

"I never done it!" the kid whined. "I never done *nuthin'*."

Buck watched him coldly for a while and the boy fidgeted and looked about ready to cry, and then Buck said gently, "I believe you, son, but a jury wouldn't." He let that sink in, and added, "I hate to take you in, but if it ever got out that I'd let you go, I'd be in trouble myself."

"It won't git out," the boy said. "I won't tell nobody." Buck gave him a blank stare, and I wondered what he was trying to do, and the boy kept squirming and sweating. "Honest, I won't never tell a soul."

"Got a hunting license?" Buck asked. The boy shook his head, miserably, and Buck threw me a wink. "Hunting without a license," he said. "That's enough to get you a jail sentence. Makes you a sort of criminal already, see. That's enough to make everybody think you did it, son. You know who that dead man is?"

The boy shook his head dumbly, his chin quivering.

"A special game warden," Buck said. "He was sent here to crack down on people hunting without licenses. Hell, boy, how do *I* know you didn't shoot him to keep him from running you in? You can't *prove* you didn't do it, can you?"

The boy shook his head and stared at the ground, and I wondered if my old friend Buck was a sadist who liked to make frightened country boys sweat. I didn't like this. I didn't like it worth a damn. And I just didn't see what Buck was driving at.

"I'll tell you," Buck said. "I believe you're innocent, and I'd let you go if I was sure you wouldn't ever tell anybody about this. But if you even told your folks, it might get back to the courthouse, see, and then where'd I be? I might go to jail over it myself, see? I'd be in a real bad jam."

The boy looked hopeful. "Gee whiz, I wouldn't *never* tell nobody."

Buck straightened up. "What do you think, Robert?"

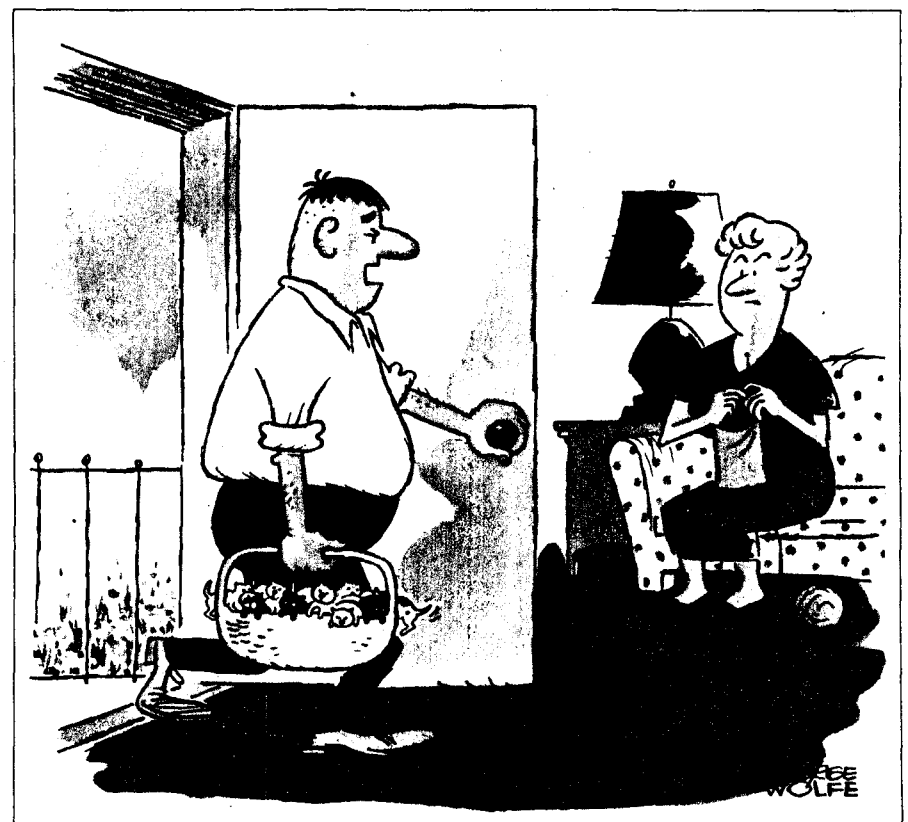
I was beginning to catch on. "Let him go," I said.

"Okay," Buck said. "Son, I'm going to trust you. But if you ever get an itch to talk about this to anybody, just think about that big old electric chair they got down at McAlester. Don't ever mention the dead man *or* the truck, you understand?" The boy nodded vigorously, and Buck said, "Okay, chum. Beat it, before I change my mind."

The kid tore out through the brush like a startled doe, and Buck watched him go with a gloomy sort of grin, and then he looked at me. "Were the keys in the truck?" I said they weren't. "It doesn't matter," he said. "I've still got the one Tony used last night." He took it out of his pocket and gave it to me. "Help me get the stiff in the trunk of your car, Robert," he said. It wasn't a request; it was an order.

I suppose I could have argued about it. I didn't want blood all over my car, and I didn't want to think of Herb every time I opened the trunk to get a jack or something. I looked at Buck and thought: He must have thought of this when he decided to use your car, sucker. Now the clues leave when you leave, because he probably doesn't have any intention of taking the body to town.

I was beginning to understand all the rigmarole with the boy, I thought. Buck would ditch the stiff. Let somebody else find it all over again. Well, I couldn't very well step out of character now. I would just go on doing what he said—especially since I hadn't been paid yet.



"Not only did I fail to give *any* away, but when I stopped in at the drugstore for a minute, somebody sneaked *three more* in"

COLLIER'S — GEORGE WOLFE

I HELPED get Herb into the trunk of my car, and we'd never have made it if his knees hadn't been drawn up. Even so it was a nasty job, and it was getting pretty gruesome out there in the brush, so far as I was concerned. Buck relighted his cigar and squinted at me.

"You drive the truck to my place and wait, and I'll pick you up," he said. "I'm going to plant this stiff beside the road somewhere, then I'll come back after you."

I had guessed that one correctly. Give the lad a cigar. I got the truck started and turned around and out onto the road, and all the way to Buck's place I thought about Herb. I figured I'd think about him a lot before I quit thinking about him at all. He had been a guy like me—after the easy dollar. Look at him now. He'd never be hungry or tired or drunk or scared or angry or lonely or greedy again. I couldn't figure out any motive for his death, except that maybe Shorty hadn't wanted to split the rewards of their joint effort with him. But if you looked at it a certain way, Buck was responsible for his death—Buck and Floyd and their crooked little deal. And me, too, in a way. All the way to Buck's place I entertained crazy and morbid thoughts like that. It was a lousy way to spend my time.

Grady, Buck's aromatic stepfather, was there when I drove the truck into the barn. We discussed the weather, and he whittled a stick, and after a long diplomatic pause he suggested that maybe I could do with a little drink. I said no, thanks. I couldn't look a bottle in the face. So we sat there barely keeping the desultory conversation alive, and it began to turn into evening, and a hoot owl sounded off down the slope somewhere, and off in the east was a glow of lights that marked Derrick, a town with

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a fine bunch of corrupt county law officers. It was full dark before Buck showed up.

Getting in the car, I looked at him closely in the dim light, seeing him as a stranger might see him, and it seemed to me his face was hard and closed over a kind of weariness and dejection, and I didn't know him. I had thought the two years separation had made no difference, but it had. He was still my best friend, which wasn't much of a distinction, but a murder and an aborted swindle and a few uncomfortable but candid thoughts had made us strangers.

"Let's go in the other way," he said. "Drive south to the highway; it's closer and smoother riding." I was a little surprised. I had begun to think he always used back roads when he traveled.

"Buck," I said. "Count me out from here on in." I wished I could make it retroactive as of last week.

"Sure, Robert. I understand how you must feel. I'm sorry about the whole thing. I'm sorry I got you mixed up in it, pal."

Okay, pal. I lighted a cigarette and my hands were unsteady, and I shifted gears and swung around in a circle and headed back down the hollow. Educational, I thought. It has been extremely educational, old pal. The cool night air washed in the open window and brought the damp, rotting, greening, fresh-sour woods smell into the car.

"Poor Ruby," Buck sighed. Ruby was his mother, I remembered. Okay, then, poor Ruby. And don't forget poor Herb. "She never had much of a break," Buck said. "I always figured someday I'd put her on Easy Street, but I never made much dough bootlegging. It's a living, that's about all. I had a car and good clothes, and I ate the best and smoked two-bit cigars and had women when I wanted them. But I never got rich. Don't let them kid you, Robert—very few bootleggers ever get rich. Too many occupational hazards. Too much overhead."

"I'll remember that," I said.

"Then this thing came along," Buck said. "It looked like easy pickings. Funny, I never honestly thought Floyd would get elected—hell, it's ridiculous. And I just backed him because I thought it would be nice not having to worry about the law—I didn't even know about the whisky in the vaults until he got elected. So here I was shooting fish in a barrel." He shrugged. "Now I'm worse off than ever."

Don't come crying to me, I thought. I'm not the chaplain.

WE WERE silent the rest of the way into town. When we got to the courthouse I went on in with Buck—as much out of curiosity, I suppose, as anything else. I didn't have to go in; I could have taken in a good movie. But I went on into the courthouse with Buck, like I said, and Tony, that quiet Indian uncle of Buck's, was sitting at the desk reading a true crime magazine.

"Waitin' for you, Buck," he said. "Got a murder on our hands."

"No kidding," Buck said, giving me a dead-pan look. "What happened?"

"Some people found a dead man beside the road," Tony said. "They got him at the undertaker's now." Tony was strictly dead-pan, too."

"You go out on it?" Buck asked, and Tony nodded, and Buck said: "Take the coroner along? The county attorney?" Tony nodded again, his face showing no expression. "How about Floyd?" Buck asked.

"I been callin' his house. Nobody answers."

"Keep calling," Buck said. He looked at me. "You want to wash up?"

I wanted to scrub myself with lye soap. I followed Buck down the hall to the men's room, which was filthy. Evidently the courthouse janitor was related to somebody big in the chain of command, like Tony. I started to wash my hands, and a big green-bottle fly began to drone around me, and all of a sudden I saw the blowflies on Herb again, and I was violently sick. Afterward I scrubbed my hands with the powdered soap from the gadget, but I had the feeling I wasn't getting them clean.

"You better get some coffee or something while I'm over at the funeral home," Buck told me. "Or go drink a beer, maybe."

I nodded and got a paper cup and drank some water, and we went back down the hall to the office. Tony was still reading his magazine.

Buck said, "You didn't happen to know the stiff, Tony?"

"Don't know him," Tony said. "Might have seen him someplace."

"Okay," Buck said. "Keep trying to get Floyd, will you?"

Tony nodded, and we went outside, and Buck took my car—by now he didn't even have to ask. I walked across the street and down a block to a neon sign and inside, and sat in a booth drinking beer and trying not to think about anything important. It was a slow night and the waitress stood around, evincing a good deal of natural curiosity and interest in me, and finally she got it off her obviously artificial chest.

"What happened to your head, mister?"

The bartender and his other customer stopped polishing a glass and watching a glass being polished, all ears, and I said, "My wife caught me out with another woman. She blew my brains out."

The girl giggled. "No, really—were you in a wreck or something?"

"That's right, a wreck," I said, and she accepted that temporarily and I ordered another beer and smoked a cigarette, and pretty soon she came over with the evening paper, the Derrick paper. Jerry's paper.

I read her mind. "It wouldn't be in the paper yet. Just happened."

"Oh," she said, and I said, "Can I see the paper?"

She laid the paper on the table, and I glanced through it, and there wasn't anything juicy about any Robert L. Nolan in the news. On page one was a brief item about the whisky auction, and it mentioned my stage name. I put the paper aside and fed nickels into the juke box to make conversation difficult for the waitress, and a couple of local sheiks came in and began wolfing her and took her mind off my bandaged head, and after a while I began to feel hungry enough to eat. I ordered a steak with French fries, and the waitress took over the bar while the bartender took over the kitchen. When I finished the steak, which had been too long beside the fish in the display case, I paid and went back to the courthouse.

BUCK was chewing a cigar at the desk and Tony was still trying to get Floyd on the telephone, without success. Buck seemed irritated about it. "Where the hell could he be?" he asked impatiently. Nobody knew. I took a chair against the wall and kept silent and observed the official routine of the sheriff's office when faced with a sensational murder. Buck rubbed his eyes with his thumb and forefinger and chewed his cigar, and Tony sat on the desk and stared moodily at the telephone, and the clock on the wall said nine sixteen. Twelve hours ago I was sweating out the loading of the illegal cargo. How time plodded. "Let's go upstairs and enlist in the Marines," Buck said.

"Recruitin' office ain't open this time of night," Tony stated.

Buck spread his hands. "That takes care of that idea."

And then Floyd finally showed up, hard-faced and scowling—his usual charming self, except for the shiner and the livid bruises, which gave me a fleeting sense of accomplishment and creative pride.

"Where the hell you been?" Buck demanded. "We been calling your number every five minutes. I told you to stick around home, didn't I?"

"So I took my wife for a drive in our new car," Floyd snarled.

"Well, get on over to the funeral home and make official noises," Buck said. "Somebody left a dead man beside the road up north of town. The coroner says it's murder, but nobody can identify the stiff. See if you recognize him, and kind of ramrod the show. Arrange about an inquest."

Floyd's sullen gaze prowled over to me, burning me a little, and he said: "What's he hangin' around for? Somebody's like to identify *him*, if he don't git outa town. What's he waitin' for?"

"What are *you* waiting for?" Buck demanded. "Get going, Floyd."

"Is it all right with you if I go to the men's room first?" Floyd asked in an attempt at sarcasm that fell flat.

"If you can find the way," Buck said, and turned to me. "Think you could take nourishment now, Robert?"

"I already did," I said, watching Floyd stalk out of the office.

Buck threw his cigar away. "Well, come watch me eat, anyhow."

I shrugged. Why not? I was just waiting to get paid, and waiting to get my suit out of the cleaners in the morning. We went out of the building, and Floyd's new car was parked at the curb. A woman was in it, and I guessed it was Floyd's wife. As we passed, she looked the other way, and I figured she was snooting Buck. Maybe her sense of protocol was outraged by her husband having to take orders from one of his deputies, or maybe she was sore because I beat her husband's face out of shape. Buck noticed her actions and when we had crossed the street he grinned at me and nodded back at the car.

"Floyd's old woman doesn't love me any more," he confessed.

"I've got news for you," I said. "Neither does Floyd."

"Oh, him," Buck said disparagingly. "He never did love me, but he needs me. He hasn't got any brains of his own. He's the kind that has to join up with a dominant personality, or he'd be just nothing."

"He's nothing anyhow, for my dough," I said. "But I had him pegged as being a frustrated dominant personality himself."

"Naw, he's intellectually deficient," Buck said. "He needs me."

"Like another ulcer, he needs you."

BUCK laughed, and we walked on, past the beer joint to a café. I had to admire him for being able to laugh in the face of such a financial beating as he'd taken that day. We sat at the counter and he ordered a plate lunch and I ordered coffee, just to be sociable, and for no good reason I thought about Jerry and wondered if I owed it to Buck to tell him she knew me, so he'd be careful around her. I decided not to decide anything about it for the time being.

"You didn't tell Floyd the stiff is one of the hijackers," I said.

"I'll tell him later," Buck said, looking toward the waitress.

"Suppose nobody can identify the body. What happens then, Buck?"

Buck waited until the waitress had put his food in front of him and drawn our coffees and gone to the back of the café. "Hell," he said, "I don't know—let the general public come and gawk, I guess. But we might have another good angle on it. Anderson, the coroner, says the dead guy was operated on for appendicitis recently. The scar is barely healed, and if the operation was done at the clinic here, probably the doctor that did it would have a record on the guy."

"Assuming you identify him," I said, "what happens then?"

Buck shrugged. "Can't see that far ahead, Robert. What I'm hoping is that we'll find our stuff and get it back."

"Well, write me how it comes out," I said, and he said he would, and then it occurred to me that I wouldn't get the letter, because I had no intention of leaving a forwarding address when I went to Mexico. And all of a sudden I realized what it would mean, breaking clean with my past, running from the law, even assuming a new identity, maybe. I felt depressed at the thought. Jerry had a lot of power in her two hands, the power to change my identity. Maybe if I got down on my knees and begged her to give me a chance . . . The hell with that! I was a little too old to start learning how to grovel and beg.

(To be concluded next week)

COLLIER'S **"Try to stay away from the sand trap . . . the language around there is terrible!"** WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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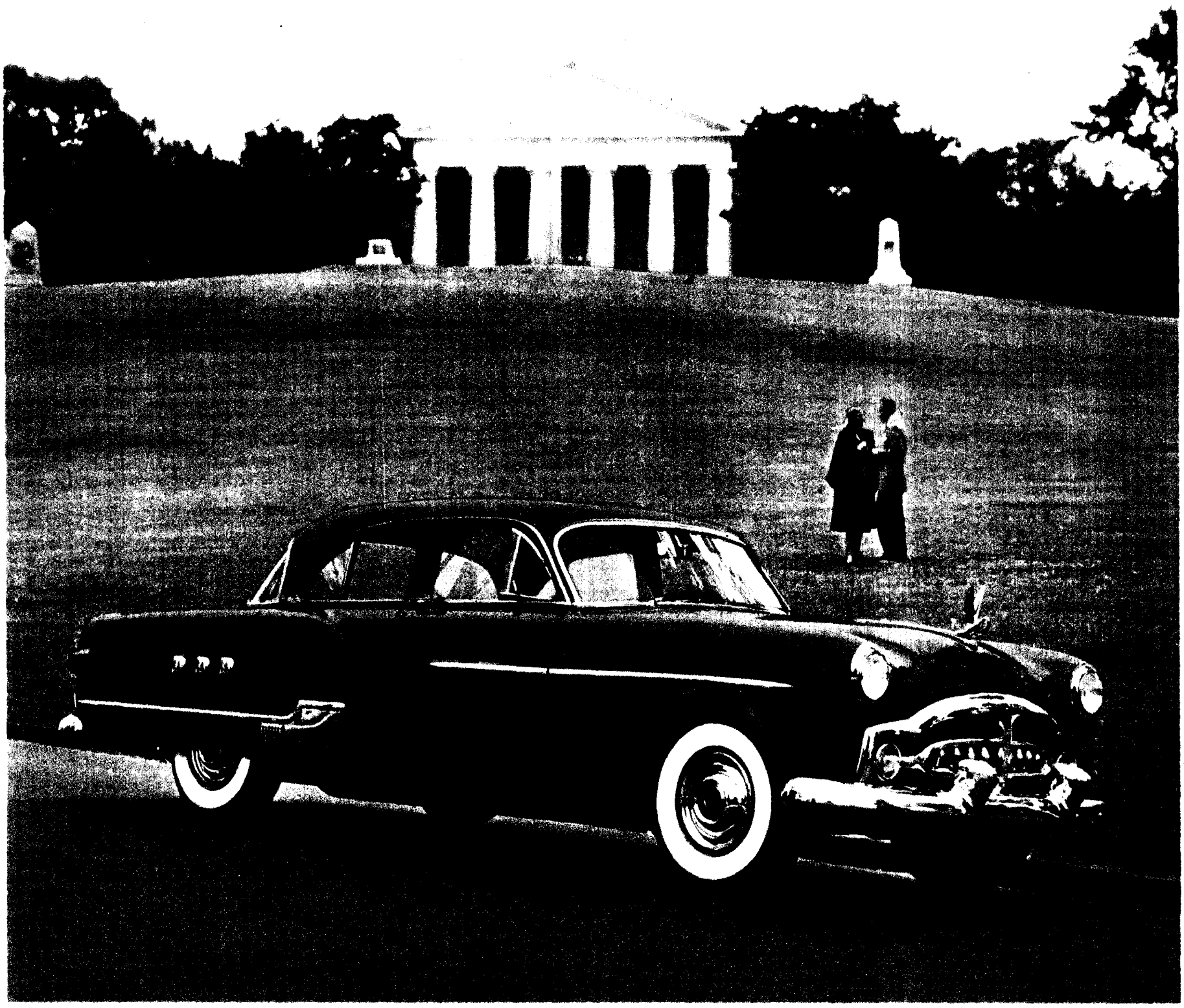

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It has just one *Old-Fashioned* Idea!

. . . the traditional Packard idea that every deep-down, *hidden* part must be as carefully finished as the things you see on the surface.

Old-fashioned idea? In an age of "on-the-surface glitter," it might *seem* that way.

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America's most popular lawn sweeper.

PARKER "HOMEMASTER"
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COLLECT YOUR LEAVES IN 1/10 THE TIME . . . CONDITION YOUR TURF TO GOLF GREEN BEAUTY

Get rid of leaves the easy way . . . with an always-useful Parker Lawn Sweeper.

A Parker Sweeper does two jobs. First, it keeps both yard and drive free of sticks, stones, leaves, heavy cut grass, and garden trash. Second, it gently combs the "nap" of your grass, picks up crab grass runners to produce glossier, healthier turf . . . real "lawn conditioning."

No wonder users keep it busy the entire outdoor season. No wonder they claim it is as important to year-around lawn care as a mower.

Your nearby hardware or garden supply store displays a Parker. There are five surprisingly low-priced models including the motorized Parker "Homemaster."

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Insist on a Parker, the original lawn sweeper. Latest models give you fold-away storage . . . finger-tip pushing . . . heavy-duty construction . . . reverse-whisk pickup . . . adjustable sweeping height.

PARKER LAWN SWEEPERS

PARKER SWEEPER COMPANY, (Established 1884) SPRINGFIELD 99, OHIO
Manufacturers of lawn sweepers and industrial floor sweepers

The YEAR AROUND . . . the best friend your lawn ever had

EARLY SPRING . . . Cleans yard of winter refuse.

SPRING . . . Conditions turf, sweeps heavy grass cuttings.

SUMMER . . . Removes debris, conditions turf, controls weeds.

FALL . . . Rids yard and drive of leaves, sticks and twigs.

From Rackets to Riches

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

down Zwillman's business ventures becomes an arduous and time-consuming detective hunt.

As this is written, Longie's presence has been detected in seven companies. They range from cigarette-vending machines (Public Service Tobacco Company) to used machinery (A. & S. Trading Company). He is also in at least one giant real-estate venture (the Louisville, Kentucky, post-office site). In the recent past, his hand has been found in at least a half-dozen more companies: in two motion picture concerns (Manhattan Productions and Greentrees Productions), in a New York hotel and in a $7,500,000 whisky concern.

Three Business Associates

Investigators who try to unravel the maze of Longie's business interests, present and past, have learned to look for certain clues. They study companies and deals for the names of three men who serve as associates or as trustees for Zwillman. One is Jules Endler, now a restaurant owner in Newark. Another is Michael Lascari, Zwillman's associate in the cigarette business who has taken money and clothes to gangster Lucky Luciano in Italy. A third is one of Zwillman's lawyers.

When Jules Endler popped up in 1946 as the purchaser of the block-size post-office site in Louisville (price $1,800,000) investigators knew that Zwillman was not far behind. Sure enough, Endler soon assigned shares of his purchase to three other participants, one of whom was a Zwillman lawyer. The lawyer served as trustee for Zwillman's share of the deal, 26 per cent.

Some of Zwillman's enterprises are substantial. The Public Service Tobacco Company, in which Longie and his family are partners, sells more than $1,000,000 worth of cigarettes—via vending machines—a year. Longie's income, reported for tax purposes, exceeded $100,000 in 1945. Because of tax losses taken on his real-estate ventures, Longie's income, reported for tax purposes, in 1949 came to $48,000.

When an underworld alumnus like Zwillman crashes the world of legitimate business, several views can be taken of his activities. One is the picture Zwillman gives of himself: that of a man bent on rehabilitation. But business competitors paint another picture.

When the city of Newark asked for bids on more than 70 pieces of equipment in 1947, Zwillman's firm (then the Diamond T. Agency) had several competitors. One, the agent for Ward Lafrance trucks, and a determined man, described to the city commission his ordeal of trying to compete with Longie, then set it all down in a futile lawsuit against the city.

First, charged Longie's hapless competitor, his bids on 35 chassis were lower than those of Longie's firm, and the city (so the suit charged) was overpaying $16,500 on the $204,000 contract awarded to Zwillman.

Second, charged Longie's competitor, his trucks not only met the specifications, they gave more than was asked for.

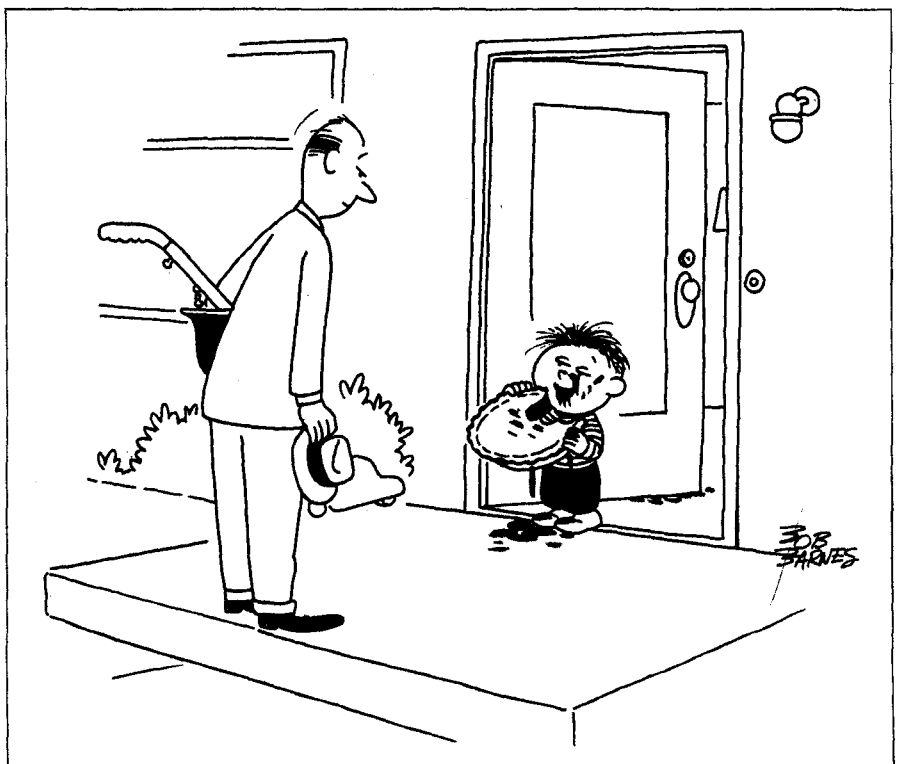
But Longie's company got most of the business anyway. Newark's city fathers held, and the courts backed them, that they didn't have to accept the lowest bid.

Zwillman was born in Newark's slum-ridden Third Ward in August, 1904. There were five children in the Zwillman brood, Longie and three brothers and a sister. When young Zwillman was thirteen, his father died, and a year later young Zwillman left the eighth grade in Milford Avenue School to become the main support of his family.

His report card showed fair grades, both in scholarship and deportment, and Zwillman was never truant. Known for years as Abe, young Zwillman gave the name of George Long when he was arrested for atrocious assault in 1928. A strapping youth of six feet one inch, Zwillman's alias of Long became Longie and stuck. Early in life, Longie learned that in the world he lives in, a man must be discreet. The recurrent theme of his life has been: Don't show your hand.

The first façade Zwillman built against prying outside eyes was a political club (the Third Ward Political Club, biggest in Newark) which he disbanded in 1935.

Those were the days when a police photo of Zwillman (dated December 12, 1930), bearing the Essex County Sheriff's Bureau of Identification Number A-741, revealed the early Longie as a curly-haired bully boy with a face of certain grim strength. There was strength in his fists, too, for his police record shows five arrests for assault and battery—all except one of them dismissed. When he was sentenced to six months in the county jail for one assault the Essex County Probation Department reported:



COLLIER'S "Is my mother home! . . . Are you kidding?" BOB BARNES

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COLLIER'S

"He asked me how you were and all. Guess he hasn't seen you since you broke your engagement with him and married me back in 1927. Well, fortunately, I had that picture of you in my wallet that I snapped at the beach a couple of weeks ago"

LEW FOLLETTE

"This man Zwillman has been arrested several times . . . on complaints of atrocious assault and battery with intent to kill, as the enclosed police record will show, and each time he has been able, through influence brought to bear upon complainants, to escape the consequences. He is known among underworld characters as a strong-arm man and seems proud of the appellation."

Longie's talent for beating up those who displeased the mob—plus other qualities of leadership—catapulted him to the top of his local gang in the mid-1920s when he had barely turned twenty-one. The newspapers took to calling him "Czar" of the Third Ward. Czar Zwillman organized the Third Ward Political Club and from the back room of a three-story frame house directed an original brand of "politics."

"Playing politics," Longie's followers would drive fleets of trucks down to the beaches of Port Newark of a moonlit night and there unload or "pull" illicit liquor brought down via the high seas from Canada. Longie would direct this political work from a bullet-proof limousine driven by a political worker by the name of George Haber, who later branched out into the politics of peddling dope—for which he is now serving time.

Protection for Booze Trucks

Zwillman must have known his politics even then, for the rum-laden trucks would rumble back through the darkened streets of Newark under protective convoy. Arrived at distribution depots in Third Ward garages, the protective convoy would hover, mother-hen fashion, over the cargoes until they were safely unloaded.

Politics as it was played at the Third Ward Political Club took other interesting forms. The garages that served as storage points for the mob's booze also provided the "drops" to which the club's political workers nightly brought their harvest of numbers slips and their bags of dimes and quarters.

A garage owner who tried to drive the numbers racketeers from his place in those years recalled his visit to a police officer of the precinct.

"Go away, sonny," said the officer. "Please don't make no fuss."

Another kind of Third Ward politics is revealed by court records. In 1932, three club members were indicted on murder charges following two explosions which killed the watchman of a fur-skinning plant. This was part of a strong-arm drive, said police, to force rabbit-skin dealers into a "protective" association. The three Third Ward Political Club members beat the rap.

For all his political activities, young Zwillman had time for good works, and laid the foundation for the reputation of charities dispenser he now enjoys. But even here Longie hid his hand. A soup kitchen, set up in Newark's Military Park during the depression, was ostensibly run by a church. But Longie's money made it possible.

During prohibition, the Big Names were Al Capone, Johnny Torrio, Frank Costello. Yet Zwillman, who was never a headline gangster, was as big as any of these. He was copartner of a syndicate that ran in over $40,000,000 worth of liquor from Canada and Europe.

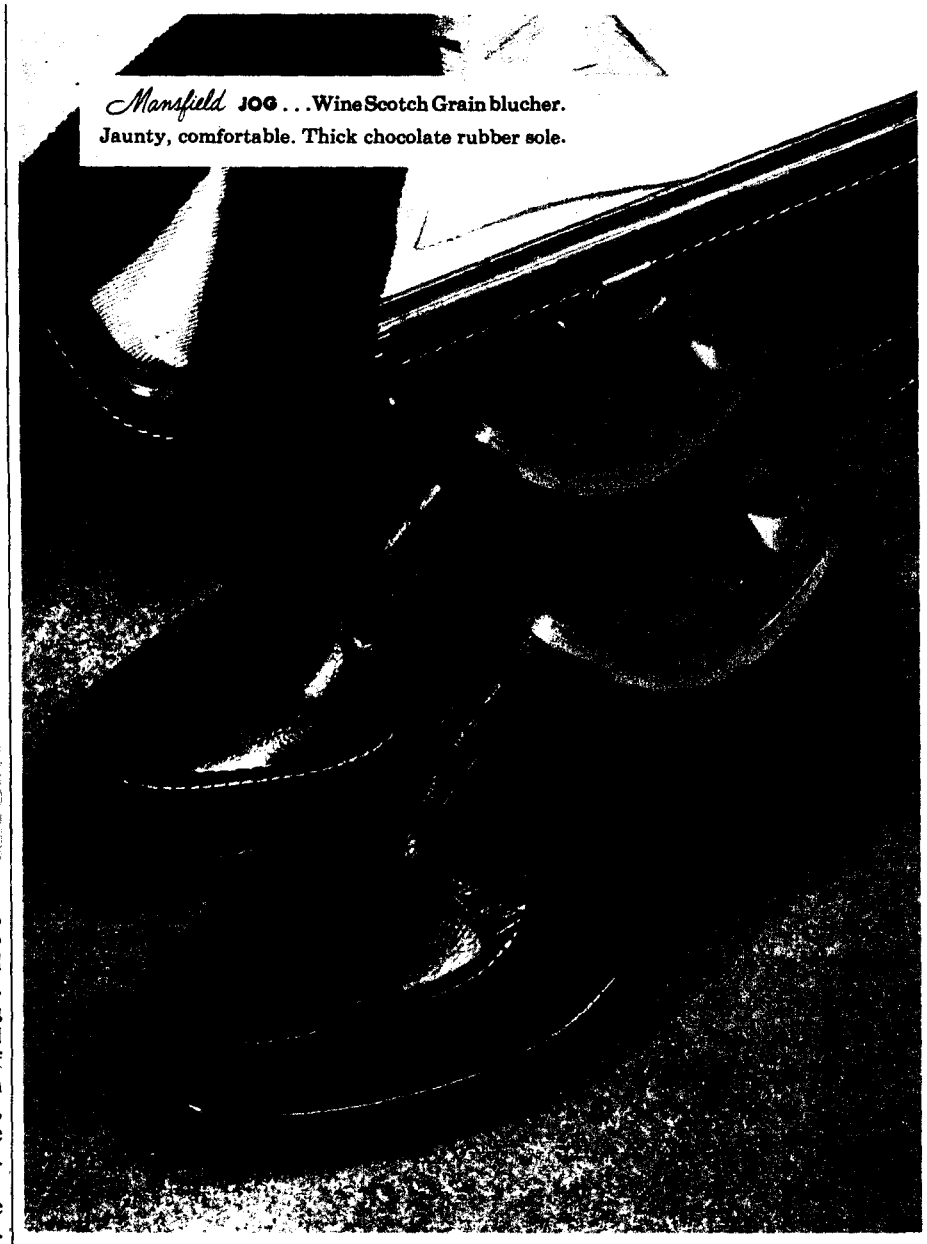
But Longie hid himself so well that it wasn't until 1948 that even the Treasury's tax sleuths were able to glimpse his real stature.

The liquor syndicate Zwillman helped boss was a far-flung enterprise. It had four offices in Newark and New York City and ran them openly. The ring's 30-odd vessels, chartered under a dozen flags, sailed the high seas with booze picked up at its own depots in Saint Pierre and Miquelon, French islands off the east coast of Canada. At the 12-mile limit off the Atlantic Highlands, in New Jersey, smaller craft would "pull" the liquor to the beaches. The syndicate's 50-odd trucks would convoy the cargoes to distribution points in Newark.

The Treasury's Alcohol Tax Unit sleuths, laboriously piecing out the syndicate's operations, uncovered 26 accounts in six Newark and New Jersey banks. Used for cashing the checks of the syndicate's customers (speak-easies), the accounts were in phony names or in names picked from telephone books. Over $21,000,000 of such checks were unearthed, and federal agents figured another $20,000,000 in cash was buried in safe-deposit boxes.

The talents of two men made the syndicate the success story of its day. One was Joseph H. Reinfeld, who parlayed the $10 he brought to America as an Austrian immigrant boy into a multimillion-dollar fortune. Reinfeld bought the liquor in Canada and Europe. Zwillman, still in his twenties, landed it safely, made the territory deals with other gangs, and got the liquor safely to the customers.

Through the years that Zwillman was a bootlegger, he reported an average modest $20,000 of income yearly and described it as "commissions" from gambling. Revenue

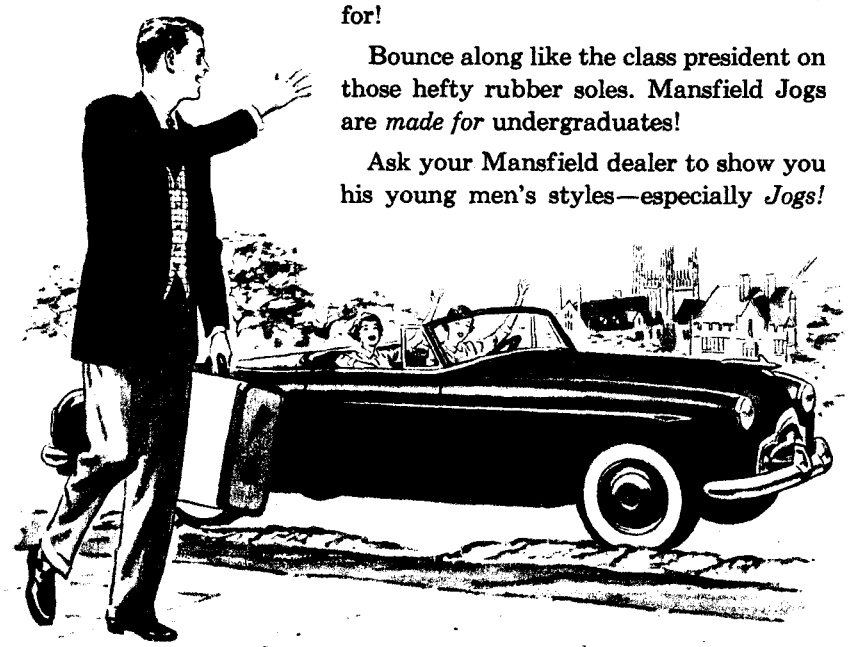


New Jogs for Jaunty Togs!

Take a double look at that Scotch Grain upper on these new Mansfield Jogs. That's the true "wine" color you've been asking for!

Bounce along like the class president on those hefty rubber soles. Mansfield Jogs are *made for* undergraduates!

Ask your Mansfield dealer to show you his young men's styles—especially *Jogs!*



Mansfield

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agents had no trouble unearthing the incomes of Longie's rumrunning partners and making them settle up. But the hunt for Zwillman's bootleg income became one of the most tortuous and frustrating projects in Treasury history.

Several times it looked as if Zwillman was cornered and would have to bare all. Once, in 1939, a federal district court ordered Zwillman to disclose his prohibition partners to a grand jury then probing the underworld. Since such a revelation would put the Treasury on the trail of his secret bootleg earnings, Zwillman defied the court and prepared to serve a six-month sentence he consequently drew for contempt. The Circuit Court of Appeals reversed the sentence. Zwillman didn't sing; nor did he serve time.

A year later, in 1940, when Zwillman's partner, Joseph Reinfeld, threatened to spill the beans by contesting a tax penalty, Zwillman asked him to pay the $490,000 without a fuss—and later split the cost with him.

Not until eight years later—in 1948—did federal agents solve the Zwillman bootleg riddle. Here is how they did it:

The federal sleuths learned that racketeers in Newark had been flashing sizable bundles at the night spots and otherwise showing signs of sudden wealth. One was Abe (or) James (Niggy) Rutkin, who has since been convicted of tax fraud (turned down on an appeal, he has now asked for a Supreme Court review of the case); another was Joe (Doc) Stacher, alias Rosen, alias Harris—big-time gambling-joint operator. Both are old business associates and pals of Zwillman.

The tax sleuths noted, too, that the boys had begun to fight among themselves. Nig Rutkin had filed suit against Joseph Reinfeld (Zwillman's rumrunning partner). Rutkin asked for $22,000,000. The federal agents dug out the papers in this suit and found why Zwillman's chums, Doc Stacher and Nig Rutkin, had been unfurling yards of greenbacks.

They also found what they had been seeking for 15 years, the Zwillman tie to the Reinfeld-Zwillman rumrunning syndicate.

Rumrunning Partner Testifies

Defending himself against the $22,000,000 suit, Reinfeld told this story in pretrial depositions:

On a May day in 1943, he, Reinfeld, went to his family's bank vault in Newark and withdrew $608,000 in $1,000 bills. He stuffed them into two cardboard containers and handed them to his brother-in-law, who took them to a Newark law office where three gentlemen were waiting. They were Nig Rutkin, Doc Stacher and their friend Longie Zwillman. Rutkin was given $250,000. Stacher and Zwillman got $358,000.

The payment to Rutkin, Reinfeld said, was made following earlier threats at the point of a gun. But the $358,000 to Stacher and Zwillman was a belated payment on a deal going back to 1940: the sale of the $7,500,000 liquor concern.

This was the first that Treasury agents knew, after years of backbreaking investigation, that Zwillman had obtained about $900,000, after payment of taxes, as his one-sixth share in the liquor company sale.

Fascinated, the federal agents read more of defendant Reinfeld's depositions and learned at last of Longie's participation in the Reinfeld-Zwillman rumrunning combination. The hunt for Longie's hidden bootleg earnings was a foretaste of what the federals would find when they started to unravel Zwillman's subterranean maze of legitimate enterprises. Proof of the complexity of this hunt is the Treasury's reputed report on Longie. It is said to be as long as a good-sized novel—over 375 pages.

Rumrunning was one phase of Zwillman's bootleg career. With Joe Adonis, now serving a two-year gambling stretch, Longie also provided a stable of gunmen to protect beer trucks against hijackers. (Significantly, when Adonis was asked by the Senate Crime Committee: "Have you been a partner of Abner Zwillman?", he refused to reply on the ground that it might incriminate him.)

Chief customer of Zwillman-Adonis protection was Irving (Waxey Gordon) Wexler, then boss of a mob that produced illicit beer in breweries leased in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York. Sometime in the late twenties, Zwillman advanced himself from the role of muscle purveyor to that of partner in the beer syndicate. A giant operation, it ran 10 breweries and shipped beer via freight car as far as the West Coast.

With repeal, Longie was the established boss of New Jersey's underworld. And he had strong links to the mobs of the Eastern seaboard. As one graduate of Newark's Third Ward deferentially put it:

"There's no doubt this is Mr. Zwillman's state. Nothing goes without Longie."

Zwillman's business partners and cronies are deep in the rackets. But Zwillman's links, as usual, are hidden. Take the fantastically lucrative numbers racket. Zwillman's only conviction (in 1930)—for assault with intent to kill—tied Longie into the numbers, for the victim was a numbers runner whom Zwillman had caught cheating. Bail for Zwillman was furnished by a bondsman employed for years by the numbers racketeers.

Word got around among Newark's sporting life in 1939, the year Zwillman married, that Longie was leaving the numbers. He named four heirs, so it was said in underworld haunts. And the numbers racketeers lived happily ever after—for 10 years. Then, in 1949, District Attorney Frank Hogan of New York County nailed two ringleaders, because part of the Newark operation extended into New York.

Always a cruel hoax on the poor, the numbers racket as run in Newark was particularly heartless. The winning number was rigged daily so as to reduce the suckers' chances to practically zero. Two racketeers were jailed. One was William Tiplitz, bootleg associate and lifelong friend of Zwillman's. The other was Daniel Zwillman, cousin of Longie. The racket ring, investigators found, cut up an amazing $3,500,000 profit yearly. Since Tiplitz and Daniel Zwillman are "punks" in the underworld, the authorities wondered where the money really went.

A Man the Law Never Touches

As in the numbers racket, so in gambling. Zwillman's chums and business partners have been tied into—and in some instances convicted for—operating gambling casinos in New Jersey, Saratoga Springs, New York, and in Florida. But no one ever laid a hand on Longie.

Barney Ruditzky, a retired New York City detective who was hired to collect bad debts for Las Vegas, Nevada, gambling joints, told the Senate Crime Committee that a "combination of about 26 men split some $21,000,000 a season," as late as three years ago.

"Who are the most important men in the group?" asked Rudolph Halley, then counsel for the committee.

The first name Ruditzky could think of was that of "Abner Longie Zwillman from Newark." The second was that of Doc Stacher, alias Rosen, Zwillman's business associate.

Since 1934, when beer baron Irving (Waxey Gordon) Wexler opened a casino in New Jersey to lure New Yorkers from across the Hudson, Bergen County has been a gambler's haven.

When the late Mayor Fiorello La Guardia harried the "tinhorn punks" out of New York City in 1944, Frank Erickson, the jailed bookmaker, Joe Adonis, the since jailed racketeer, Albert Anastasia of Murder, Inc., and lesser lights sought sanctuary in Bergen.

Bergen was the sort of county where some public officials were not unfriendly with gangsters, and a former lawyer for a gambling casino could become prosecutor (district attorney). "Carpet joints," serving free caviar and champagne to a Park Avenue crap-shooting clientele, and "sawdust joints," serving nothing but gambling to less flashy customers, hauled in customers from nearby New York City by limousine.

Before Special Prosecutor Nelson F. Stamler closed the joints and jailed Joe Adonis and his partners, such casinos as Costa's Barn, the Carriage Factory and the Studio were each good for over a million dollars profit a season. Prosecution of the mob's check casher showed him depositing some $5,000,000 a season—in checks alone.

Where was Longie when the golden gambling flood was running?

To try to find out, it is necessary to see where Zwillman's old business partners, his friends and his accountants were.

One Zwillman associate, as has been seen, is the mobster Jerry Catena. In 1946, Catena showed up as a partner in the G&R Trading Company, one of the several "trading companies" used by the Joe Adonis ring to operate northern New Jersey gambling joints until 1949. One of Catena's partners in this gambling ring was Nig Rutkin, the racketeer friend of Longie Zwillman who took $250,000 from Joseph Reinfeld on the same day that Reinfeld handed over $358,000 to Zwillman and Doc Stacher.

Stacher, incidentally, has admitted sharing in gambling operations at Saratoga Springs, New York, in Newark and other points in New Jersey. He recently tried to establish himself in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Auditors Did Double Duty

The accountants for the Bergen County gambling joints, as already noted, were the same auditors who handled Longie's legitimate enterprises. By further coincidence, the accountant who kept the gambling joints' primary bookkeeping records had previously been employed as office manager for one of Zwillman's enterprises.

For the federal agents who tried to tie Longie to gambling and to a share of the multimillion-dollar profits, this information provided tantalizing leads. But they led nowhere. Federal agents still haven't pinned gambling on Longie.

It took eight weeks of investigation to uncover the Zwillman links to political power, to influence with labor, and to the underworld. But it doesn't take any time at all to discover that without the tacit co-operation of some public officials, union bosses and others Longie could never have written his remarkable success story of rackets—to riches—to "respectability."

Even remembering the late Charles Binaggio's mobster ring in Kansas City, the Capone mob's influence in Illinois, Costello's ties to politicians in New York City, New Jersey still emerges as one of the most racket-ridden and corrupt states in America.

Zwillman used everything he acquired in the underworld—riches, connections, organizing methods to achieve his present influence.

He began at the local level—his local ward, his home town. If the people of New Jersey want to get rid of the Zwillmans, big and little, they might do well to start in the same place. THE END

Next Week in Collier's

TERROR IN TENNESSEE

Anarchy grips a whole county as state officials sit idly by. A shocking exposé by Bill Davidson & Harold Twitty

●

CONEY ISLAND: Which Way's the Ocean?

The Poor Man's Riviera becomes bedlam-by-the-sea on hot summer days. Murray Robinson tells the hilarious story

●

PRO FOOTBALL'S "Best Basketball Team"

Through Bill Fay, the pass-happy Los Angeles Rams allow a peek at their 1951 battle plan: more passes than ever

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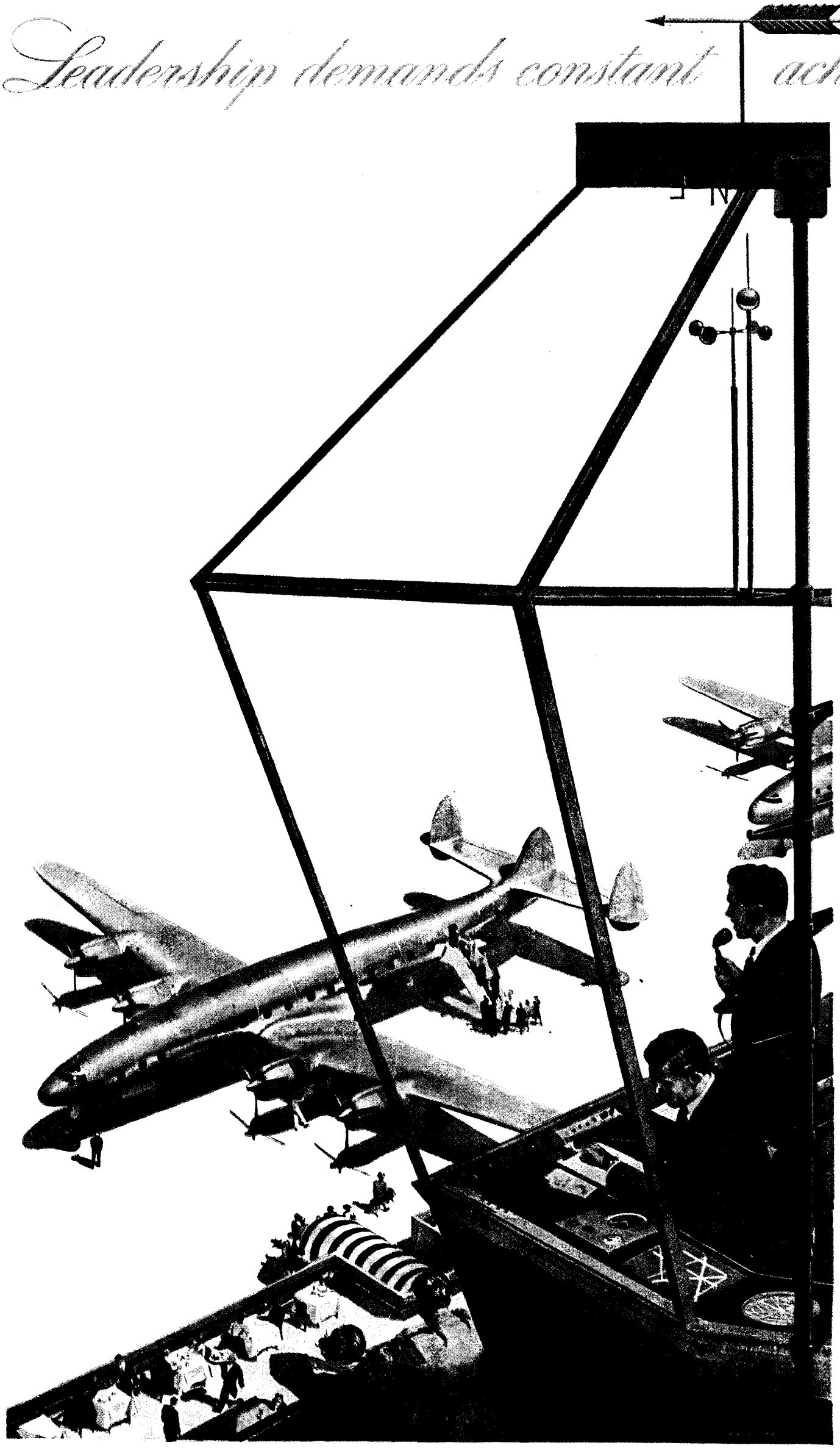

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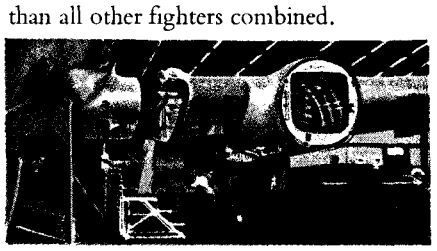

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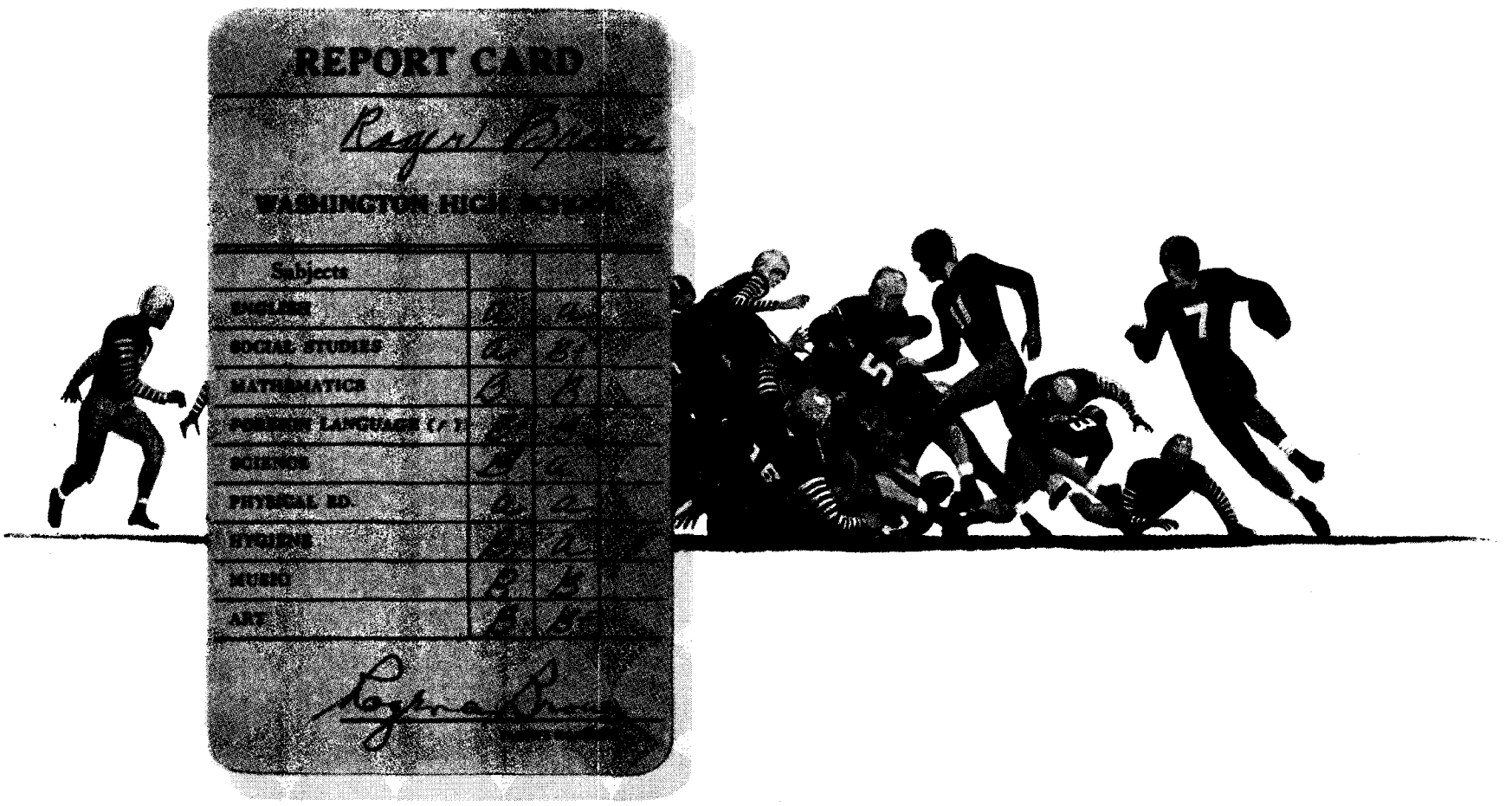
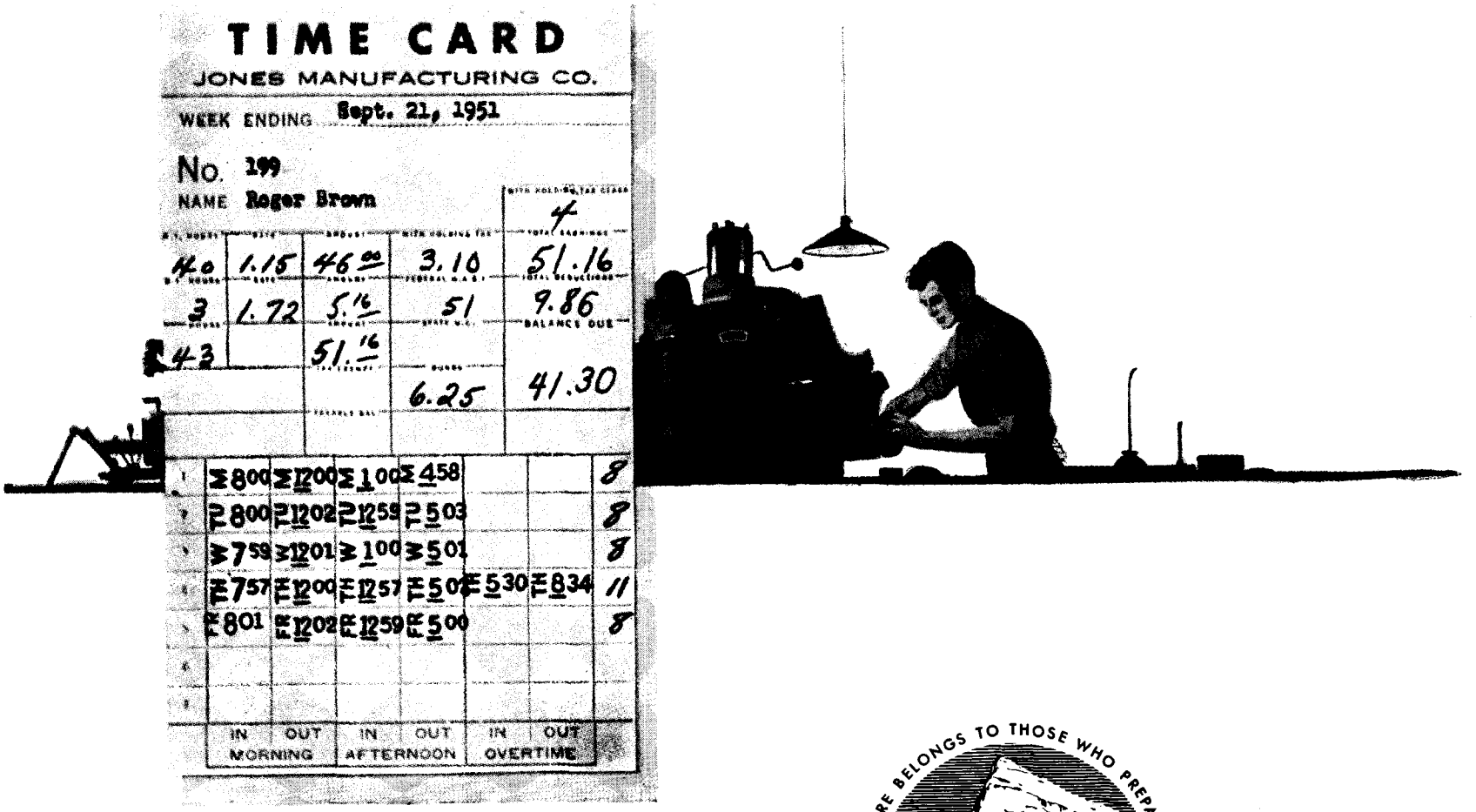


Which . . . for your youngster?



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Every available inch of wall was covered with photographs; we ate, read, slept and even bathed under Bertha's stern and silent stare

"Fortunately, the Landlord"

By HANNAH SMITH

Home decorators know that phrase, but not at firsthand. It doesn't happen in real life

THE home-decorating magazines, for some years now, have been crammed to their four-color covers with stories about young couples who are forced by economic necessity to rent horrible little flea traps with warped floors, doorless bathrooms and simply ghastly cross ventilation.

In these stories, which are among my favorite reading matter, the young couple (they are usually named Pam and Roger, for some reason) stack their leather-bound luggage on a sterilized sheet in the front hall as soon as they move in and start immediately to do over the horrible hovel, followed, coincidentally, by a whole battery of color cameras. With nothing but their own bare hands, several gallons of maroon or chartreuse paint, a few bolts of chintz and $975.62, in no time at all they have the place gussied up until it looks like a different house altogether. (Which, of course, isn't entirely outside the realm of possibility.)

When these happy little accounts show up in the magazines, complete with black and white snaps of the Flea Trap, Before, I've noticed that inevitably there is one phrase in each account that, for me, throws the whole thing into the category of real-estate ads, charm-school prospectuses, Buck Rogers comic strips and other light fantasies. That one phrase—and I am sure it should have a familiar ring to your ears—is *Fortunately, the Landlord.*

"Fortunately, the landlord didn't mind when Pam suggested that we paint the hideous old gaslights cerise or hang canvas feed bags below them for reflectors . . .

"Fortunately, the landlord didn't object a bit when we sawed the picture window in the living-room wall or sunk the tank in the dining room floor for our tropical fish . . .

"Fortunately . . ."

Pam and Roger, I have decided, move in a far different world from mine, or else I haven't yet learned the right approach to the whole matter. Thinking back over Landlords I Have Known, the only handy phrase that comes to my mind at once would be, *Unfortunately, the Landlord.*

Take Mrs. Munson, our first landlady.

Armed with my decorating scrapbook I went out house hunting; I wasn't at all fussy about what I rented because, after all, as we told ourselves in the lovely Argot of the Trade, there was nothing so bad that a little paint, a lot of cretonne and a few partitions wouldn't fix. A few flowers in my wedding present vases, some lighted candles . . .

Mrs. Munson seemed awfully glad to see me, as she led the way, puffing a little, up the stairs to the made-over apartment on the second floor of her Dutch colonial bungalow.

"I'm kind of particular about who rents this," she explained, flinging open the door and stepping aside to let me in. "You see, my daughter Bertha used to have these rooms here before she married."

I stared around me. The living room was a neat and airless cubicle enclosing the usual anonymous and dun furniture which the *Flea Trap, Before* pictures had led me to expect. My creative instincts stirred happily within me as I stood there. Some nice slip covers, I thought. A screen or two. The rug wasn't bad at all, if you didn't mind magenta cabbages. Of course, it was a little difficult to see just what the wallpaper was like because every available inch from ceiling to baseboard was covered with framed photographs, ranging from snapshot to mural proportions. All of one face.

"Bertha," the landlady said. "My little girl."

Bertha, even at three, had hardly been a beauty. And as she grew older, from picture to picture, from gym suit to graduation dress to dance frock, time did nothing to soften the pugnacious buck-toothed stare she'd presented to the camera.

"Oh, well," I told myself happily, hearing Mrs. Munson's heavy tread receding down the stairs, "I can stack the whole lot in a closet. A little paint. A lot of cretonne. A few lighted candles."

Mrs. Munson was waiting for me at the foot of the stairs the next afternoon as I staggered in through the front door, my arms heavy with brushes, paint cans and drapery samples. She pointed at me with a trembling, accusing passkey.

"Where is she? What have you done with her?"

I stared bewilderedly into her face on which shock and grief and profound disillusionment struggled.

I shifted a tin of flat white from one arm to the other and shrunk against the door lintel. "With who? Whom? I mean—"

"Bertha! The little picture on the tricycle! When we lived in Kenosha! When she was three! You've taken it down! Didn't you LIKE that picture?"

The look in Mrs. Munson's eye I could read clearly without the aid of glasses. Half wounded mother love and half eviction notice.

"Mrs. Munson," I said, and my voice rang with deep conviction. "I love that picture. I love it."

I loved them all, and left them. For the 18 months in Mrs. Munson's apartment, we ate, read, slept, and even bathed under Bertha's stern and silent stare. The paint, cretonne and screens were stacked in the back closet, along with my wedding present vases and candlesticks. Mrs. Munson, it seemed, got hay fever from cut flowers, and candles, lighted and burning, were a bad fire hazard.

The next time we rented an apartment, we were pretty darn' careful it wasn't a shrine. But, unlike Pam and Roger, we didn't seem to inspire instant co-operation from landlords for our decorating schemes. Our landlords, we discovered, unhappily, had decorating ideas of their own. They were apt to be hurt, terribly hurt, if we suggested painting over the absinthe hydrangeas on the wallpaper. They winced in pain when we wanted to cover the purple velvet sofa with quilted chintz. As for dismembering furniture, it would have been far, far easier, any day, to dissect the landlord's little ones than to saw curlicues off his hatrack or buffet.

One landlord sulked for weeks when we arranged a screen in front of the door to the dumbwaiter. We finally got so we ran to hide the screen behind the china closet whenever we heard his dragging step on the stair.

At last we bought a house of our own. For quite a while it was hard to realize that if we wanted to paint the ceilings purple or the bathtub green nobody was going to object. Not even Roger and Pam had it so good.

Fortunately, the landlord is us. THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY BARLOW

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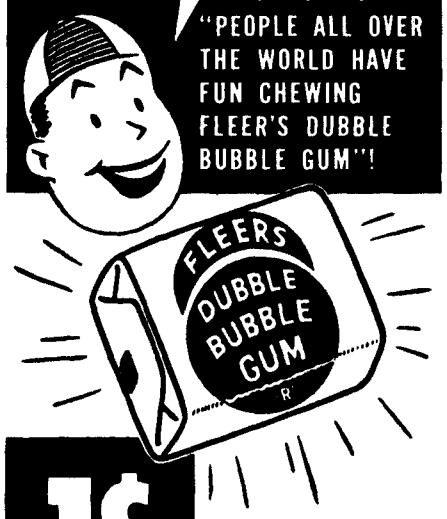
"NO HAY BURBUJA COMO DUBBLE BUBBLE"*

*translation: "PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD HAVE FUN CHEWING FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM"!



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Has Science Found the Spark of Life?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

be found for itching would be an unforgettable boon. So when patients came to the hospital, frantically scratching, he gave them injections of adenylic acid. And in four out of five cases, the itching subsided. He saved the life of an itch-maddened man who received the injections while being forcibly restrained from suicide. He saved the job of a truck driver who itched so intensely he couldn't keep his hands on the wheel enough to hold his truck on the road. He saved the marriage of a woman who was losing her husband. Those and many other tragedies he averted by successfully combating the itch.

Good News for Itch Victims

The news traveled fast on the medical grapevine. Across the Hudson River, in Englewood, New Jersey, Dr. Anthony M. Susinno took up the Rottino discovery. He reported best results in itching due to varicose veins, diabetes and pregnancy. In Tulsa, Oklahoma, Dr. John G. Matt repeated the experiments under the strictest controls science has been able to devise for human patients.

First he made certain that none of his subjects had allergies, intestinal worms, urine sugar, recent aureomycin therapy or anything else known to cause itching that might clear up of its own accord. Then he divided the subjects into two groups, and gave one group adenylic acid while the other group received only salt water. Neither group knew what it was getting. After a fixed length of time, he reversed the procedure, giving the first group salt water and the second adenylic acid. In the end, he confirmed Rottino's findings. Since then, doctors all over the country slowly have been joining the crusade to mitigate scratching.

Among the itchers Dr. Rottino treated at St. Vincent's were patients with varicose veins. Although not so spectacular a disease as arthritis, varicose veins can be just as crippling. They do their worst to scrubwomen, laundresses and other manual laborers whose work keeps them on their feet a disproportionate share of the time. Often these people have large families to support on small incomes and cannot afford to be unemployed for long. As one who lives among the poor and shares their woes, the doctor was surprised and delighted to learn that not only did the itch disappear in these cases but the varicose condition itself improved. People who hobbled into the hospital disabled, with ulcerated, scabby legs and hard, tough skin went home with soft, clear skin, their ulcers gone and their general vigor restored to the point where they could work in complete comfort.

Obviously, the pathologist reasoned, ATP released by the adenylic acid was feeding the tissues somehow. How was it happening?

In an effort to learn more about the mechanism, he moved on from itching and varicose veins to the next logical subject of study: the major skin diseases. Here, however, he drew a blank. ATP's effect was nil, at least with the dosages he was using.

At that point, a nursing sister came seeking relief from arthritis. When adenylic acid proved effective in that case (it had been reported as an arthritis cure in Europe earlier, but had not been followed up), a second sister asked that the stuff be tried on her bursitis.

Bursitis is an inflammation of the muscle sheaths that are bunched at our shoulders, elbows and knees. One form of it is popularly known as "housemaid's knee." There is no generally accepted, reliable treatment of cases that reach the extreme or chronic stage. Or, rather, there was none before Dr. Rottino tried adenylic acid. For the case of the sister was only the first in a long procession of new successes for the drug; and of all bursitis patients treated, 85 per cent responded with utterly unexpected alacrity.

The St. Vincent's experiments constitute the longest adenylic-ATP clinical series yet attempted. Altogether, they include hundreds of people. Other drugs have gained widespread recognition on the strength of lesser performance. But far more dramatic potentialities of ATP have been indicated by individual experiments undertaken by younger practitioners inspired by Rottino's lead.

Among the diseases that waste the muscles, only polio is more dreaded than multiple sclerosis. Medicine knows no cure or even effective treatment. Like polio, it has been ameliorated by medical attention only after it has struck; then it is possible to start retraining muscles knocked out of control when cells of the central nervous system fall prey to the acute phase of the illness. At times, the clinical symptoms correct themselves.

This phenomenon has been assumed to mean that the nerves assaulted by the disease are not always killed, but that they are sometimes functionally damaged within limits where spontaneous recovery is possible.

Acting on the theory that adenylic acid might hasten this recovery process, whatever it is, a young physician in an East Coast city tried the stuff on a schoolteacher who had been a victim of multiple sclerosis for 25 years.

At the time of the first injections, this woman was unable to walk more than a city block at a time, could not negotiate steps without artificial props, and had to interrupt her classes every two hours because of inability to control her bladder function for the length of a full morning or afternoon school session.

The teacher volunteered for the treatment, and gave herself the injections. Two weeks after the experiment began, she telephoned the doctor.

"This is really exciting," she said. "I'm getting better, Doctor. No doubt about it. For the first time in 25 years I'm getting better!"

At the time she made that report, the teacher could walk four blocks instead of one, traverse as many as five steps up or down without holding on to the stair railing, stand on one foot while dressing, and stay in class for six hours at a stretch without discomfort. Since then she has improved even more, and is probably the outstanding unpaid salesman of adenylic acid in the country.

Plans to Fight Dread Disease

Two other multiple sclerosis patients have responded in similar fashion. One woman recovered enough to have a baby, something that, for her, had been impossible previously. On the strength of those three cases, a large, carefully controlled experiment has been agreed upon by the Multiple Sclerosis Foundation in New York City. The project will begin as soon as funds are available.

Of all the people whose lives have been touched by ATP, none is more appealing than the woman we shall call Grandma Wood. Grandma Wood is almost eighty. The fragile carriage in which she has crossed the years is bent by the burdens of time. Her head is white with the decades of frost she has known. But her spirit is young as springtime, and it vexes her to know she cannot always remember the things she ought.

"You're a smart young man," she said to her doctor (he was nearing fifty) the day after he delivered her twelfth grandchild. "Can't you give me a pill that will keep me from forgettin'?"

The doctor shook his head as he snapped shut his little black bag. "Let the young ones remember for you," he laughed, dropping a friendly hand on the frail shoulder beside him. "After all, Grandma, you've had your threescore and ten."

For centuries, doctors before him had dreamed of restoring the fading faculties of the aging. Once, with gland extracts, they thought they actually had done it. But the extracts weren't as potent as they first seemed. Perhaps it was better not to try to turn back the hands of the clock. Anyhow, who was he to play God?

Then he heard about adenylic acid. A friend of Dr. Harry Albaum told him how it produced ATP, and how Albaum's wartime work had related ATP to the workings of the brain.

A few days later, he was back at the old Wood homestead, to give Grandma an injection of adenylic acid. Before he returned to his office, he instructed the family to repeat the injection at intervals and advise him how Grandma felt.

Why Injections Were Kept Up

A month went by before the doctor heard from the Woods again.

"Grandma's having a strawberry rash from those injections," one of the children reported by telephone.

"Very well," said the doctor. "Stop the injections and it will go away."

"No, Doctor!" The voice on the wire was vibrant with excitement. "We don't want to stop the injections. Grandma's her old self again. She remembers things now as clearly as she ever did."

"We stopped the injections anyhow," the doctor related a few weeks ago. "And her memory started to slip again. Then we resumed, and her forgetfulness once more ceased."

At the present time, Grandma Wood is unique in medicine. But a large metropolitan hospital has authorized an elaborate series of tests to determine whether her case is merely a freak or whether her experience can be enjoyed by other old folks. Considerably more than restored memory is involved in the outcome. For the extreme, persistent forgetfulness of old age is related medically as a form of psychosis. If ATP can consistently affect memory, it may also, in time, be found to have significance in such severe forms of mental illness as the now unfathomable schizophrenia, or split personality.

Months, probably years, must pass before the answer is definitely known. Meanwhile, hope for beneficial effects from ATP has been aroused in an even broader field—the original area chosen by Georg Henning: ailments of the heart.

Heart diseases cause more than half of all deaths in the country today. With a steadily aging population, they threaten to account for even more as time passes. Now attention is focused on the problem as never before, and the atmosphere is conducive to further study of blood circulation treatments introduced at the Mayo Clinic in the early days of the Henning extract. Price was the only barrier the Mayo doctors then saw to popular use of the stuff in dilating blood vessels, and the price is now within reach.

Elsewhere, a beginning has been made in the "carefully controlled observations" the American Medical Association's Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry forecast in 1938 in relief of angina pectoris.

ATP's future rests entirely in the lap of the medical profession. None of the drug's manufacturers is engaged in high-pressure promotion. All of them seem content to stock up, sit back and wait for what they feel must happen sooner or later. Their attitude can be put into one simple common-sense question: Could there be any doubt about the ultimate practical usefulness of The Spark of Life? THE END

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In a Pinch

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

But oh, she thought, if it could only have come at some other time. For now, after three years of cautious saving, she and Owen had put aside enough for the boat.

It was selfish, she knew, to begrudge a friend money, and yet they had dreamed and planned so long for the Lady Liz that she couldn't bear the thought of anything jeopardizing their chances of finally getting it. Some people saved for a trip to Europe, but for them, who loved sailing, who, in fact, had met at a regatta, a little sailboat almost symbolized a way of life.

"Two hundred?" Owen repeated, and she tried to tell him with a precautionary glance to think it over. "Sure. Sure. Of course, Pete," he rushed on with the unthinking generosity of a man who didn't realize how his wife had had to shave the food bills way down, or had gone without a new dress in ages, or had given up the hairdresser—everything, so that they could get the boat this June.

"It's just till the first of the month," Pete assured them quickly. And then facetiously, he added, "You're my lawyer, and if I don't pay, you can easily sue me." He laughed. "Right, skipper?"

"Right," Owen said, and Liz reached over and patted Peggy's hand.

"Oh," Peggy cried, "you two are wonderful!" She paused. "I don't know how we got ourselves into this jam, but everything started to pile up at once."

"You see," Pete went on anxiously, "it was Ty's tonsillectomy that did it. After we'd paid for that, we found we were in the hole." He hesitated. "But it's only temporary. I think I'm going to cash in on the Easy Easel."

The Easy Easel, the latest of Pete's brain children, was a combination chair and easel for art students. It was portable, light and compact.

"Look, Liz," Peggy said spontaneously, "why don't you two come over for dinner on the first? At eight, after the kids are in bed. We'll have us a fancy dinner and pay off our best friends and bankers."

ON THE first of the month, when they went to the Midgleys for dinner, they'd scarcely started their cocktails when Pete got up. "Owen," he said, nodding toward the pine-paneled game room, "could I see you in my private office? I think we have some unfinished business to take care of."

"No hurry," Owen said a little awkwardly, "the night is still young."

"Nope. Like to get business off my mind first."

Wasn't that just like Pete, Liz thought affectionately, making that elaborate ceremony out of returning the money. And being the clown he was, he'd probably pay it all back in shiny new dimes, too.

But the moment Owen returned to the living room, she could tell that something had gone wrong.

"What happened?" she asked later, when Pete and Peggy were out in the kitchen.

"Well—" Owen said, glancing uneasily around, "looks like we'll have to wait a while for the boat."

"Oh, Owen. He didn't pay you?"

"Shh, not so loud. Don't let on. We don't want to make them feel bad about it. After all, we're their guests."

"Did he say anything about when they'd be able to pay it?" she whispered.

"Yes. It depends on the Easy Easel."

"Oh," she groaned. She'd lived through Pete's Bar-o-mat, the Soap-o-lator, the Smoker's Driving Glove with the index and middle finger exposed, and other inventions long since forgotten. None of them had ever netted poor Pete a red cent.

"No," Owen went on, "this time it really looks as though the Easy Easel is hot. He's got Kyle Jones coming over tomorrow night to look it over, and if he likes it, they'll go right into production."

"Oh, that would be wonderful," she said.

"Break it up, you two!" Pete called from the kitchen doorway. "In the absence of our butler, I wish to announce that the blue plate is now being served."

And a splendid dinner it was, too, Liz thought. Though she couldn't help wondering how, under the circumstances, the Midgleys could be so extravagant, with flowers from the florist and a main course of steak and artichokes hollandaise.

But all the elegant hospitality could not make up for the uneasiness that intruded itself upon them. The warm and relaxed camaraderie they'd always shared was perceptibly absent.

OWEN and she were still talking about it the next evening when the kitchen door squeaked open and Jamie came in.

"Why, Jamie," Liz said, "I thought you were next door watching television."

"Got kicked out," Jamie said, his dark eyes filled with disappointment. He stood there unhappily, fingering the holster that hung from his studded cowboy belt.

"Kicked out?" Owen put his arm around him, and exchanged a look with Liz.

"Yes," Jamie complained, "and just when they were closing in on the cattle rustlers too!"

"What happened?" Owen asked. "Weren't you behaving yourself?"

"Sure, Dad. It was because somebody else came in—Mr. Jones. And they said I had to—run along!"

"Kyle Jones?" And again Owen and Liz looked at each other.

"Yes, and why can't we have a television set like Ty has?" Jamie demanded.

"You said you'd rather have the boat, dear," Liz reminded him gently.

"But we haven't got a boat, either!" Jamie said.

"We're going to get it," Liz assured him.

"When?"

"Soon, Jamie," Owen promised. And then he said, "You better hop in the bathroom and get those hands of yours clean."

Later, after Owen had said good night to Jamie, he came back downstairs. "Hey, what's going on in here?" he asked as he entered the darkened living room.

"I turned out the lights so they couldn't see me," Liz said from the side window.

"So who couldn't see you?"

"Peggy and Pete. I'm just dying with curiosity," she said.

"What are you talking about?"

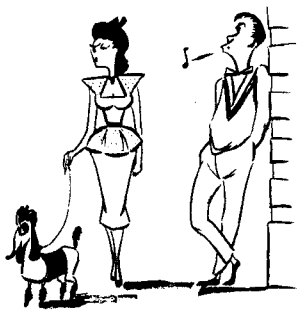
"If Kyle Jones comes out carrying the Easy Easel—well, then we'll know if we're going to get our boat in time."

"Oh." Owen laughed. "The deviousness

Seven Ages of Man

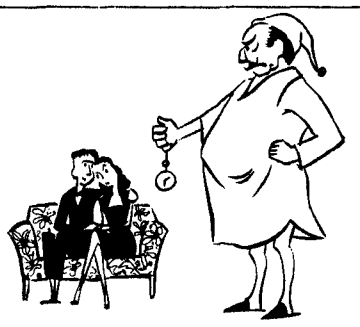
1. "Wa-aa-ah!"

2. "Bang! Bang, bang! Bang!"



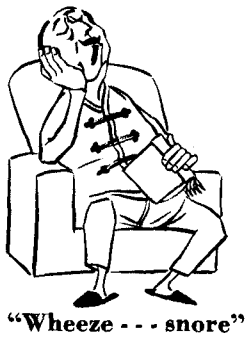
3. "Whee! Woo—woo. Whistle"

4. "Yes, dear"



5. "Harrumph—snort"

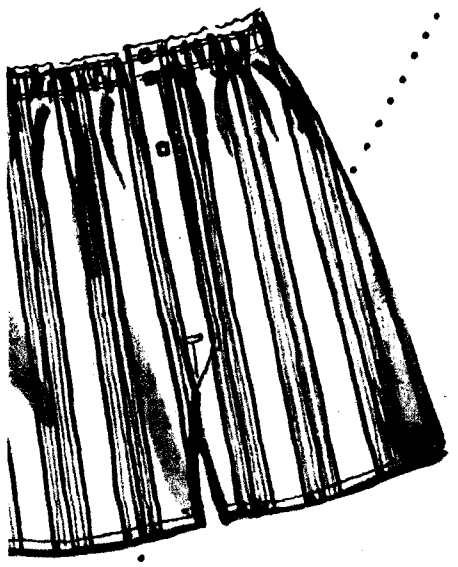
6. "Whee! Woo-woo. Cackle"



7. "Wheeze - - - snore"

DRAWINGS BY AL RAMEE

—CINDY MARCKS



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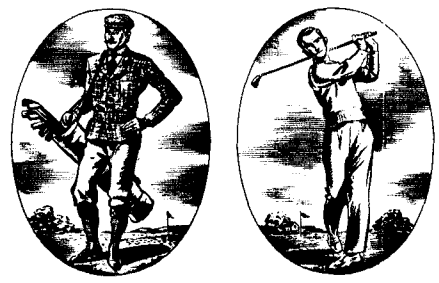
NOW GIN HAS COME OF AGE



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of a woman's mind." He moved up beside her.

Suddenly Liz giggled. "Fine thing. Here we are snooping and spying like a couple of Peeping Toms!"

"Suppose Jones stays until midnight? I'll be darned if I stand watch that long."

"Shh!" Liz said, forgetting that no one could hear them. "They're coming out."

"All right," Owen said. "Keep calm."

Liz hunched forward. "Where's the Easy Easel?" she asked a little frantically, as Kyle Jones and the Midgleys appeared under the lighted doorway.

"Yipe!" Owen said. "Take a look at Pete's face."

"And Peggy's."

"No sale," Owen said gloomily.

"No boat," Liz groaned.

Abruptly Owen whispered, "What's Pete looking over here for?"

"I don't know. So is Peggy—and Jones, too."

"Duck!" Owen ordered, and they quickly kneeled down below the window level.

"Oh, dear," Liz murmured, suddenly feeling quite absurd. "You don't think they saw us, do you?"

"What?" And then Owen turned around. "I'm afraid, Liz, you forgot to turn off the hall light—and we might as well be outlined in neon."

THE following morning Liz did not have her customary *Kaffeeklatsch* in Peggy's kitchen. Too embarrassed to face her, she avoided her all day. She couldn't, however, avoid her that evening, for it was the Midgleys turn to baby-sit for them.

For over a year now the two couples had solved the baby-sitting problem economically and happily: when the Midgleys went out for the evening, Liz or Owen sat for them; and when the Kendalls had a date, Peggy or Pete came over to sit.

This evening, when Peggy arrived, Liz and Owen attempted a hasty and discreet withdrawal. "Wish we could stay and talk, Peggy dear," Liz said uneasily, "but it's quite a drive to the Driscolls' and we ought to be sailing right off."

"You go ahead," Peggy said. "Don't give me another thought." And from the way she smiled, Liz felt certain that the Midgleys hadn't caught them snooping at the window after all.

Relieved, she and Owen started for the door. Peggy stopped them. "I think I ought to tell you about last night—"

"Oh?" Liz turned nervously.

"We saw Kyle Jones and—well, it doesn't look good." Peggy's voice took on a melancholy tone. "In fact, it's off."

"Say, that's a damn' shame," Owen said.

"But," Peggy added hurriedly, "please don't worry about the money because Pete is going to see—"

"Oh, I'm sure something'll work out," Liz interrupted, trying somehow to lighten Peggy's distress.

There was a silence.

"If you two want to go out again this week, I'll be glad to sit for you an extra night," Peggy offered in return for the bad news she'd given.

But if Liz and Owen were surprised by the humble way Peggy made her offer, they were positively astonished when, before they went to bed that night, they discovered further evidence of her atonement: in the utility room the entire batch of curtains Liz had washed that morning were all ironed and neatly laid over the board.

"Oh, Owen," Liz cried, "how awful! Why did she have to go and do an embarrassing thing like that! It just makes me feel like—like an old ogre!" . . .

In the morning, when Liz was seeing Owen off, Pete Midgley came out of his back door. He did not give his usual cheerful greeting, but instead looked straight ahead and walked stiffly toward his car.

"Morning, Pete," Owen called out.

Pete Midgley turned around. "We have not yet been reduced to the point where my wife has to take in laundry," he announced coldly. "She is also not available for scrubbing floors!"

"But, Pete," Liz called out urgently, "we didn't want Peggy to do—" She went no further, for Pete had climbed into his car and started it, racing the engine to drown out her voice.

She and Owen looked at each other helplessly. "Great!" Owen said, and shook his head. "You'd better go over and patch things up with Peggy." He kissed her. "I've got to get to court."

But when Liz, feeling oddly nervous, knocked on Peggy's door, there was no answer. And for the next few days they saw nothing of their next-door neighbors.

As essential as the money was to her and Owen, Liz couldn't let a relationship as old as hers and Peggy's deteriorate to a point where they were no longer even speaking. In a new attempt to patch things up, she decided to telephone her. As soon as she'd made up her mind, she put down her dustcloth and started for the living room. She paused at the open window, distracted by the strident voices of the two children in the back yard.

"I'm gonna be sheriff!" she heard Jamie shout.

"No, s'my turn," the red-haired Midgley boy whined.

Liz moved on to the telephone table. She started to dial the number when she heard Ty Midgley cry out, "You can't boss me around just because your dad's richer than mine!"

"He's smarter too!" Jamie said belligerently.

"Like heck!" Ty yelled. "He's nothin' but a—a money-changer at the temple."

Liz stopped dialing.

"You take that back!" Jamie yelled.

"He's a money-changer. My dad said so!"

Liz reached the back door in time to see Jamie shove Ty. "Your dad is a welsher!" he shouted.

"Jamie!" she called, as Ty picked up a stone and raised his arm. Jamie started running toward the house.

"Ty. Tyrone Midgley!" Peggy shouted from her porch.

But it was too late. "Your dad's a stinker!" Ty yelled, and he threw the stone hard after Jamie.

Jamie ducked, and, with a splintering crash, the stone went through the Kendall living-room window.

WHEN, finally, the two boys were safely indoors, Peggy somewhat sheepishly appeared at Liz's house. "I'm very sorry about this," she began stiffly. And then she looked down and saw the full havoc that the children's dispute had wrought. Not only was the window broken, but a lamp lay shattered on the floor. "Oh, Liz—" She stared down unhappily at the fragments. "Your beautiful lamp, too!"

"I'm glad to be rid of it," Liz said. She'd never liked this wedding present anyway, and she was more than happy to sacrifice it on the altar of friendship.

"I'm going to give that child the talking-to of his life!" Peggy said, but she kept staring down at the floor. "Those boys have never quarreled before—I mean, not like that, anyhow!"

"Forget it, Peggy. You know how children are," Liz said gently. But she knew, and she knew Peggy knew, that the boys had only echoed the sentiments of their parents. Impulsively, she said, "Peggy, we're having a party Saturday night. Could you and Pete come? We'd love to have you. In fact, we'll need you to help keep things lively." This last statement was anything but the truth, for when she and Owen had first planned the party, they'd agreed that the Midgleys didn't go with the Driscolls and the Thompsons at all. But that was less important than making up this quarrel with Peggy and Pete. "Can you come?"

"Well," Peggy said hesitantly, "are you sure you want us?"

"Of course."

"I mean," Peggy went on in an injured tone, "you don't have to ask us just because your feel sorry for us, or because we—"

"Now look here, Peggy Midgley," Liz

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said with mock severity, "you'd better get over this martyr complex you've suddenly acquired!" She paused. "Of course we want you over. Why shouldn't we? And if you pull another one of those curtain-ironing stunts, I'll never talk to you again. Lecture over. So we're expecting you and Pete here Saturday night."

THEY were the first to arrive on the night of the party. "We came early," Pete said, smiling just enough to soften the formality in his voice, "so you could hook this up." He held out a new, fancier, even more bulbous lamp.

"Pete," Liz said, "you shouldn't have. We could have got along perfectly well without it. Couldn't we, Owen?"

"Yes," Owen said emphatically.

"Ty broke it," Pete said, "and—well, we don't want to be in your debt any more than we have to."

For a long moment they all stood there in a state of conversational paralysis.

"That's such a lovely dress, Peggy," Liz finally said, snatching at the first observation that came to her mind.

"It's a thousand years old," Peggy answered defensively.

"Oh," Liz said, and looked out the window. "Here come the Driscolls," she announced gratefully. "Owen, would you plug in the lamp?"

"I just want to say, before anyone gets here," Pete said hastily, "that the Easy Easel looks good again. I've got the superintendent of schools steamed up about it, and with an order from him, I'm in business."

"That's fine, Pete," Liz heard Owen say, as she went to the door to meet the Driscolls. The Thompsons and the Wilks arrived shortly afterward.

Later, as she was refilling the *canapé* tray in the kitchen, she could hear that Owen was having a rather grim time keeping things moving. She'd been right about the Driscolls and the Midgleys not going together. And the Wilks, whom she'd invited especially because they were friends of the Midgleys, also seemed to have died on the vine.

"Come on, Peggy," Owen was saying as Liz returned, "break down and have a cocktail."

"Well—" Peggy said, "maybe just one. You know me, Owen, cakes and candy are my vice."

"Live dangerously," Owen said, and handed her a Martini.

Liz sat down on the couch beside Howard Driscoll. "Tell me, Howard," she said, "are you still doing handsomely on the stock market or have things slumped off to a paltry million?"

He smiled and took a handkerchief out of the breast pocket of his flannel suit. "No, Liz, to tell you the truth, I've been squandering all this nice weather down at the Shore Club."

That was the funny thing about sailing, she thought. Not only were she and Owen passionately devoted to it, but it had enabled them to meet so many new people, some of whom—like Howard—had become clients.

"Owen," Bob Wilk was saying, "did you see the fight on television Wednesday?"

"No," Owen said, "we don't have a set."

"You don't know what you're missing," Marge Wilk said.

"Yes," Owen said, and before Liz could stop him, he added, "but we've decided to shoot the wad on a boat instead."

"That reminds me," Howard Driscoll said, turning to Owen, "I meant to tell you before. Mac, down at the club, has been called back into the Navy, and he's anxious to unload his boat."

"Really?" Owen said eagerly, still unaware of Liz's warning glance.

"And you could probably pick it up for what you'd pay for a seventeen-footer," Howard continued.

"Say," Owen said, "I ought to go down there tomorrow and talk to Mac."

Liz changed the subject, but she could tell by the way Pete Midgley straightened up in his chair that the damage had already been done.

And shortly afterward, when she returned to the kitchen, she found Peggy there washing the ash trays.

"Please, Peggy," she said, "don't bother with all this. You're a guest!"

"That's all right," Peggy said, wagging her finger, and Liz could see that the single Martini had had a decided effect on the temperate Peggy. "That's all right," she repeated, and again wagged her finger determinedly. "Poor old Owen," she murmured, "he wants his boat so bad."

When they returned to the living room, however, Peggy shed her role of the indebted friend, and, to Liz's astonishment, became the *femme fatale*. She plumped herself down beside Owen. "Owen, you know what I just thought of?" She smiled coyly. "Here you've been my secret passion all these years and now I'm depriving you of your boat, aren't I?"

"How's that?" Owen said, surprised.

Peggy tilted her head and whispered something in his ear, and he laughed.

AS THE evening progressed, they seemed to become chummier, and by the time the buffet dinner was over, "poor old Owen" and Peggy were sitting cozily on the floor together. At first Liz had been mildly amused by Peggy's performance. Now she was getting annoyed.

Wouldn't you think he'd at least feel some responsibility as a host? she thought. But no. Here the party was quietly falling to pieces while he sat on the floor laughing and purring.

To make matters worse, Bob Wilk cornered her in the dining room a little later. "Look, Liz," he said quietly, "I hate to bust up your party, but Marge is feeling worse. She's got a pain in her side again and I think I'd better get her home."

And this, Liz thought, after she'd seen the pale-faced Marge to the door, was the crowning touch. She had probably poisoned all the guests with that new scaloppine recipe.

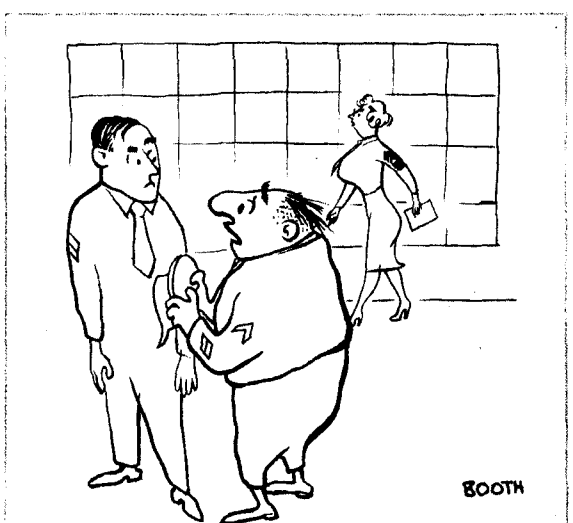
"Well," she said, when she and Owen were in the kitchen, cleaning up after the party, "this party was a first-class dud if I ever saw one."

"Oh, I don't know," Owen said, and stacked more plates on the side of the sink.

"Naturally you don't know," Liz said resentfully. "You've been too busy entertaining Mrs. Midgley."

"Not so loud," he muttered. "They're straightening up in the living room."

"I wish they wouldn't!"



"I wonder, Corporal—would it be proper could I ask the ol' Sarge for a date . . . ?"

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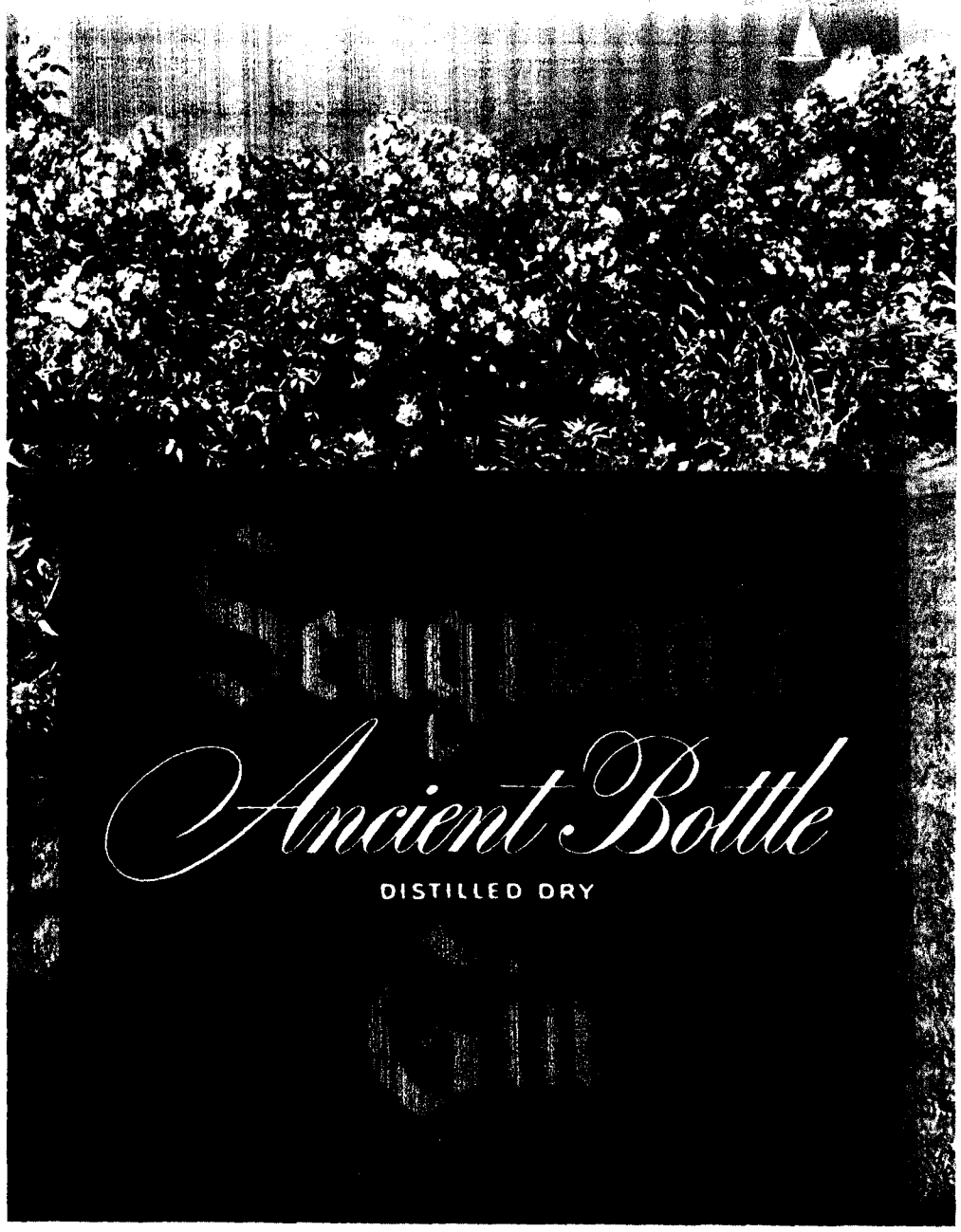

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she muttered back. "And I think you might have spread your charm around tonight, instead of lavishing it all on Peggy."

"What else could I do?" he asked. "I had to be nice to her. If I hadn't been she'd have thought it was because of the—"

"What about what *I* think?"

"Now, Liz."

"Of all the horrid ways to behave! Just because they owe us money, she feels she has to crawl on all fours, and as if that wasn't enough, she has to resort to sex to take your mind off the—"

"Were you speaking of me?" Peggy stood in the kitchen doorway with a tray of glasses.

Startled, Liz turned and confronted her. "Oh—oh, no. I—"

"I heard what you said." Peggy plopped the tray emphatically on the enamel table.

"Well—" Liz said, "it's true. Ever since you—ever since this whole business started, you've been impossible! Just impossible!"

"Oh, I have? Well, what about you?" Peggy said.

"Now, wait a minute, girls," Owen said.

"Please stay out of this, Owen," Liz said.

"At least he hasn't been going around like you—with a long-suffering face," Peggy said, her voice rising, "and a sign on your back: The Midgleys owe us two hundred dollars!"

"How dare you say that, Peggy Midgley!" Liz said.

AT THAT moment Pete, who couldn't help but hear what had been going on, stalked in. "Come on, Peggy," Pete said, "let's leave these *very nice* people and clear out of here!"

"That's a fine attitude!" Owen said, turning resentfully on Pete. "What have we ever done to you? Just helped you out of a spot, that's all!"

"And do you for one split second ever let us forget it?" Pete said bitterly. "Killing us with kindness—but begrudging us every dollar every minute. And what's more," he added triumphantly, "snooping and spying on us when Kyle Jones was there. Don't think we didn't see you."

"We just—" Liz said embarrassedly. "Why, I just happened to be at the window and—

"Sure," Pete said sarcastically, "it was purely accidental—like the way you rubbed in that boat business tonight."

"I'm not going to stand here and be insulted," Owen said, "simply because we were decent enough to lend you money."

"Well, if you're going to start getting down to cases," Pete raged, "what about all the garage bills I've saved you for the past two years. I notice I'm good enough to fix your car every time it goes on the fritz. And how about our power mower? You never hear me making cracks because you borrow it every week end."

"Pete—" Peggy cautioned, apparently alarmed by the bitterness of the dispute.

"And don't forget," Pete added, "that your kid practically lives at *our* house, always watching *our* television."

"That's the whole trouble," Owen fumed. "If you didn't have a power mower and a television set and all those other gadgets you're everlastingly buying, you wouldn't have to be living beyond your means—"

"Owen!" Liz tried to restrain him.

"Then wasting all that money on that atrocious lamp!" Owen suddenly shouted.

"Atrocious?"

"Yes! We've always hated that monstrosity and we didn't want another one!"

"You see," Pete said with pompous indignation to Peggy. "You can never please the money-changers at the temple."

Liz saw the color deepen in Owen's cheeks. "Listen here," he said with controlled rage, "let's forget the whole thing! Keep the money! It was our mistake!"

"Charity!" Pete cried. "Now they're trying to hand us charity. Well, they're not going to get the chance." He turned to Owen again. "Thank you very much for your courtesy and consideration," he said with bitter sarcasm. "And another thing while I think of it: When I need a lawyer to handle my Easy Easel with the schools, it won't be you!"

It was past one o'clock when Liz and Owen started gloomily for their bedroom. "It's awful," she said, "to think that we've all had to end up like this—I mean in such a downright sordid way."

"Yeah," Owen muttered, and wearily took off his jacket and tie.

Liz unzipped her dress. "I don't know. I just don't know what to do."

"And for the consolation prize," Owen said grimly, "no boat, no friends, no client."

AND for Jamie the next evening there wasn't any more television. "They wouldn't let me in!" he said unhappily, staring out the kitchen window toward the Midgley house.

"That's just disgraceful," Liz said. She turned to Owen. "Our falling out is bad enough, but to take it out on the children—"

"Mom, you promised me. You did! If we didn't get a television, we'd get a boat," Jamie complained bitterly. "Now we don't have a darn' thing. And you promised!"

"Jamie," Owen said, "I've got some good news for you. We're going to have that boat before the week's up."

"We are?" he said, and after he had gone out to the back yard, Liz said, "Owen, you shouldn't make a promise that we can't keep."

"I'm going to keep it."

She looked at him.

"Today I decided to do something about next door."

"You did?"

"I heard at the office that Pete's put the Easy Easel through. So there's no reason why we can't go over there and get our money back." He paused and looked out the window. "Everything's fouled up anyway, so we might as well be blunt and forthright and get it over with."

With solemn determination they started for the Midgleys' house. When they reached the door, Bob Wilk was just coming out. "Hi," he said absently.

"What's up, Bob?" Owen asked him.

"Marge. She's in the hospital. Appendix."

"Oh, Bob," Liz said, "how terrible! Is there anything we can do to help?"

"Not a thing, thanks." He reached in his pocket for his car keys. "Everything's set, and Marge is coming along okay."

"But the children," Liz said. "Can't I—"

"They're here. Peggy's got them," Bob said. "You know how she is—the first to come through when the chips are down."

"Yes," Liz murmured uneasily, and looked over at Owen. When Bob Wilk had gone to his car, she said, "I don't think we'd better go in now. I mean," she said, "it's a bad time."

"Maybe you're right." Owen was hedging too. "We—" He looked up. Peggy stood in the open doorway.

"Oh—?" Peggy said, and her hand fluttered uncertainly to her hair.

"We came—" Liz began; but she could go no further. Through the living room she could see the two Wilk children eating their dinner in the kitchen. "We came," she heard herself saying, "to apologize."

"Apologize?" Pete said appearing behind Peggy. "Don't bother," he said haughtily, and pulled a check out of his pocket. "I was going to mail this to you, anyway."

"Just a minute!" Owen said. He waved off the check. "My wife, in a perfectly civil way, said she apologized."

"Sure. Now that we're able to pay you back!" Pete glowered at them. "And," he went on, "you won't have to worry about our living beyond our means any more. Because we're going to sell this place!"

"You're what?" Liz said in a small voice.

"That's what I said," Pete answered fiercely. "And I—"

Sudden shouts from Ty and Jamie in the driveway made them all turn around quickly.

"S'my dime! I found it!" Jamie cried, wrenching at Ty's closed fist.

"You did not!" Ty roared. "I saw it first!" He pushed Jamie away from him.

"Gimme my dime!" Jamie yelled, lunging forward and tackling Ty. And as they thudded to the ground, the four parents rushed to the scene. Owen reached out for the grappling figures.

"James Kendall!" Liz said, "you stop that this minute!"

PETE grasped his son, and the two boys, held back by their fathers, made faces at each other.

"The very idea!" Liz said, "fighting with Ty like that over a dime. Money isn't *that* important, Jamie, and people who fight about it, well—they're the lowest kind of—" She stopped abruptly, and an involuntary giggle escaped Peggy. When Liz looked up she saw that they were all watching her, their faces tight with suppressed laughter.

"Don't say any more, Liz." Pete put up his hand and grinned. "You're stepping on an awful lot of toes!"

But even before his last word was out, Owen began to chuckle. And with relief the others joined in the laughter. THE END

COLLIER'S "Here, slip into these and we'll have a look at the interior" DICK CAVALLI

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Push-Button Farming Is Here

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

from a radio on the wall. There is a theory that music soothes the cows, and makes them give more milk. "Don't know about that," the hired man says, "but it's sure nice to have the music for me."

He's a young fellow, and seems to take for granted the various push buttons around the barn that also make his chores less onerous. Schiltz's cows are milked by an electric milking machine, of course. That's hardly a surprise any more. And, "Yes, that's the electric feed grinder over there," the hired man says. If they didn't have that, he supposes they would either have to use a big gasoline-powered hammer mill, or load all the grain and haul it to town to be ground. That rig over at the end of the barn? That's the electric silo unloader. It saves climbing into the silo and pitching down the silage. And the arrangement of little slats in the gutter behind the cows is the electric barn cleaner; it pushes manure along automatically and loads it into a manure spreader, outside.

Gadgets for the Milkhouse

In the Schiltz milkhouse, with its electric milk cooler, the little shutterlike gadget on the electric water heater keeps the room itself at a 40-degree temperature in winter to prevent water spilled on the floor from freezing and making the floor slippery. There is also a hoist to lift the heavy milk cans in and out of the cooler.

"Yes," this modern hired man says, "all these things save a lot of hard work." He looks impatient. The idea of *not* having them obviously seems a little ridiculous to him.

But he'll get even more work done more easily as the electrical revolution proceeds. At Raymond F. Whitney's dairy farm in Stepney Depot, Connecticut, the cows step into a "milking parlor," four at a time. As each cow takes its place in the parlor, the working end of a milking machine is passed through a small door from the milk room and attached. An operator flips a switch. The milk starts flowing from the cow directly into a glass container suspended from a scale that weighs the yield immediately.

As soon as the cow is milked, the flipping of another switch releases the milk from the glass container into a gleaming, sanitary pipe line, through which it flows into another shiny glass and white enamel apparatus that looks more as if it belonged in a hospital laboratory than on a farm. This is the cooling system. The milk passes through it and emerges into the open air for the first time as it is drawn off directly into a waiting can. Only then does muscle power come into play; somebody has to move the full can away and replace it with another one. Meantime, while the next cow is taking its place in the parlor, the cups of the milking machine are sterilized electrically.

In Indiana, Edwin J. Kendall, a Marion County farmer, has an electric hoist to lift his hay into the mow, and an electric fan and air duct system to cure it. The system enables him to speed up his haying and also gives him better hay. The leaves, which are the best part of the hay, don't crumble and fall off as they do when hay is completely dried in the field. In his cow barn, he has a ventilating system operated by electric fans to keep the barn comfortable and dry, an electric feed grinder and automatic, self-filling waterers. One of his prize gadgets is an electric calf-dehorner, which looks like an oversize soldering iron except that it has a cup at the end to fit over the horn-bud and devitalize it. It's easier and less messy, Kendall points out, than using cutting tools or caustic solutions.

Spawning ground for a good number of appliances like Kendall's dehorner is the Wisconsin Electric Research Farm, just outside Madison, which the University of Wisconsin runs with the co-operation of the Wisconsin Utilities Association. Here, in the dairy barn alone, electricity is being used in 15 different ways. Hanging in every cow's stall, just over the cow's shoulders, there is a wire thingamajig that looks like a coat hanger. This is an electric cow trainer. It carries a slight current in it, like an electric fence, and bossy learns to stay in a position to avoid it.

If this sounds a little rough on the cows, it is actually a boon. It makes it possible to use longer stalls, which are more comfortable and also less hazardous to the cow's important milk-giving apparatus when she lies down. At the same time, it prevents her from messing up the stall, being so placed that all droppings go into the gutter and are carried away by the automatic barn cleaner.

At one end of the Research Farm's machine shed there is a conglomeration of metal bins, wooden boxes, connecting hoses and pulley belts that looks as if it had been inspired by a Rube Goldberg cartoon. Professor F. W. Duffee, head of the Agricultural Engineering Department of the University of Wisconsin, who was demonstrating the gimcrack, flipped a switch and the thing whirred and clanked and pounded. He went around to the box at the far end and pulled out a handful of brownish, powdery stuff. "A complete ration for your cow," he proclaimed, proudly.

Duffee's whirligig is a pilot plant for a system which does for cows what the automatic feeder at Raskin's hennery in Connecticut does for hens—and a little more, too. A dairy farmer, Duffee explains, sets up prefabricated metal storage bins outside his barn—separate bins of varying sizes for corn, bran, concentrates, salt and other ingredients of a balanced ration for cows. These are connected by pipe lines to a combined grinder-and-mixer in the barn. At the flick of a switch, the ingredients start flowing in from their bins, each in its correct proportion, to be ground and mixed.

Professor Duffee has devised so many such farm laborsavers that his associates call him "Push Button" Duffee. He is firmly convinced, of course, that push-button farming is the answer to many of agriculture's problems.

Soil Prevented from Freezing

Push buttons work on all sorts of farm chores, on all kinds of farms. In Michigan, for instance, where frosts are always a headache to gardeners and a low-temperature, lead-covered electric cable is being developed to ward off chills. Buried in the soil, it has speeded up plant growth as much as 50 per cent in testing. In Washington, where holly is a specialty crop for some farmers, the process for applying preservative to it has been cut from five hours to a few minutes by an electric quick-drying system. In Texas, peanuts are being dried in their sacks with portable electric driers. In Mississippi, tomato and pepper plants are being raised in electrified hotbeds. And in Connecticut, an electrically driven "apple juice extractor" has been developed.

There is power on the farms now, but getting it out to them has taken some doing. Back in 1898, Dr. David Roberts, a veterinarian, of Waukesha County, Wisconsin, became one of the first farm owners in the country to get electricity. He did it by persuading the company that owned an interurban trolley line running past his farm to let him tap their power. When the trolleys rumbled by, his old-fashioned carbon filament lamps would flicker and fade, but he had electric lights. And even the doctor had no idea, at that time, that electricity might have other uses on the farm. It was to be many years before most farmers had even electric lights.

Up to the 1920s, the power companies had their hands full building up their generating systems and crisscrossing the country with basic transmission lines. The farmers had to wait for those basic supply lines to be established, and for technological improvements to bring costs down to a point where rural service would be practical. Thus, even in 1920, only one in about every 35 farmers had electricity.

Rural Power Program Expands

Then the power companies began to develop plans for rural electrification. By 1929, they had electrified approximately 500,000 farms—roughly one in every 10 or 11. The depression slowed the expansion down sharply, though 200,000 more got their power by 1935. That was the year the government established the Rural Electrification Administration to loan money, at low interest, to electric co-operatives organized among the farmers. R.E.A. has since financed lines serving more than 2,500,000 farmers; but meantime, the private companies have gone on building lines, with private capital, in their own territories. Now that the job is virtually done, about half of the farmers are being served by private companies, half by R.E.A. co-ops.

But even before R.E.A. came into the picture, the companies had instituted a program without which no push-button revolution would have materialized. The power companies began to develop the ways and means of using power on farm jobs. Grover Neff was chairman of the industry committee that started this program in the early 1920s. He is now in his sixties. The years have seamed his strong, ruddy face and thinned his hair; but, in Wisconsin recently, he pulled out of the bottom drawer of his desk a yellowing trade journal with the picture of an earnest, bushy-haired young man wearing a collar and tie of pre-World War I vintage. The caption on the quarter-century-old picture read: "Neff Sees Great Possibilities in Farm Electrification."

"I like to get this out," Neff says, with a wry smile, "when the public power boys issue one of their blasts about nobody in the private power companies doing anything with electricity on the farms until R.E.A. came along."

Actually, Neff had been preaching push-button farming for years, before he became head of the industry committee. After that committee was formed, he took the initiative in bringing the National Farm Bureau, the National Grange, the Department of Agriculture and various other outfits into a broader National Committee on the Relation of Electricity to Agriculture.

By 1927, this national committee had stimulated so much research that it could list more than 175 applications of electricity in rural use, running alphabetically from "agitator for cheese vat" to "wood sawing." The committee went out of existence in 1939, a victim of the propaganda battle that soon arose between R.E.A. and the private companies; but the companies have gone on spending more than a million dollars a year in support of research into new and better farm uses for electric power.

And so the electrical revolution, now that the power is out there, proceeds with ever-growing momentum. The poor old farmer toting water from the well and relaxing with a mail-order catalogue under a flickering kerosene lamp is a figure in history. Today's farmer lets the electric pump bring in the water, and more than likely does his relaxing in front of a radio or television set. He still has chores that won't get done by switch-flipping, but pretty soon somebody is going to put the wires to those, too. Then things will *really* begin to move: for push-button farming is here to stay.

THE END

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Pose is old-style, but the fashions are new. Note tweed topcoats, predominance of hats

America's *Million* Best-dressed Men

By BERT BACHARACH

Once again it's true that the undisputed pace setters in men's fashion are the students on college campuses across the country. Here's inside information on the important trends for the well-groomed male this fall

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRITZ HENLE

EVERYTHING, they say, runs in cycles and in the opinion of the experts we're right back to the days when college men were our undisputed pace setters in fashion.

That was the case for a great number of years prior to World War II. Dozens of important style features were introduced on the campus and became eagerly accepted favorites of men of all ages and in all walks of life. Though it is always difficult to trace the exact origin of any fashion, the consensus is that college men were totally responsible for the current popularity of such classic wearables as the buttoned-down-collar shirt, the crochet tie, gray flannel slacks, covert suits and slacks, camel's-hair polo coats, convertible gabardine topcoats, rep striped ties, caps, collar-attached shirts with dinner jackets and countless others.

But during and after the war, fashion was of justifiable unimportance in the colleges. The major part of most student bodies in postwar days was seriously bent on making up lost years of study under the GI Bill—and the lads wore pinks, suntans, denims or whatever they had handy.

Today, however, even though there's no assurance that unhappy history will not repeat itself, the college men are again interested in dressing better—and are doing such a successful job of it that, consciously or unconsciously, they are once more the best-dressed group you'll find anywhere.

Let's look, then, at what the college-bound men are wearing for the fall of 1951—as a dual guide for the youngsters who want to be right when they matriculate, and for our postgraduates who are interested in better grooming. (You'll be following college fashion trends later, so why not now?)

Do not expect innovations of a radical nature or anything garish. Your college man has good taste and, except for occasional items such as beer jackets, and the late lamented (but not much) plaid dinner coat, he proceeds along conservative lines.

Here, then, are some of the trends to watch and follow if you're going to be in fashion for the fall of '51. And let's progress from head to foot.

Sales figures and observation, rather than any wishful thinking on the part of the hat industry, indicate that the cycle in which men tended to go hatless has run its course. This is due, perhaps, to the recent great popularity of caps, or perhaps to the fact that today's felt hats are far more flattering to young men. The narrower brims and tapered crowns overrule former objections that the hats looked "like umbrellas." The much lighter weights now in vogue make for greater comfort, too.

In topcoats there's a steady, though not overwhelming, trend to patterns and colors as a relief from the tan gabs and coverts which almost have been a male uniform for so many years. Tweed, Shetland and cheviot types are smart and practical. And many prefer the balmacaan model with raglan shoulders for the extra fullness and comfort.

In suits, nothing can be expected to top the dark gray flannel or the tweed and herringbone effects, but there is strong interest in striped gray flannel.

While the odds are insurmountably against any shirt surpassing the spread or buttoned-down collar in general favor, there has been a broad and enthusiastic acceptance of the round-point collar which is worn with a collar pin. And colored shirts are both fashionable and practical.

Corduroys in new shades, and even some in patterns, will be close to the popularity peak in sport jackets. Small-patterned tweeds, rather than the bolder effects, will prevail in the heavier jackets. And the navy-blue blazer with silver or brass buttons, as worn with gray slacks, will continue to grow in popularity as befits one of the most useful and handsome outfits ever devised.

One big shoe development that should achieve wide acceptance is the elastic-gore slip-on in both sport and dress types. For comfort without sacrificing appearance, it's a natural. Argyles and brighter plain shades in wool will dominate hosiery.

Ties are narrower and longer, though no less colorful. Jewelry is of growing importance, with tie clasps almost an essential and cuff links on the increase. Gloves and mufflers, like hats, are back in the picture strongly. Belts and braces have taken on color and pattern, and are highly decorative as well as utilitarian. Sleeveless and cardigan sweaters are integral parts of sportswear ensembles.

That's the picture of the college trends in fashion—the apparel that will make our university students America's Million Best-dressed Men. THE END

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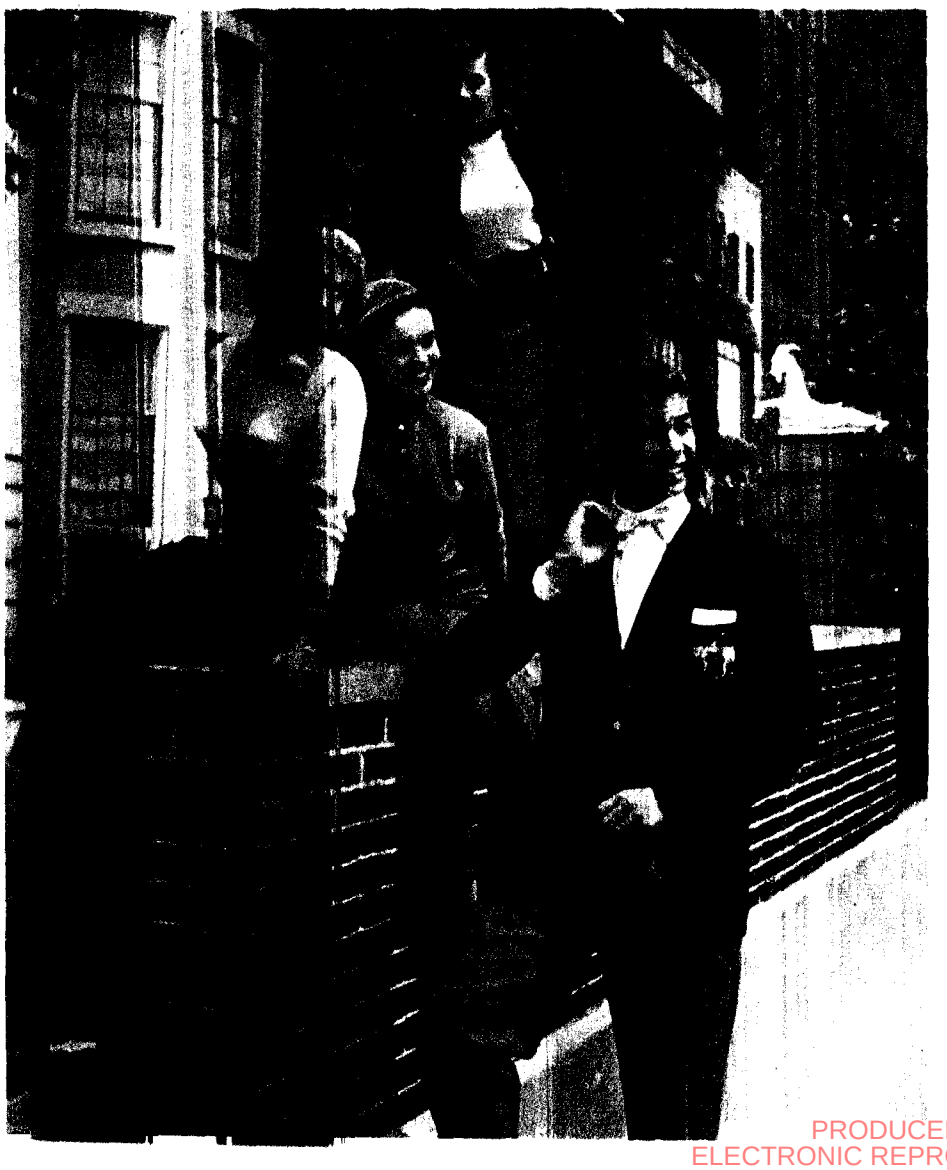
Stylish dress isn't limited to formal occasions, as this pregame locker-room scene shows. Colorful attire includes fingertip surcoat, corduroy sport jacket, two-tone cardigan sweater. Caps have become very popular

For dress wear, you're sure to be well groomed in white tie and tails (as well as conventional dinner jacket). This combination, a perennial favorite, demonstrates the basic conservatism of the average college man

This navy-blue flannel blazer with its brass buttons is a certain eye catcher—and if that doesn't attract attention, the bright canary bow tie will. Gray flannel slacks, always stylish, complete the ensemble



Whether it's trigonometry or batting averages, as below, studying calls for casual attire, like the gray-checked coat (left), the blue-gray one (top) or tan jacket (foreground). Sport shirts are smart, comfortable

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Another Song, Another Spring

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

then was suddenly busy with his cigarette.

The waiter brought their order, and Lucy heard faint piano music. She remembered the song. It began: "There goes the boy I dreamed all through school about—" Perhaps if she were more sophisticated she could make an amusing story of how nearly true that had been of him and her. She had never minded leaving Princeton or Yale to return to Monday class with Mr. Anselm; their bland, innocent relationship had been more exciting to her than a college romance.

"So now you visit your in-laws. Do you like them?" Again his question was close to her thoughts.

"Yes, very much."

"But you returned to Columbus to live? Near your own family?"

"David finished engineering school at Ohio State and then joined a firm there."

"Yes. But you've visited here? Brought the children to see their grandparents, surely? And never called me."

"What would I say? 'Mr. Anselm, this is Lucy. Would you like to see me?' " She laughed. It was easier to be frank.

"Couldn't you say: 'Karl, this is Lucy. I'd like to see you.'?"

BUT she had decided before she left college that an attempt to pursue their friendship on the basis of music would be false. She had married, had children, and neglected music. She spoke hesitantly, wanting to be clear. "You see, we had nothing in common. I could have only asked, 'How's school? What about Betty Jones? Did Sally Smith turn out well?' "

He made a face at her. "You could not wish to see me as a friend?"

"I don't know." It was the most honest answer she could give.

He covered her hand with his.

"You are probably right. But now that fate arranges a meeting, it is all right. Better than I'd hoped."

She longed to leave her hand in his to show that she was happy about their reunion; at the same time she wished he would take it away, lest someone see her holding hands in the Plaza. Demonstrative David would not mind, he might even expect it, but she could suddenly hear little David's voice ask, "Why is that thin man holding your hand?" She withdrew her hand and sipped her hot tea.

"I'll come then in May," he said, "and stay at your house."

"If you'd prefer a hotel—" she began. "My house rather swarms with children."

"I want to see them."

"They're very fine beautiful children." She tried to imply how married she was, even as she mourned: Why *am* I so provincial, such a milkmaid? It isn't unthinkable to find a man other than one's husband attractive. Still, that was not how married women should be looked at, with that concentrated regard. She said, "Won't you come to the Caruthers' for a cocktail and see the children?"

"No, I'll wait. In Columbus I'll be more convinced they're yours."

"You'll be convinced." She thought: He won't look at me this way at home, and she smiled in sudden relief. "Wait till you see my domestic struggles!"

"Do you never grow tired of it?"

"Oh! There are mornings when a whispered 'Come away with me' would make me fly! But I must go, this is our last evening here. Won't you come? David would love to meet you."

"No, my dear. All that joy I save for Columbus."

He watched intently, smiling at her, while she fastened the little buttons on her gloves.

"Chic," he said.

"No," she said and smiled ruefully, "a real country girl."

They walked to the Fifty-ninth Street door, and just outside it he took her face between his palms and kissed her beside her mouth.

"I *hope that when I come*, one day will be very maddening, very domestic. Good-by, dear Lucy."

She looked at him in surprise and hurried into the waiting cab. You asked for that, she told herself furiously, as the cab progressed haltingly up Fifth Avenue. If you seem a restless *Hausfrau*, it's your own fault. But what had he said? Nothing that might not have been said by any older man speaking to a girl he was fond of. Am I at that stage, she thought, where male attention turns my head, and I magnify it to be reassured I'm still attractive? Those last words—he only wants to see me being a wife and mother. The whole conversation repeated could not offend anyone. But the point, she warned herself, is not what *anyone* knows, but what one's *self* knows.

She paid the driver at Sixty-eighth Street and hurried into the elevator. As it went up she could smell a different dinner at

COLLIER'S **"Well, yes. It looks like my signature. Why?"** DON TOBIN

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each floor. Her in-laws would be having cocktails: Jane, handsome, composed; Tom, amiably weary from the office, neither of them quite able to hide under their bright, New York manner a soft pleasure at the children's presence. At their floor she went first to the living-room door to wave to them, then to Edna and the children in the kitchen. Little David ate busily, his grandfather's bayonet propped by his chair. Janie gazed dreamily at the fan in the window, her fist sunk comfortably in her cereal bowl.

"Hello, Edna." Lucy kissed the children, decided against a word of dismay about the bayonet and gingerly dried the little girl's hand.

"Mommy, your face is awfully pink," David said.

"So is yours," she answered, wondering if she'd produced an outside conscience besides the awful one she endured within. Janie placidly put her hand back in the bowl.

"They're all yours, Edna," Lucy said with a laugh, and Edna smiled.

"Lambs," she said, whipping cream and giving David a taste.

Lucy powdered her face carefully and went to the living room.

"How was the maestro?" David asked, kissing her.

"Fine," she said. "Fascinating." She kissed Jane and Tom, took her Martini and sat by her mother-in-law on the sofa.

"He's coming, then?" Jane asked.

"Yes—and, David—going to stay with us."

"You must have impressed him," Tom said. "Isn't he that bird who's so elusive about concerts?"

"They said at school he'd only play where he thought his music was understood—not curiosity value, I mean."

"To an audience of Hindemith and Copland?" Jane asked dryly. "But he isn't starving; I'm sure I read about his getting some awards lately."

Then, not really interested, they spoke of other things while Lucy remembered the cut of his clothes, the dark striped tie, the round flat wrist watch with gold lines for hours, so different from Tom and David in dark gray flannel and knit ties.

"Any news from Korea?" David asked Tom, and Lucy thought: Oh, let David stay in flannel, not go back to Air Force blue! She wondered if Karl had ever fought in a war, and ordered herself to stop thinking of him.

"Edna packed some fruit and cookies in a box for the children," Jane said. "It may help on the drive tomorrow."

That was better. Jane always made the cooky remark on their last night in New York, and now Lucy welcomed the reassurance of the familiar statement. Routine things were good.

LUCY surveyed her living room, polished and shining, the May sun streaming through the long windows, but not since morning had she looked at the study, now a guest room for Karl. Perhaps their brief meeting had meant nothing. If so, she was a fool, carefully disciplining her thoughts by day only to dream of him at night. (There was a broken bridge before her, a voice said, "Come this way," and it was he; she danced at a party, he walked by.) She longed to tell David, but could not.

Now David had gone to the airport to meet him, sure he'd know him on sight. If not, he'd said sensibly, after the other passengers had gone he'd bring what was left. She adjusted the French windows for the third time, and spring air gently billowed the curtains, made things a little less still. The children had gone to her mother's for the night and the house seemed unnaturally calm. She wished she had kept them home. But they were gone, and she would not make herself foolish by charging over to bring them back. She heard the car stop outside. She concentrated on an air of casual poise.

David bumped the door open with a suitcase as she walked into the hall. He kissed her absently. Karl, with that look of contained delight, put his arm around her shoulders and kissed her cheek while David smiled amiably. How silly I was, she thought; David sees this gesture is a mannerism, not significant. Everything's all right!

But after dinner David said he had to go back to the office.

"I'm sorry," he said to Karl, "if I'd known you'd be here— But now it's too late to get out of it."

"To come a day early was selfish," Karl said, "but too tempting! Do not worry, Lucy and I shall talk and pass the time. Perhaps I shall make her play some scales."

She wondered at David's willingness to leave her with Karl. Still, long ago, he'd said, "A man with a wife pretty as you *can't* be jealous; it would take all his time." But she followed him uneasily to the door.

"I won't be long—a couple of hours. Give him a highball, enjoy yourself. He's a nice guy, isn't he?" He kissed her and was gone.

KARL stood at the spinet, making chords. "Is this what you play now? Have you no real piano?"

"We sold it, there wasn't room. And I play nothing more advanced than Bobby Shaftoe." She smiled. "Would you play for me—on that?"

"In a little while." Then, without warning, their eyes met and she knew hers reflected the urgency in his. She forced herself to speak.

"Would you like a highball?"

"Oh, very much," he said, and looked away with visible effort, like a man turning his eyes from an incredibly marvelous discovery. He followed her and leaned against the kitchen table while she took out ice cubes. They were both painfully silent.

"How is Mrs. Anselm?" she asked gauchely, guiltily.

He didn't answer for a moment, then he said, "She is as she always was. It is sad for her."

"You mean ill?"

"I mean that she has nothing to do. She minds being poor and anonymous."

"Oh." She was embarrassed.

"But she is a little less poor and anonymous with me than she would be alone. So it is a bargain: she makes a place for us to live; I pay the bills. It is uncomplicated by any human relationship."

Lucy gave him his drink. "You are—cold about it," she said, with a timid compassion for the woman she'd only seen.

"She cannot forgive the world for taking away adulation, or find where to fix the blame." He pushed open the kitchen door.

"You could play wherever you wanted to," Lucy said as she went out ahead of him. "If your work were played more, wouldn't she be happier?"

"Happy? I cannot make her happy. It is her soul, her self. Lucy, listen." He was angry. "When I left Austria my money was confiscated, but I had opportunity, through music, to come to America and bring Maria. No, she said. She managed, through French connections to take her money and go to Paris. We said good-by. In a year she was lost, bored, frightened; she sent word that she wished to come to me. Come, I said. I was glad. But it failed; she was no longer rich, no one wished to—adore her. This is a vulgar discussion, but, Lucy, you must understand. It is as barren, as cold, ugly, simple, as that."

"I'm terribly sorry," she said helplessly.

"Of course you are. Poor Lucy." His voice softened. "Better to describe my catastrophes to someone who'd think them juicy morsels. But do not pity me. Be intelligent and realize that we are—well, splendidly safe, compared with much of the world."

"That's not enough!" she said passionately. He, more one with the world than anyone she knew, must not seem defeated, or satisfied with his poor bargain. "I know one cannot be completely happy in a world so full of conflict, but—"

"But one grows older, Lucy," he inter-

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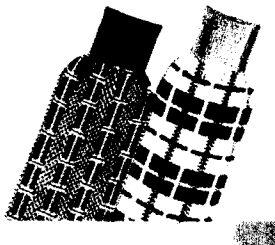

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rupted, "and demands less, makes a truce with disappointment. Conflict is inevitable; the very drops of your blood surge with it, or life fails. One enters the conflict, triumphs, or fails. There doesn't seem to be a formula."

He put his glass on the coffee table and went toward the piano, still speaking. "Even dreams conflict with reality, leaving one somewhere between, with whatever one finds for compensation."

How can Maria not love him? Lucy wondered, watching the disciplined straight back, the fine shape of his head. He began to play *Morgen* softly, saying, "If all was quite different from the way it is, I dream that it might be this way."

She was always quickened by the song, made deeply aware of the likeness of absolute joy and sorrow, and the contrast of either to her own life of tranquil contentment. As he played, she said the words of the song to herself.

He began to play his own music, and she went to the piano and whispered, "Don't play any more."

"That is only 'might have been,' Lucy," he said, but he stood and took her in his arms, simply, tenderly, as she had known he would. Without thinking or knowing more she put her arms around him and held him.

"If all was quite different," he repeated, and gently took her arms away, released her. He walked away from her, and not looking around, said quickly, "I let my chances pass. I should have spoken to you years ago. Ironically, a sense of propriety restrained me. Now it is even less proper, but, Lucy, I have loved you as long as I can bear it." He turned, and she was unable to meet the entreaty in his eyes. "I don't know what you'll care to do about it; I do know, finally, that this exists for us both. If we permit it, then it is forever, and absolute. Ah, Lucy, I meant never to speak of it, but I cannot help it!"

IF SHE closed her eyes against his actual presence, her mind tricked her into fantasy: They were on a beach, between turquoise sky and water; above on a cliff was a pink house where he played to her in the twilight. A city was superimposed on the picture, and they stood in a doorway in a pouring, dark rain, and he held her close. Now they went out together in public and she heard the whispers: "That's the woman who—" and she was proud to love him forever and never know why he loved her.

But she was still, and at last he looked away.

"It is useless that I pack and leave. What exists I cannot take away with me. Good night, blessed Lucy."

He crossed the room and was gone. She heard the study door close. Abstractedly she took the glasses to the kitchen, then emptied the ash trays. She sat down with the evening paper and read every word—news, editorials, columns, funnies—staring earnestly and unseeingly at pictures of leg art and battles and straggling refugees. Suddenly, in panic, she hurried to the desk and scribbled a note:

Tired, lots to do tomorrow, gone to bed. Beer on ice if you want it. See you in the morning. Love, L.

When David tiptoed into the bedroom she breathed with careful regularity. He got ready for bed quietly, and went to sleep quickly. Even if he knew, she thought, he'd go right to sleep; nothing keeps David awake. David and I have been like good children, but with Karl, free from banalities of existence, love would be overwhelming, majestic. Poor David, I should never have accepted his comfortable, lighthearted love. But David can manage, she thought, for it is I who cling, not he.

The tension and excitement was an aching mass till she slept. Then she woke up straight into morning and David's voice asking, "How'd you make out with Wagner?"

He disappeared into the roaring shower before she could answer, and for the first time she was glad of his hurried mornings, his unwavering attention to the newspaper at breakfast. But this won't do, she thought; I am no good here any more. As David left, her mother came with the children, and Annie, her maid.

"Wouldn't you like Annie to help today?" her mother whispered. "Where is he?"

"Asleep. I'd love some help, thank you."

"Well, I'd hoped to see him, but I'll wait till the concert. Lucy, please be dressed when he gets up."

"Yes, darling. And thanks for baby-sitting." The children had hurried upstairs, eager to check their possessions. Lucy watched her mother drive away and then slowly followed them. She dressed, and went to brush her babies' hair before Karl woke up. If they'd been here it might not have happened, she thought; but am I really sorry? I can't help it if I love him. I knew in my heart it would happen someday.

"Where is your teacher?" David asked.

"Asleep, darling."

The children looked disapproving. As they came downstairs Karl opened his door. He looked tenderly at Lucy and smiled at the children.

"You sleep pretty late," David said. Janie stared silently.

"Usually I get up very early to teach young ladies to play the piano."

"Mommy said you might play for us," the little boy challenged.

"I'd be honored," Karl answered gravely, and Lucy brought him fruit and coffee at the piano. He was playing songs from *Hänsel und Gretel;* the children were spellbound beside him. "Oh, odor delicious, oh, say do I dream," he sang, and they tried to join him. "A cottage all made of chocolate cream!"

She had sung them the Children's Prayer and forgotten the song of joy for the witch's house of cake. How like him to choose the entrancing part that she'd neglected!

Impatiently they waited for him to swallow coffee. He watched Lucy as he drank.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked formally.

"No. Did you?"

"No," she said nervously, and glanced at the children, but they were unconcerned with the meaningless talk of grownups. Then as she looked at him she slipped into a different existence, as moonlight strikes water and spreads into oneness with it, free and mobile. She left him then, to go about the business of her day; she could not tell him yet, but she would never really leave him again. She selected china in the kitchen; the doors were open, and when he paused in his playing she could hear the insects buzz over the May flowers. Her bliss surprised her; she would have expected to feel guilty, or evil, but she had no sense of continuity with the past or breach with the future, only a feeling of tender newness, a wish to tell him, join him, watch the magic delight come into his eyes.

THE children would not eat their lunch until she and Karl agreed to sit with them. "But not with such hands!" Karl cried. "Run quickly to your nurse and ask her to wash them."

She could not speak of it, with Annie and the children close by in the kitchen, but because she could wait no longer she stepped forward and kissed him lightly, lovingly.

He returned her kiss in the same way, then whispered incredulously, "You are coming!" The disbelief became ecstasy. "Dearest, when, where?"

The children were back; Lucy looked at them in alarm, but they were laughing and shouting, too excited to eat, and she could not urge them. Lunch was abandoned with a promise of Karl's company after a nap.

Upstairs, they went willingly to bed, in order to return to their wonderful visitor. As she turned down Janie's bed, Lucy noticed that Annie, or someone, had left the newspaper there. She tucked it under her arm, and spread the coverlet.

"If I'd known he was nice, I wouldn't have gone to Gran's last night," David said from his bed.

"Wouldn't have gone too," Janie muttered sleepily. "What's that baby doing in that picture, Mommy?" She was looking at a corner of the paper Lucy held. Lucy looked quickly. It was a picture of a naked child lying in the snow. *Korean refugee children left to perish,* the caption read. It was an old paper, she realized. They must have brought it from her mother's with something wrapped in it. Then her detachment fell away, leaving her stark and frightened as she looked at her babies' tender bodies.

"That baby's asleep," she whispered.

COLLIER'S **"What I like about secret engagements is you can have more than one fiancé"** KATE OSANN

"And, David, you never have to go away if you don't want to." She put her hand gently, but with fierce protectiveness on his head. He moved impatiently. She tiptoed out.

At the door she crumpled the paper in her hand, aghast at what she'd nearly done. Or did I do it, she wondered; in my heart I'd already gone. My great love, she thought bitterly, uncomplicated by children. Great love so seldom is. When birth enters, another love becomes just illicit. I could die, because it doesn't make me love him less. Resolutely she went downstairs.

He stood at the bottom, waiting, and she forced herself to look at the gladness in his eyes. At once he sensed her strain.

"What is it?" he asked. "Have I—"

"No." She was close to tears and yet beyond them. "Please stop taking all the blame, it's presumptuous. Remember that for all my composure, *I* had emotions, reactions, was attracted and awed by you. *I* let it pass."

"It was not quite the same," he said.

"It was exactly the same for me," she said. "I used to wish you would reach out and touch me."

"Lucy, don't!" he cried.

SHE went to the living room and unlatched a door. Together they walked out on the back lawn. A breeze moved the flowering peach trees; everything else was still.

In a broken voice she began again, "I can't leave them, Karl."

"Would they want you—loving me? You do, don't you, my darling?"

"Oh, yes, I wish I didn't. But I love them. If I'd go with you, I might go again someday." She rushed on, unable to look at him. "If I did it often enough—"

"—there would lie a fallen woman," he finished angrily, derisively.

"What is more abject than a Midwestern housewife gone wrong?" she said deliberately, painfully, then whispered contritely, "Karl, I am not ashamed of loving you, only that I nearly gave in to it."

He broke a flower from the tree and looked at it, not speaking.

"And if I didn't love them," she went on, distractedly, "it would still be too late for—us. I can't abandon what I started so willingly."

"You are strong," he said quietly.

"Not so strong as I'd have to be if I didn't love David," she explained. "You must understand that. I love him, though it will never be so—forgive me—romantic as you."

"Or perhaps it will." The love in his eyes tortured her. "Perhaps our love fulfilled could become prosaic, but I cannot believe it, or that I'd ever cease to marvel and wonder when I look at you." He paused, then said, "I could take you with me, Lucy, but I shall not. It might be the destruction of you, you are right. It is something clear and true in you that I love, a harmonic rightness of being. So don't try to be hard, to alienate me; you needn't. I shall be strong and love you in a better way." He put his arms around her tenderly. "So it will not be a poor lost love, but a triumph. In any case, let us not be mournful." He smiled gently.

"I feel anything but triumphant," Lucy said. More like Carrie Nation, she thought, laying about with an ax in the interest of virtue.

"Virtuous, then," he said, and she jumped, "like a fat lady resisting banana cream pie."

"Oh, dear Karl," she whispered, and reached up to kiss him for the last time, calmly, with devotion. Perhaps her own words had convinced her. She loved Karl, but she loved David more. They went slowly back into the house.

"The children will be waking up," she said. "I'll keep them away."

She hurried upstairs and tiptoed to their room. They were awake. David was there dressing them!

"Would you please for just fifteen seconds hold still?" He was trying to button

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little David's pants to his shirt. He had done a creditable job on Janie. He looked up and saw Lucy.

"A boy's best friend is his mother. Go get buttoned," he told his son, and little David shuffled toward her.

"Why are you home?" she asked her husband. He was looking at her seriously as she knelt with the child.

"Can't you do something with our young? Did I catch sight of Annie, or was it just a glorious vision?"

"She's here," Lucy said, and took the children to the top of the stairs. "Don't let them bother Mr. Anselm," she told Annie, and the three disappeared into the kitchen. Lucy went back to David.

"I'm home," he explained, "because I got scared my noble experiment was just damn' foolish."

"What are you talking about?"

"Giving you and Beethoven a chance to 'find each other,' if that was fate. You see, it's a basic fact to the nonartist that women go for the painter, the musician. We have to accept it and not worry too much about it. Of course, we don't all have them to visit. I figured, coming from the airport, that he was a touch in love with you—not as much as I am, understand, because he's not as young and lusty. But the situation had a fiery potential: you jittery as a debutante and this guy with music, the world's greatest wooing weapon, at his fingertips. There's said to be art in building, too, but I can't construct a bridge for you in the parlor. So I figured the big smart thing for me to do was to scram instead of sitting around dull-witted while you two flashed fire. So I did, but it was pretty grim last night when you pretended to be asleep."

And who was it I thought was sensitive? Lucy jeered at herself. "Oh, David," she whispered.

"At first," he went on, "I counted on you to see yourself graying while he taught a succession of eager young beauties; then it dawned on me he might return to the concert stage, at which point I flung down my blueprints and hurried home. I hope I made it in time."

"You made it."

"But you came pretty close?"

"Pretty close."

"I'm sorry, angel. I'll never try to mastermind again. From now on I'll be a watchdog."

"Neither will ever be required any more," she muttered against his good familiar shoulder.

Downstairs Karl began to play; the dissonants and contrapuntal themes of his most controversial music crashed through the house.

"Pretty meaty stuff," David said against her hair.

And it was. Karl, after all, had the endless reserves. He might love her but he could never need her; she did not close and finish the circle for him as she did for the three people here. By next spring she could, if she wished, meet him again in New York, and this would be over and past, not forgotten, but exorcised.

"Later," she whispered to David, "I'll play you a waltz." THE END

The Break

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

himself with satisfaction, for he knew that the old dangers lurked as usual where he least, and at the same time most, expected them. This was as it should be; and he took pleasure in the certain knowledge that if he should turn aside his glance for even a second, an ambush would collect in the grove of beeches half a mile away or a war bonnet would suddenly move forward in the tall grasses. It was a thrilling moment: the thrill lay equally in the realization that the very calmness of the countryside concealed the threat of danger and in the confidence he felt that the enemy did not know that he knew they were there. With a show of nonchalance, for the benefit of any watching spy, he descended the bank and turned to go through the culvert.

AS HE left the bright sunlight behind and moved forward into the dark, Don wondered what he'd find inside this time; the culvert always yielded a surprise or two, showing that others besides himself knew of and used his hideaway. Once it had been a dead cat, and for a couple of weeks thereafter he had had to avoid the place; once he found a tobacco pouch, half full of moldy stuff that wasn't nearly as tobacco-looking as the Indian tobacco he himself made by scraping the bark from red willow twigs. Stepping from stone to flat stone, his eyes on the damp silt or peering into the tiny shallows beneath his feet, he moved slowly forward in a crouching position toward the vivid round window at the other end of the culvert. Suddenly he realized that he was not alone.

Midway between the two openings, a man sat watching his approach. His knees were up to his chin, his hands clasped around his legs, as if he were merely resting there idly; but at the same instant, Don got the impression that the man was intensely alert—far more alert than he himself had been, not to have seen the man the moment he had entered the culvert.

The man gazed at him intently; and for what may have been half a minute, Don gazed back. The man did not speak; neither did Don.

During that first long, silent moment, he knew that he had run into one of the convicts. He knew too, somehow, that he must not let on that he knew. Instinct told him also that he must not turn tail and run; if he had done so, it was possible that he would not have escaped the culvert alive. But more than anything else, Don instantly knew or believed that if he acted very matter-of-fact and clever—if he forgot that he was only a boy of twelve and at the same time acted the part to the hilt—this encounter might well turn into the great moment of his life, the chance to be a hero. "Hello," he finally said, and sat down.

He sat down opposite the man and put his knees up and his arms around his legs in the same way. "Isn't this a dandy place?" he said. The man did not answer; his eyes watched Don narrowly, as if he was trying to make out what game Don was playing. Outwardly, of course, Don must not look as if he was playing any game; and, in a sense, he wasn't. How could it be a game when he was only being himself—his best, his unreal self—the self that other people didn't even know existed?

Under any circumstances—in church, in school, in the public library—Don was never able to keep silent for long; in the presence of someone who refused to talk, Don simply ignored this silence, overruled it, and talked for them both. Now he lost himself, as it were, in a kind of social impulse that, under different conditions, and certainly with a different partner, his mother would have approved: he wanted to "visit" with the man, to be nice to him—in short, to "entertain" him and thus be liked in return. When the man did not answer about what a fine place this was, Don thought of something else. He reached back, pulled the knapsack off his shoulders, and opened it. He said, "Would you like a sandwich?" The man stared back in silence. "I've got plenty," Don said, "and they're peanut butter." No answer. "See? Three of them," he went on. "You can have two and I'll have the other one." No answer again. He busied himself with the wax-paper wrappings and opened them.

But the man did not look at the sandwiches; he looked at Don. Don picked up one of the sandwiches, took a bite, and then said, "Are you a tramp?" Don knew he

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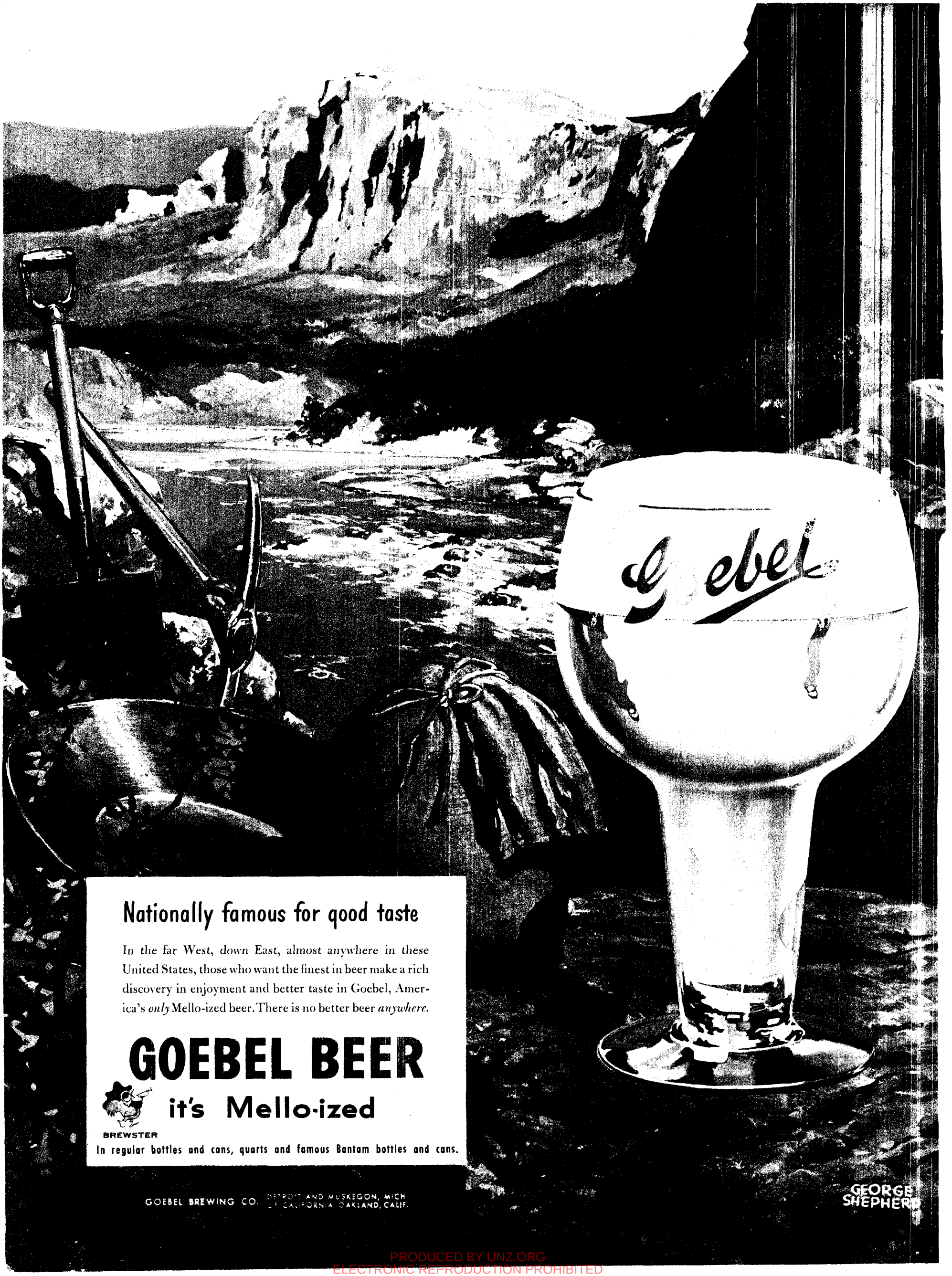
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wasn't, but he thought it would make the man feel more at ease with him.

"I like tramps," he went on, after another bite. "My uncle is a tramp." He said this in the same wishful, romantic spirit in which he had used to say that his uncle was an Indian, and once, after he had come across the exotic word in a book, that his uncle was a rabbi. But the man was not interested; though he never took his eyes off Don, he did not even seem to hear. Finally, very slowly, as if with extreme caution, he half rose from his crouching position, stretched out a long arm, and took the two sandwiches in his hand. Before he sat back again, Don caught a glimpse of a short, thick knife like a bowie knife lying in the dirt beside where the man's bottom had been. When he was seated again, the knife was again out of sight; but it was there, all right, within easy reach.

AS HE ate, Don looked him over. He seemed about as old as Don's father, which would be about forty. He wore heavy work shoes and coarse cotton pants of no color at all, sort of iron-colored if anything. They were very dirty, and torn in several places; they might have been a uniform. He was not a big man, but he looked strong, even powerful, especially in the shoulders and arms. He had thick black hair cut very close, a low forehead, small, half-closed, peering eyes, and in the middle of his chin, a very deep cleft or dimple. He was badly in need of a shave, and Don found himself wondering how it was possible to shave the whiskers in so deep a hollow as that cleft in his chin. He looked tired out, as if he hadn't slept for days, yet keenly alert and watchful too, almost jumpy. Besides all this, though Don couldn't say why, he looked sad. Don knew that he was a hunted man, but even so, no hunt lasting only a week or even a month could ever have made him look that sad and lonely, as if he was the only man left in the world or as if the whole world was against him and he was the only one on his side. Don couldn't help feeling sorry for him, the more so because the man shut Don out from his company as if he wasn't even there.

"If you're a tramp," he said, "I wish you'd let me join up with you." The man said nothing. "I'd love to—it must be a wonderful life." The thing to do was to keep on talking, to make the man believe that Don had nothing against him. "No school," Don said, "nobody to order you around all the time. Nothing to do but just what you want to do, all day long—and go everywhere, and see new places, new people, things like that."

The man ate in silence, watching Don closely but at the same time seeming aloof, as if Don were a creature from another planet with whom there couldn't possibly be a common language.

"Aren't they good?" Don said, as the man finished the first sandwich and started on the second. "Of course, they aren't as good as when I started out, when they were just made, and fresh. But anyway they're a lot better now than they would be later, all dry and curled up."

Finally the man spoke—and Don had grown so used to the idea that he wasn't going to speak that he was surprised. He looked Don straight in the eye and said in a low, husky voice, "Where does this railroad go?"

"This railroad?" Don pointed above. "Why, it goes down to Binghamton and then on into Pennsylvania somewhere."

"The other way, I mean."

"Oh, that way," Don said. "It goes on to Parsons Point."

"Where's that?"

"The end of the line."

"How far?"

"About twenty miles, I guess."

"What's there?"

"At Parsons Point? Why, nothing. Nothing but the coalyards—and oh, yes," he said, and suddenly felt the acute excitement of an idea, "the freighters that carry the coal across the lake."

"Lake?"

"Lake Ontario."

"Where to?"

"Cobourg."

"What's Cobourg?"

"Place in Canada." And as he said Canada he knew, though he did not change his expression by even a flicker, that he had uttered a kind of magic word. It meant, if the man could get there, freedom.

The man was silent for a long moment again, as he appeared to be weighing some idea, or maybe testing Don in his mind. Don tried to look friendly and helpful.

"Is there a train along here?" the man asked.

"Oh, yes," Don said. "There's one every afternoon."

"What kind of train? Passenger?"

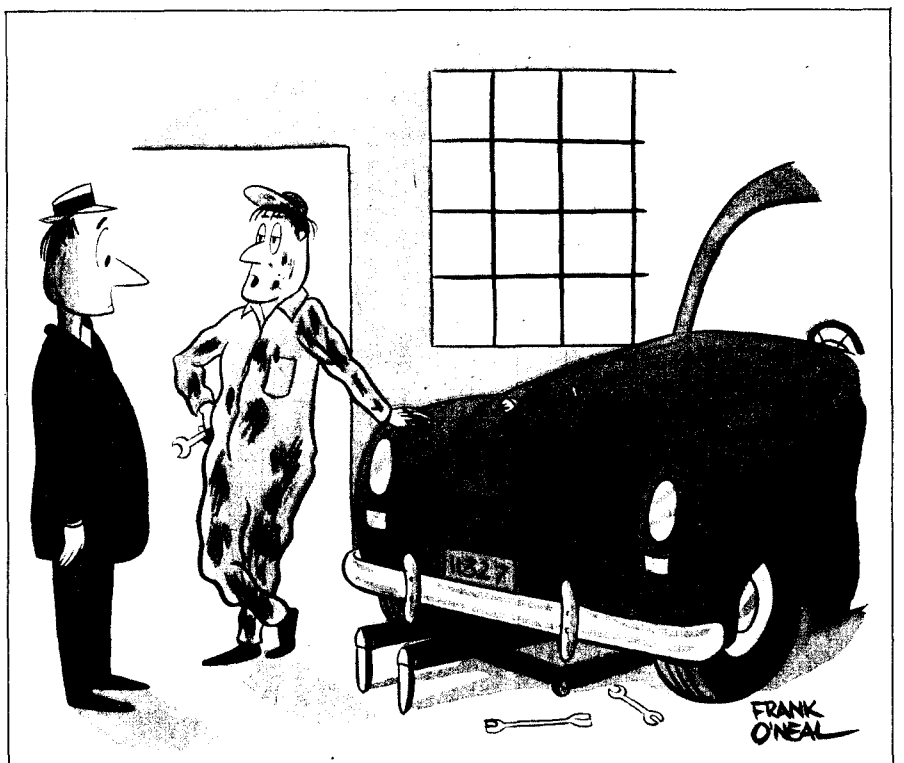
"A kind of freight. I happen to know the engineer," Don added proudly. "Friend of mine."

"What time is it due?"

"I don't know for sure, but gee, it ought to be coming by any minute now. Sometime in the early afternoon, I mean."

"A fast freight?"

"No, not fast at all, along here. Because it slows down for Arcadia. Why, mister? You want to catch a ride?"



COLLIER'S **"The 'labor' will run a little higher than we estimated. He hasn't moved all morning"** FRANK O'NEAL

The man gave him a look. "None of your business. Understand?"

Don nodded obligingly. He understood, all right, but he was careful not to let the man know how well. Privately, he thought it was foolish for the man to get cross, because really he was playing as much of a game as Don was. The man was playing that he wasn't a convict and Don was playing that the man was getting away with it.

"I know it's none of my business," Don said, "but I just thought of something. Look, mister, if you really want to catch a ride on that freight, maybe I could stop it for you—or at least make it slow down."

The man eyed him with menacing suspicion. "How?"

"Well, I told you I know the engineer."

"What good is that to me?"

"Well, if I didn't know him, how could I stop the train?"

The man stared at him searchingly. "Listen, kid. Are you on the level?"

"Of course I'm on the level," Don said, deeply shocked. "I cross my heart and hope to die! Gee, didn't I give you my peanut-butter sandwiches? Didn't I tell you I like tramps? Isn't my uncle one, my own uncle? Besides, I'm a Boy Scout, and the creed of every scout is to do at least one good turn every day. Don't you know that? It's our sacred creed"—and Don put up his hand in the sign of the oath and swore on his honor as a Boy Scout of America that he would be able to stop the train long enough for the man to climb onto one of the freight cars and get a ride. And Don privately reassured his troubling conscience that he was telling the truth, except that he hadn't told the man the rest of what he had in mind. But was that lying, was that violating the oath? No, it was just keeping some of the truth to himself.

And then, while the man sat there turning it over in his mind and the two of them looked at each other—at that very moment Don began to feel the approaching train. At first it was so slight that it could scarcely be noticed, merely the first faint jarrings and vibrations, but it was Mr. Colvin's train, all right. It must have been still a mile off, because Don couldn't hear it yet, but he could certainly feel it; and after another second, he noticed that the man could, too. He looked at Don quickly, and there was an odd expression in his eyes, like fear or excitement or maybe just indecision. He frowned, his mouth worked, and he half got to his feet. Then he sat back again, his hand close beside his hip in the dirt, and fixed his eyes on Don.

Don sprang up. "Come on!" he said, as the vibration began to jar the whole tunnel. "There's the train now! Hurry up!"

"Don't you leave!" the man suddenly snarled. "Sit down!"

But Don was already ten or twelve feet off, on the run to the mouth of the culvert and the curving tile walls of the tunnel were ringing with the rumble and grind of the oncoming locomotive.

Just as he ran out into the sunlight, he yelled back, "Don't forget your knife!" and beat it up the bank.

When he got to the top, he ran down the tracks ahead of the train, in the same direction, far enough ahead so that the man in the culvert could climb onto the freight somewhere along about the middle. Then he stopped, turned, and began to wave his arms at Mr. Colvin in his cab.

"Now look here, boy," Mr. Colvin said sternly as he helped him up, "you shouldn't have done that. For me to stop and pick you up is one thing, but when you ask for it, in play-like, it's a horse of a different color." But when he heard the news—when he learned how, at that very moment, the convict would be climbing on and hiding himself away in a coal car or a boxcar—Mr. Colvin got as excited as Don had been.

On the right, the park and grounds of the asylum flowed by as the train began to slow down for Arcadia, and there were the girls again, in long procession, moving slowly along the walks—now merely part of the world seen from the cab window of an engine, yet living in their own world, too. And Don couldn't help thinking that no matter what dreams stirred in their crazy minds, they couldn't be any crazier than what was happening to him—to him and to the man hiding in a boxcar farther back.

When he thought of this, his heart sank. As they got closer and closer to Arcadia, he began unaccountably to feel funny inside, almost sorry, though he knew it was silly of him, silly and ungrown-up. He tried to think of the news item in the paper, and his picture, maybe, and maybe even a medal from the Chamber of Commerce or the Rotary or the Boy Scouts of America, but somehow he wished it hadn't happened; he couldn't help thinking of that sad face back in the culvert—their culvert, now—the sad, lonely look that showed that the man didn't have a friend in the world; and he hoped that he wouldn't have to face the man at the station. He couldn't do that, not for anything; all the pictures in the paper and all the medals in the world couldn't make him look the man in the eye again. . . .

Mr. Colvin was out of the cab before Don was and rushing across the platform. Mr. Brink, the stationmaster, got on the phone at once, and without even giving a number, just told Central, in an excited voice, "Say, Betty! Get me Chief LaPointe quick!" And in less than three minutes Chief LaPointe drove up with Mr. Driscoll and Mr. Scofield, who sometimes helped out and called themselves sergeants. Chief LaPointe and the others got out their guns and handcuffs and cautiously started back along the train toward the caboose, pounding on each sliding door and hollering, "Come on out of there, you, or we'll shoot!"

Don stayed in the station, where a small crowd had begun to gather. In the center of the room was a potbellied stove, and Don studied it with great concentration, examining the little isinglass window and the wider opening at the bottom for clinkers; it was stone cold now, and some kids had written their names on it with chalk.

THEN Chief LaPointe and the others came in, beaming from ear to ear, and in their midst, handcuffed to Mr. Driscoll on one side and Mr. Scofield on the other, his mouth clamped so tight that the lips showed gray and his small eyes staring straight ahead in lonely hatred, was Don's friend of the culvert.

"Well, boy," Mr. Colvin said, "it's a great day for you, all right, all right," and Chief LaPointe grinned at him and then at the others and said in a loud voice. "Guess I'll have to put Don on the force," and everybody laughed.

Helplessly, Don stole a glance at the prisoner, but the man didn't look at him at all; it was almost as though he was not surprised, expected nothing different, had never believed Don in the first place. Don looked hard at the engineer, then, and tried to smile. If he kept his eyes on Mr. Colvin, he wouldn't have to look at anybody else; and at that moment he didn't feel like looking at Chief LaPointe any more than at the man in handcuffs.

Well, the thing to do was to try to pretend that it was all right. It was the first time in his life that he had ever played anybody a dirty trick; it was a break with all he had ever been or believed before, but the odd thing was that it seemed to be the right thing to do. Everybody thought it was great, and maybe, in time, he'd think so too. Given a little more time, maybe he'd look at it differently, like the others; maybe he'd learn to feel happy about it, and not mind it, like the men were doing now. Anyhow, he tried to look happy and to feel happy, because it seemed the grown-up thing to do. After all, hadn't he caught a dangerous man, a convict—a menace to society, as Chief LaPointe was saying right this minute? And at the thought of this, dim feelings of pride stirred in him, and he began to look forward to the papers. THE END

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Working for Woodrow Wilson

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

bodies fell sick from conflicting policies and ambitions, the administration had several standard cures: changing the membership or name, appointing another board with the same powers as the ailing one, or setting up a new "co-ordinator." None of these bodies was complete without a resurrected colonel of the Spanish-American War. And many of the civilian members were in uniform as high in rank as the wearer could exact. These men were easily distinguishable from real Army officers by their attempts to salute. In full session, with all their papers in front of them, they were truly impressive.

The Food Administration for months stood alone as the only war agency encumbered by neither bells nor costume jewelry. Many good men worked in the other establishments. I spent much time listening while they wept over the hopeless setups in their organizations. Democracy has to learn all its lessons with tears—or laughter.

Eventually the other boards and commissions fell, one by one, into inevitable disputes and muddled actions, and we moved into an era of single-headed administrations, to whose chiefs, some of them newly appointed, the President gave full powers.

War Agencies Cause Jealousy

Among our troubles were the old prewar departments, which were jealous of the mushroom war agencies, and panted for publicity. Daily, one saw a department grab a piece of war work and run to the press with the glad tidings. But after the prize faded from the front page, usually some upstart war organization had to take it on.

Every European government in the war had found it necessary to create a limited War Council to direct affairs. In February, 1918, Dr. H. A. Garfield, the Fuel Administrator, and I presented the President with a memorandum urging such an organization in Washington.

It was also suggested by Bernard Baruch of the War Industries Board. The organization, later called the "War Council," comprised the heads of the regular departments dealing with war questions—State, War, Navy and Treasury—and the now authoritative heads of the Munitions, Food, Fuel, Shipping, Railways and War Trade Administrations. The President called the first meeting on March 20, 1918, and we met regularly with him thereafter.

I was constantly sorry for the President's having to spend so much time listening to arguments in the council while we developed agreement on matters of conflict. But it served to educate him, and his ability to make final decisions on the spot greatly expedited the whole war effort.

In time the quality of men in leading war posts was of a very high order. Secretary of War Newton D. Baker was modest and courageous and left a name high in the annals of American public service. Bernard Baruch possessed a fine mind, fine probity of character, and an ability to listen patiently to complicated discussions and in the end produce a successful solution of the problem; it seemed to be almost a sixth sense. One of the notable men developed during the period was George Creel, who headed Public Information not only with ability but with integrity rare in propaganda agencies. Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, an honest and considerate man, had no great abilities as an administrator, but the admirals did that for him.

It was during this period also that I had my first meeting with Daniels' Assistant Secretary, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

From the start of the Food Administration we knew that our ultimate success would depend upon the co-operation of the farmer as well as of the consumer. The prospective food needs of the Allies and neutrals were more than triple what our prewar yearly export surplus had been.

To stimulate production, we decided to maintain incentive prices on critical farm products, such as breadstuffs, meats and fats, and to reduce the farmer's risks by giving him guarantees for a period long enough ahead to allow him to market his production.

At my request, Secretary of Agriculture David Houston selected for us an agricultural advisory committee, popularly known as the "Farmers War Committee," and I selected for the President's appointment an advisory committee of consumers. Our two committees set a guaranteed price to the farmer of $2.20 per bushel of wheat to extend from crop to crop. By stabilizing wheat we largely stabilized other grain prices.

We also set a guaranteed price of $15.50 (later $17.50) per hundred pounds for hogs to stabilize the prices of meats and fats. This guarantee also helped stabilize the price of other animals and of corn. To stabilize the price of sugar, we ultimately bought the entire American and Cuban crops at prices agreed on with committees of the sugar producers.

Another of our major problems was to eliminate waste and reduce consumption of food. The question arose: Should we put people on ration tickets as we had done in Belgium and as was being done all over Europe, or try a voluntary basis?

I opposed rationing for several reasons. I was well aware that every farmer in the world believed it his family's divine right to consume any of the food he produced. Moreover, he needed no ticket to secure it unless we requisitioned his whole production, as we had done in Belgium.

General requisition, however, was not only the antithesis of American character but a practical impossibility without a hundred thousand bureaucratic snoopers. Therefore, the rationing burden would fall upon the cities alone.

Above all, we knew that although Americans can be led to make great sacrifices, they do not like to be driven. We decided, therefore, to organize farmers, housewives, public eating places and distribution trades on a voluntary basis of self-denial—to conserve as a national service.

We also had to find a method to keep prices down, prevent profiteering and avoid what were later known as black markets.

Due to Allied competition in our markets in the past three years, food prices had risen over 82 per cent. The apparently easy device of fixing "ceiling prices" at retail had been tried in every European country, and there was much demand, particularly from Congress, for its immediate enactment in the United States.

My experience in Europe convinced me that this method utterly failed to restrain prices, and invited waste, black markets and violations.

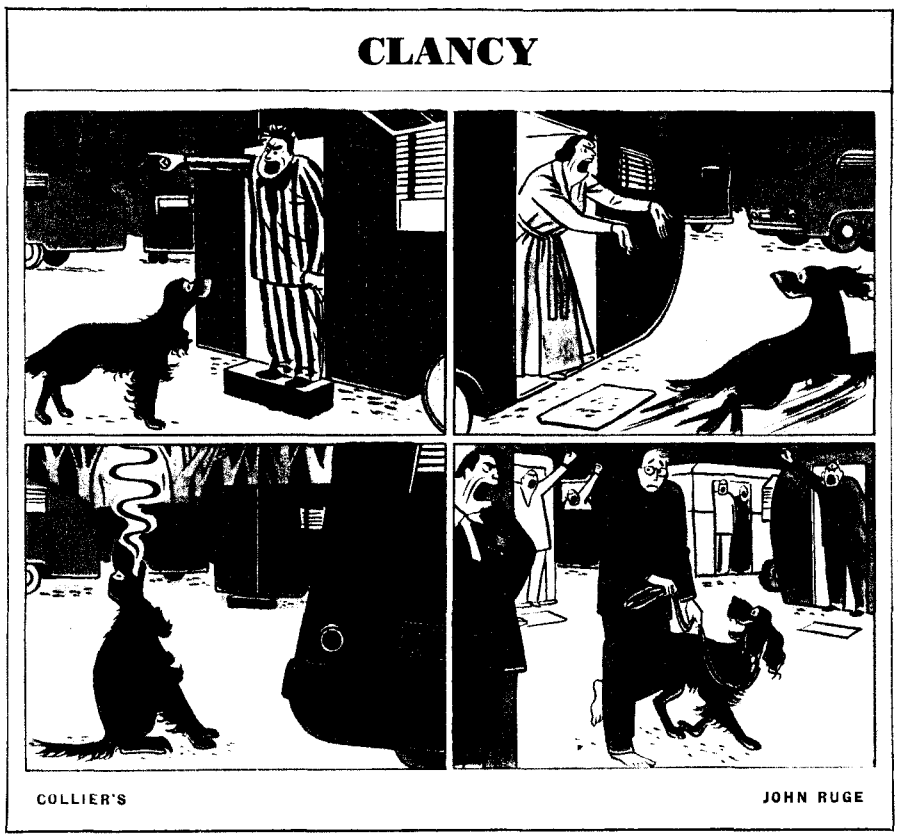
I believed that we should instead adopt a new method of stabilizing prices of the raw materials of food at the market point nearest the farmer by first establishing agreement with farm representatives and then making it effective by controlling the prices paid the farmer by major buyers and processors, and defining the markup which processors and distributors could add. This avoided "ceiling prices" and gave us latitude for constant change.

Inflation presses from a dozen directions in modern war. A rise in prices and wages is an inevitable expression of it. No amount of restraints and controls can be wholly effective. No major country at war has ever been able to do that.

We did roll back some food prices from the levels at which they were before we began. For instance, we rolled back wheat and consequently flour by 30 per cent, and sugar by 15 per cent. We held them steady throughout. But the prices of meats, fats and some other essential commodities did rise. We confined our restraints to staple foods, which were 90 per cent of the national diet. Over all, prices of staples rose at a rate of something less than 1 per cent a month.

That was also the experience of every other major country in the war, and arose from monetary and credit pressures.

To implement price stabilization at the farm level, we got from Congress $150,000,000 working capital with which to buy and sell food, and set up a subsidiary to the Food Administration, the United States Grain Corporation, which had the sole right to purchase wheat in the primary markets, selling in turn to processors and exporters. We also created the Sugar Equalization Board, which bought successively all the sugar crops of the United States, the Philippines and West Indies at prices agreed to by the producers. We sold them to processors and exporters at a fixed price.



It was characteristic of Mr. Wilson's indifference to detail that when I presented him with the sugar plan on a single sheet of paper, he read it, said nothing, initialed it—"Approved W. W."—and handed it back. I suggested that the White House should have a copy, since the plan involved billions of dollars. He grinned and said: "Would that get any more sugar?"

As a third way of stabilizing prices we centralized the purchase of all Army, Navy and Allied food supplies. There had been considerable competition among the Allied and our military buying agencies; they had been hoarding food, producing local famines, and forcing up prices by competing with civilians. We ultimately satisfied the military that by a general pool we could better assure that food stocks would at all times meet Allied needs and permit a priority to the military.

As these supplies passed directly or indirectly through the Food Administration, I determined that we would never be involved in the "embalmed beef" scandals that disgraced the Spanish-American War. The Department of Agriculture conducted its usual inspection of some areas of food manufacture. But to be doubly sure, I extended our own inspection service into every important item of military and domestic food, covering the whole food processing field. We never had a complaint. American soldiers and sailors were the best fed in the world.

To organize restraints on those who would not co-operate in our price and distribution controls, we called meetings of the different trade groups concerned. At our request they appointed their own war committees of five or seven men on whom they could rely and with whom we could work.

Trade Committees Reassured

We told them that, while we would need their co-operation in measures which would alter usual commercial practices, we were determined so to organize those measures that when the war was over they could be dissolved without lasting changes in the trades.

We assured them that our purpose was to win a war, not bring about social or economic reforms.

I obtained a ruling from the Attorney General that so long as these "War Committees" were carrying out our wishes, any collective action by them would not be regarded as a violation of the antitrust laws.

Our state and local Food Administrations and our Washington enforcement division kept check on violations, but our prime purpose was to make the trades themselves responsible and to avoid a huge Peeping Tom bureaucracy. These trade committees were at times even more severe on evil persons than we would have been. Often we had to intervene to soften their stern measures, which would have put a violator out of business for the duration.

Out of our enforcement activities came an attack on me in the Senate by James Reed of Missouri. One of his charges was that I and others had grafted from Belgian Relief. John White, one of my associates in the Relief, smashed out a reply, pointing out that we had had an independent firm of auditors keep the money and the accounts. He further quoted from the minutes of our first Belgian Relief meeting: "Some swine someday will charge us with graft." White opined that the swine had now appeared.

The senator then turned his hose of slime on poor John. Among other things he declared that John was an Englishman. In rebuttal, John assembled his ancestral heritage over seven generations, and proved he was more solidly rooted in America than was Reed.

My first intimate contact with a legislative body came when the Food Administra-

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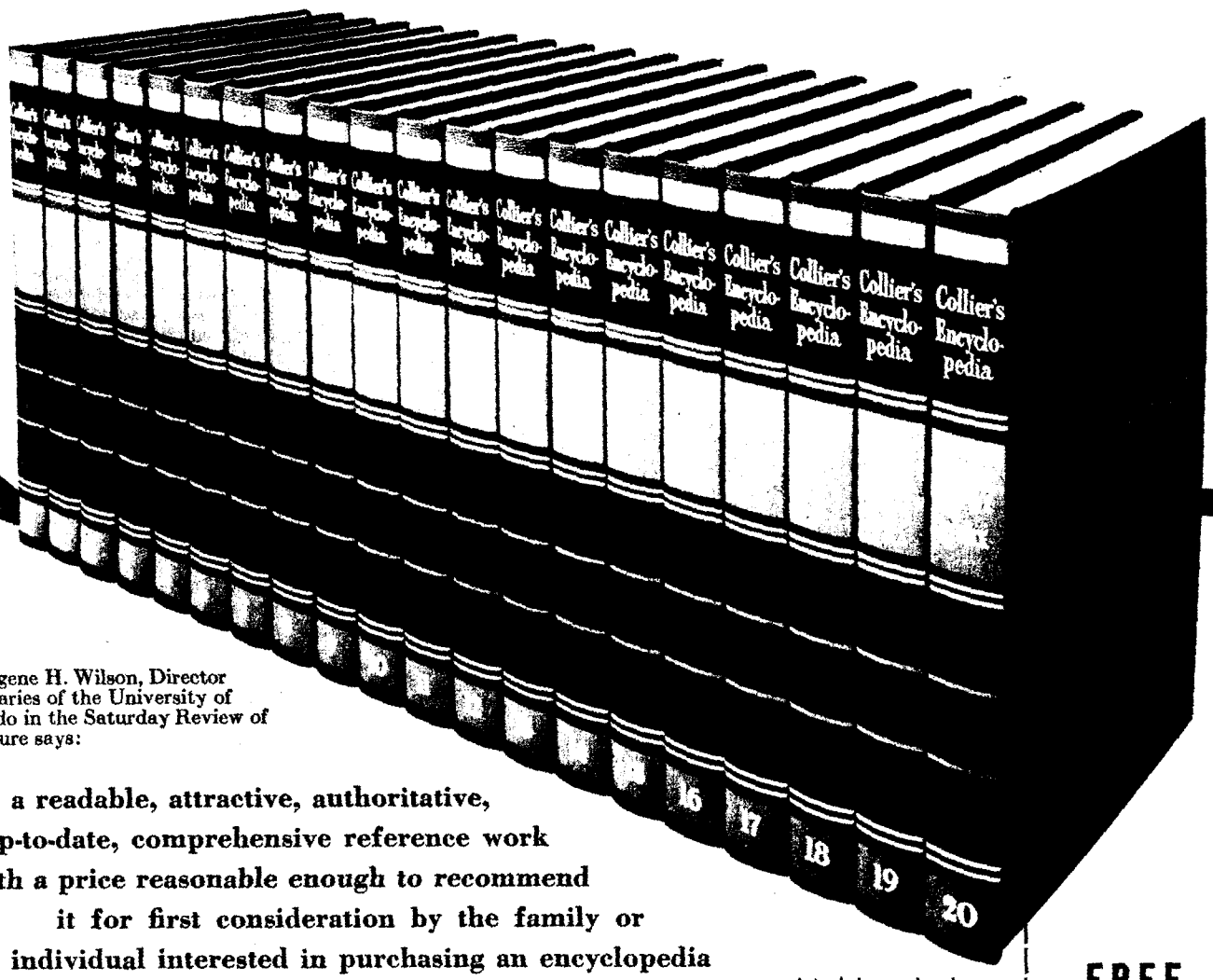

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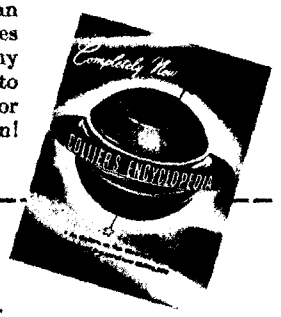

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tion had to decide how much legal power we would need from Congress should our system of voluntary controls break down at any point. The bare idea of anybody's interfering with the food rights of the people —especially in a land overflowing with milk and honey—came as a shock to many congressmen. I spent a vast amount of time and breath on individuals and committees of both Houses, making clear the need of action and the methods we proposed.

I learned that even in such an august institution as Congress there was the same minority of malicious and dumb as in the rest of the world, and their opportunity was greater.

Finally we nursed through our legislation. It included the power to give guarantees to the farmers, suspend exchange trading if necessary to prevent speculation and hoarding, fix trade margins, eliminate waste in manufacture and distribution, organize the food trades and enable us to buy and sell food where needed to supply the armed services and safeguard our guarantees to the farmers.

As a matter of fact, we seldom used the punitive powers in this legislation. I had asked Congress for the power to enforce by way of court fines for misdemeanors. But Congress decided for constitutional reasons that this could not be done, and that the only alternative was to license every food handler. The penalty for violators was cancellation of the license. This put a dealer out of business for the duration and would likely destroy his livelihood for long after. The penalty was too great.

We applied this measure in only a few cases of sheer repeated malice—but those instances amounted to less than a dozen. Of some 8,000 reported violations, most were mistakes, the result of ignorance; or mild offenses. Our legal staff left the violators alone if they made some public expression of contrition by selling some food at nominal prices to the Army, Navy or Grain Corporation or by making a contribution to the Red Cross and other charities.

Urging an Excess-Profits Law

To prevent excessive profits by low-cost manufacturers of food and other war supplies, I urged upon President Wilson the need for broad tax action by Congress. He asked Senator Furnifold Simmons to go into the matter with me with a view to proper legislation. I gave the senator a memorandum which seemed to carry conviction, for an excess-profits law was enacted—an idea then new in the United States.

Another major policy we had to fix was the methods to apply to encouraging food conservation and the elimination of waste. We had the legal power to eliminate waste in processing and to prevent vicious hoarding. From these powers we stipulated the percentage of wheat to be milled into cattle feed and made some requirements as to milk, the use of sugar, and the amount of grain to be used in beer. We abolished the use of grain in distilled liquor. (There were stocks of hard liquor ample for an abstemious population for years to come.)

We decided to rely mainly on voluntary co-operation to stop individual waste and conserve food. Our major technique—bolstered by a vast public-information campaign of posters, moving pictures, billboards, appeals from the pulpit and so on —was to enlist housewives, public eating places, processors, wholesalers and retailers as "members" of the Food Administration. We gave each a certificate and asked each to sign a pledge to follow the rules. Each received a button and a card to put in the window, indicating membership. Some 20,000,000 persons signed up—probably two thirds of the nation's responsible adults.

We found in the American people exactly what we expected—a wealth of co-operation. Saving food became a sort of game. Parents took advantage of it to impose on their children the disciplines which had been the griefs of their own youth—and blamed it on me.

A magnificent response met our campaigns for such ideas as wheatless and meatless days; for no second helpings or four-o'clock teas; for the use of one instead of two lumps of sugar and of substitutes for white bread. The custom of refreshments at parties and dances was eschewed; restaurants, among other measures, served only a thin pat of butter per person and only one kind of meat.

Food conservation also brought new evidence of America's saving grace of humor in critical situations, with an abundance of jokes, some at the expense of the Food Administrator himself. The Biblical "handwriting on the wall" was interpreted as "Hoover's warning to Belshazzar to cut out the feast business," and Jonah's release from the stomach of the whale as an effort by the whale to "help Hoover."

There was also in circulation a recipe for a "Hoover sandwich," made "by putting a very thin slice of meatless Tuesday between a slender piece of wheatless Monday and a still more slender piece of wheatless Wednesday." The postscript was, "This idea is not entirely new, as sandwiches quite similar have been sold at the baseball parks for many years."

The word "Hooverize" came into the dictionaries. It covered a multitude of food-economizing activities, all adding up to the "gospel of the clean plate." The avoidance of waste was so faithfully pursued that some large garbage-collection agencies went out of business.

Sometimes the public did too much. In one emergency I asked for a special saving of fats and butter. The people saved so much that we overflooded the Allies, and the trades were demoralized. I had to retreat.

There were, indeed, great woes, trials and disappointments in the work of the Food Administration, usually known only to us on the inside. But we did the job, and avoided rationing, retail price fixing, black markets, local shortages and the other pitfalls into which Europe had fallen.

European food controllers and ministers, with their drastic measures of compulsion, had always been the most unpopular of war officials.

I told reporters on one occasion that not one of these officials had lasted in office more than nine months and that I expected nothing better. But I weathered the storms of the whole war.

During late 1917 and early 1918, the Allies were in a turmoil of indecision on major military strategy—the resolving of which also vitally affected the food problem. The question was, should we send a large American Army to Europe? In the war's early stages the British and French had opposed a large American Army, believing they could handle the situation with the aid of our fleet, our air and some special services, together with ample food and munitions.

General Pershing did not believe we could quickly end the war without large ground troops, and was insistent that they be sent. But this could not be done without assurance that the Army could obtain British and French ships for transport and supply.

This in turn would require that British and French stop using their ships to maintain their foreign trade, and of even greater significance, it necessitated relieving them of the long voyages their ships were making to the Southern Hemisphere and the Indies for food supplies.

Thus, the only possible solution of the shipping shortage was for the Allies to depend on the short journey to ourselves and Canada as sources of supply, and to sacrifice their foreign trade. They greatly feared that we could not produce ample supplies. There was some reason for this trepidation in view of our prewar record of exports and our two partial crop failures in 1916 and 1917.

I had repeatedly advised President Wilson, Colonel House and General Pershing that unless the British and French followed these lines and depended on North America for food, it would be dangerous to undertake sending a huge army to Europe. I expressed confidence that we could furnish the food needed by the Allies from even our meager 1917 production, and that we would greatly increase our surplus by our expansion of the 1918 crops. The British, however, would not accept our assurances about food, and on October 11, 1917, stiffly notified us that they would furnish no tonnage to transport American troops.

But events intervened to shift the British point of view. The Germans aided in Bolshevizing Russia. Then, concentrating their armies released from the Eastern Front, in late March, 1918, they smashed the British Fifth Army on the Western Front. Among the minor results was the loss of 100,000 tons of food. By extra exertion we replaced it within a few days. But the major result was the British and French realization that the large American Expeditionary Force on which General Pershing had insisted was necessary.

At that time we had fewer than 200,000 men in uniform in the European theater. Seven months later we had 2,000,000 men in France. The Food Administration's steady performance in producing large food shipments from a statistically empty barrel played a vital part. For my contribution to this strategy General Pershing later inscribed a note to me which I may be permitted the vanity of reproducing:

"For Herbert Hoover, whose contribution to the success of the Allied cause can hardly be overestimated."

This whole episode was later to have repercussions during World War II, when I protested that men were being drawn from the farms faster than they could be trained or transported abroad—at unnecessary danger to our food production.

An Inspired Smear Speech

The Roosevelt administration had Senator Theodore F. Green of Rhode Island make a smear speech, saying I had opposed sending an army to Europe in 1917. His text was founded on some sentences out of context and only partially representing several discussions I had had with Colonel House about the dangers of sending large armies to Europe unless the British and French withdrew their shipping from foreign trade, and unless reliance was placed on the short haul from North America for food instead of upon the long voyages to the Indies and the Southern Hemisphere.

Another major strategy of the first war was to lower enemy morale by reducing his food supply. I myself did not believe in the food blockade. I did not believe it the effective weapon of which the Allies were so confident. Above all, I did not believe that stunted bodies and deformed minds in the next generation were secure foundations on which to rebuild civilization.

The facts were that soldiers, government officials, munitions workers and farmers in enemy countries were always fed; that the impact of blockade was on the weak and the women and children. I insisted that the war would not be won by the food blockade but by the blockade on military supplies, and by military action. There were Englishmen who agreed with me.

I knew well enough that such revolutionary ideas would not prevail when we went into the war. Nevertheless, I presented a plan to President Wilson by which we could, through the neutral countries and without essentially weakening our war effort, provide supplementary food, under proper neutral supervision, to German children and weaker women through soup kitchens and school feeding. The President was sympathetic, but the Allies would not hear of such a thing.

Another subject of dissension among the Allies was the question of what should be done about Bolshevist Russia. Mr. Wilson, knowing of my prewar engineering experience in Russia, asked my views on an Allied proposal to ask Japan to move into Siberia. I told him that in view of Russian hatred of the Japanese such a move would consolidate many Russian elements behind Lenin and Trotzky. However, Mr. Wilson yielded—though reluctantly—to British and French pressure, and as a compromise decided to send American troops in order not to give the Japanese a monopoly. The whole business proved futile and disastrous.

Out of these discussions with Mr. Wilson came a plan by Colonel House, in June, 1918, for me to head some sort of food mission to Bolshevist Russia to tell them how to relieve their famine, restore their agriculture and reorganize their food distribution. I informed the President that I

KENNESAW

"Them government engineers say not to worry, Kennesaw. They just changed the course of the river until they kin get the dam built"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

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would serve anywhere, any time, but that to send an army to attack the Bolshevists' Eastern Front while extending kindness on their Western Front was not quite logical.

I added that in any event our ideas of industrial organization would scarcely fit into the philosophy of Messrs. Lenin and Trotzky, even if they did not utterly reject the plan as an Allied Trojan horse. I heard nothing more of the matter.

Probably my lowest spiritual point in the war came with news of the German breakthrough on the British front in March, 1918. I pored with daily anxiety over our statistics on food conservation and the Agriculture Department's special information to me on the progress of our expanded farm production.

With the summer of 1918, relief came in the form of an abundant crop and the enormous savings of a spiritually mobilized America. Our main problem now was one of ships. On July 11, 1918, I sailed on the Olympic for London and Paris to confer with the prime ministers and food controllers of Britain, France and Italy, together with their military authorities.

The Olympic was then a troopship carrying 6,000 American soldiers a trip. The precautions against submarines manifested themselves in requirements to wear an uncomfortable life belt all day and to have no lights. We sat 13 at table every meal; at least 15 years afterward when I last checked up, all my tablemates were still alive.

In Europe we promptly set up the Interallied Food Council, of which I served as chairman while in Europe. We instituted a resurvey of British, French, Italian, Belgian and neutral food needs for the coming year, the sources of available food supply and the shipping available to transport it. Our minimum estimate for the Allied civilians for the next 12 months was 2,000,000 tons a month of food, clothing and medical imports. I believed that together with the Canadians we could do it if we had the ships.

But here General Pershing intervened. He had determined on a general attack on the Western Front for September, and concluded that we could not have more than 1,200,000 tons of shipping per month for the next four months. Worse, however, when the general got into battle, our shipping space was cut to 700,000 tons per month. He was confident, but had he failed we would have had a debacle, for we were, by consuming European crops, creating a vacuum for the next spring.

I could only reflect that the military would learn something very sad indeed about the morale and conduct of civilian populations short of food if the fall attack failed. I had a sinking feeling that food might lose the war, instead of, as all our posters proclaimed, "Food Will Win the War."

Our salvation came from a quarter we had hardly dared consider: the American military victories followed by the Armistice in November, 1918.

A few statistics will illustrate the success of the Food Administration's total effort.

In the prewar crop year of 1914, our farmers harvested 314,432,000 acres of the 17 principal ground crops. In the crop year 1919, they harvested 342,588,000—an increase of more than 28,000,000 acres. Our net exports of food and feed, during the three years before the war, averaged 6,354,500 tons a year. In the fiscal year 1918-'19 the total was 18,603,300.

The Food Administration was about the only government agency never investigated by Congress. It was never charged with malfeasance at any time, although we handled transactions of over $7,000,000,000.

Its entire administrative expenditure, including the erection of temporary buildings and also including the total overhead of the relief and rehabilitation of Europe which I was to direct after the Armistice, amounted to $7,862,669. Congress had given us a working capital of $150,000,000. The Grain and Sugar Corporations set up in connection with the Food Administration returned this entire capital to the Treasury, plus more than $60,000,000 in profits. Thus the Food Administration, as well as the administering of European reconstruction, cost the American government $50,000,000 less than nothing.

The Armistice sent Mr. Hoover back to Europe, where he saw at firsthand the intrigues behind the Versailles peacemaking and took on the giant job of relief and rehabilitation of some 350,000,000 people in chaotic Europe. Read his exciting account of these experiences in next week's issue of Collier's. Order your copy today

The AFL Will Absorb the CIO When . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

certain the American Federation of Labor will be the surviving name. The AFL has the larger membership. It has seniority. It is the real parent of the American labor movement, and it is hard to see how anyone could argue, with reason, that it should give way on this point.

Certainly, as the CIO men must know, there would be no cause to interpret unification as a failure on their part. It will be merely an evolutionary development for the common good of all workers.

The welfare benefits, the present high wage levels and other CIO accomplishments in steel, automobiles, rubber and other industries will forever be an important and stimulating part of the history of the American laborer's rise to the choicest position any laborer has ever enjoyed, anywhere in the world. Only 20 years ago, a worker who entered any one of scores of big plants with a union button visible would soon have lost his job. Today that button is a shield of which he is proud, and which his employer respects. All this, and much more, is due in considerable degree to the hard driving of the CIO.

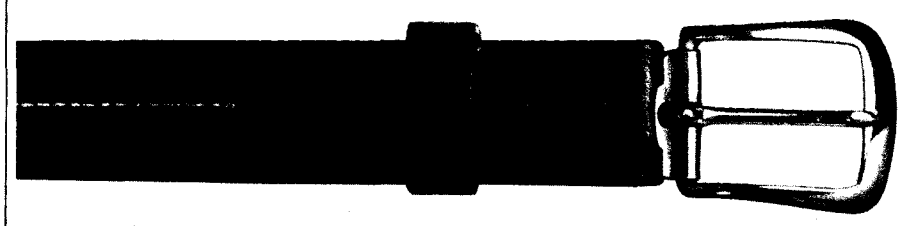
The independent United Mine Workers also seem certain to be an integral part of any unification move. Despite the wistful belief of a few followers that John L. Lewis is here to stay, there is reasonable ground to assume that this ponderous fellow will someday go the way of all flesh, with a magnificent snort, and an appropriate quotation from classical literature.

When this happens, there will be no reason for the continued isolation of the UMW. This union, once a part of the CIO, and twice associated with the AFL, is unaffiliated today for the single reason that Lewis can't get along with anybody.

The unified labor movement will be an aggregation of proud and powerful union presidents, each something of a monarch in his own jurisdiction, like a collection of Indian princes. The man who heads this movement will be the representative and spokesman of these union presidents, not their boss.

That leader, or spokesman, will have certain characteristics for the job. He will be personable, he will be militant, he will be articulate, and he will have the regard of most of the presidents of the big unions in the over-all organization. But he will *not* himself be the leader of a mass organization, in the sense that Murray and Green are now.

The man who best meets these qualifications is George Meany, the secretary-treasurer of the AFL, whose steady growth as a spokesman for labor since 1939, when he was elected to his present job, has made him



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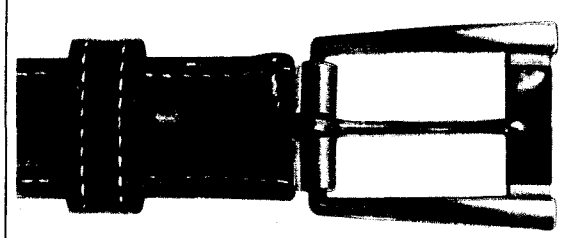

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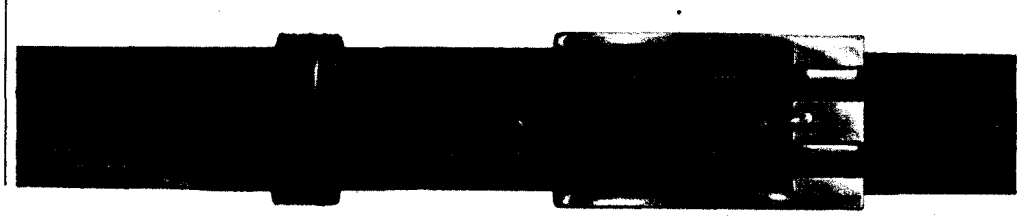

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a natural candidate for the presidency of the organization.

By AFL standards, the fifty-seven-year-old Meany belongs to the younger school. In the overly long apprenticeship that the labor movement seems to impose on its young men, Meany has won the respect not only of the ancients who presently dominate the executive council of the AFL, but of the men who will inherit their mantles.

Meany is a former New York City plumber who has been away from his kit since 1922, when he was elected business agent of Plumbers Local 463. He became president of the New York State Federation of Labor in 1934, and served in that capacity for five years, until his election to his national job in the AFL. Meany has been eating high on the hog for many a year, but he still manages to look, talk and think like an authentic representative of the workers.

In the past couple of years, Meany has won many friends in the CIO, whose leaders would probably be happy to accept him as the head of a united labor movement. The AFL secretary over the years has avoided any personal participation in the bitter factionalism of the civil war between the AFL and the CIO. Meany fitted into the picture quite naturally when the once implacable enemies began gingerly to work together in the field of politics, government liaison and international affairs.

Indeed, one CIO leader, with grudging admiration, remarked during the United Labor Policy Committee's fight for a bigger voice in the defense economy this year that "Meany was the biggest radical of the bunch." Other CIO union presidents reflected the same kind of respect for the aggressive manner in which Meany presented the thesis that the economic mobilizers appointed by President Truman were planning to set up price controls full of loopholes, while clamping on wage controls that were watertight.

Since the start of World War II, Meany has developed strongly as a leader in international affairs, an area which has become highly important to organized labor in a world polarized between Communism and democracy.

Boycott for Communist Unions

Along with other AFL leaders, Meany held as long ago as 1945 that the oil of Red totalitarianism and the water of democracy would not mix. While working for the restoration of free trade-unionism in Germany, they boycotted the World Federation of Trade Unions, in which the CIO and the British trade-unions spent a few unhappy years before concluding that it was impossible to work with the "company unions" of Soviet Russia and its satellites.

The withdrawal of the CIO and the British unions from the WFTU in 1949 opened the way for the creation of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, into which the AFL stepped with a justified sense of vindication. Meany, an AFL representative in all activities of this international group, has become one of the best spokesmen of the cause of free trade-unionism, in every corner of the world where workers still may listen to the evidence of what happens to unions under a Communist regime.

Whether it is Meany or some dark horse who assumes the leadership of the united labor movement of the future, he will be surrounded by strong young voices. Some of the presidents of the constituent unions will loom larger on the horizon at times than the president of the total organization.

No organization conceivable would be large enough to diminish the stature of Walter Reuther of the Auto Workers, for example.

A good many labor leaders, even among his own brothers in the CIO, dislike Reuther heartily. They think he is overly slick, ambitious and opportunistic. But whatever his critics might say about him, they cannot dodge the impressive truth that this dynamic, forty-four-year-old redhead

Edwin A. Lahey, a native Chicagoan, is rated as one of the nation's top labor reporters. For a time, he was with the Associated Press, but for some years he has been on the Washington staff of the Chicago Daily News and other Knight newspapers

came to the top and consolidated his power in the most democratic union in the world.

Delegates to the UAW conventions come right out of the factories, and they take personal pride in making things tough for their leadership. Yet they have responded with increasing admiration to the militant leadership, the superior mental equipment, of Reuther. They elected him president in 1946, and then gave him a hostile executive board. They corrected this matter in the following year, so that Reuther was surrounded by friends. The members have shown no tendency to regret their decision. Reuther's only serious opposition in the union ranks comes from a few spots where Communists still can be heard.

The remarkable part about Reuther is that he has risen to the top without being "one of the boys." He went to work as an apprentice tool- and diemaker in Wheeling, West Virginia, as a kid of sixteen, and has always had to make it the hard way. But Walter has never been able to shatter the invisible fence that separates him from the typical crowd of working stiffs. Many years ago, he visited a hotel room in Detroit where a group of men were doing some serious drinking. At their insistence, Walter agreed to take a drink. His choice was a pineapple soda with chocolate ice cream. Room Service in the Fort Shelby Hotel was completely demoralized that day.

But there is no one to challenge the fact that Reuther's native abilities make him stand out in the field of labor like a diamond on a bartender's vest. One suspects that John L. Lewis' own fierce hatred for Reuther springs from an elderly desire to be a little like Reuther himself.

Reuther probably will be the most influential individual in any unified labor movement, for two reasons: because of his intellectual equipment, and because his own union is one of the largest in the world. Even a less adept leader than Reuther, speaking in the name of a million or more Auto Workers, would have influence. Assuming the unified organization had an Industrial Union Department, Reuther would probably head it (as well as his own union); he would thus become a powerful gadfly to prevent any lapsing into complacency or conservatism by the over-all outfit. With Reuther around, there just isn't going to be any contented laziness in a unified labor organization.

There are two other unions in the million-member class—the AFL Teamsters and the CIO Steelworkers—whose future leaders will exert power in the councils of a united labor movement.

Dave Beck, who seems destined to succeed the elderly Dan Tobin as president of the Teamsters, has already established his leadership as the boss of the truckers west of the Rockies. He's a substantial citizen in his own territory (a regent of the University of Washington, among other things) and a demon for organizing anything remotely connected with the trucking industry, including warehousemen and filling-station operators.

Beck, who is fifty-seven years old, with pink face and thinning blond hair, does not make a strong impression on people who meet him, but in his own quiet and undramatic way, he has power and direction.

First Job Was in a Laundry

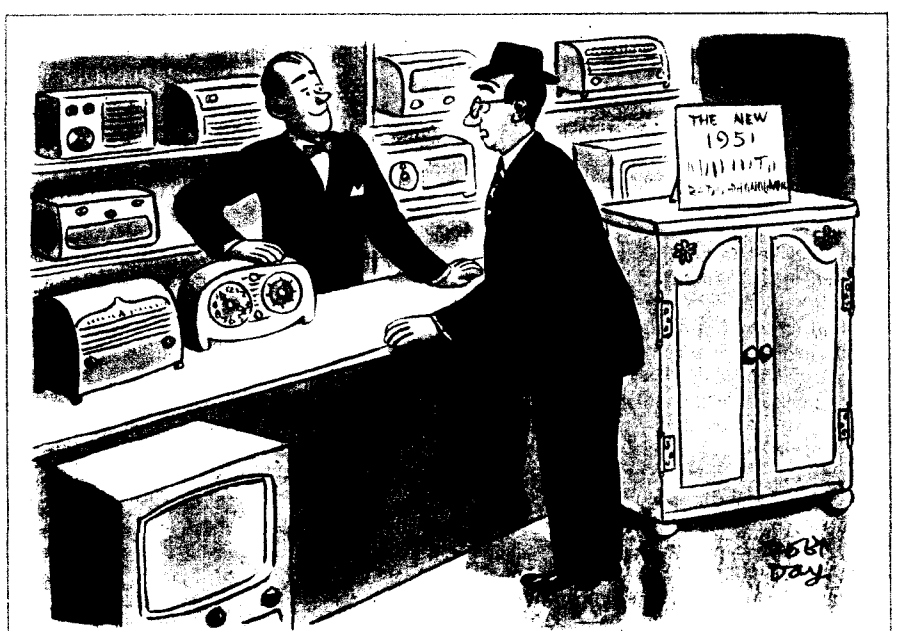
The West Coast teamsters' boss was born of poor parents. At sixteen, he went to work in the same Seattle laundry where his mother worked; after his aviation service in World War I, Beck went back to the laundry as a wagon driver. His interest in unionism took hold early. In 1926 he became an international organizer for the Teamsters' union, and he has been making his presence on the West Coast felt ever since.

Beck's objective has been not only to organize every man who drives a truck, but to organize small independent businessmen and the workers in the distributive trades. In 1937 he became president of the Western Conference of Teamsters, a subdivision of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, thus bringing under his wing all activities of the present union west of the Rockies.

Beck and his wife live a quiet life in a little Seattle home they purchased while he was still driving the laundry wagon. He is regarded as a conservative in politics; the American Medical Association thought him sound enough to address its national convention in Atlantic City recently.

Dave McDonald, the secretary-treasurer of the Steelworkers and the probable successor to Phil Murray as president of that union, is a handsome, personable, friendly, pipe-smoking ruminant. Since any officer of the Steelworkers is necessarily overshadowed by Murray, McDonald's qualities of leadership have not yet been tested under fire. But he has been well tutored and must become an important voice in labor if his future leadership of the Steelworkers is consolidated.

McDonald, now forty-eight, the son of a steel-millworker, was graduated from the Carnegie Institute of Technology night school, and became secretary to Murray



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"It's awfully nice of you. My wife always falls asleep when I try out my office pep talks on her"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

when the latter was vice-president of the Mine Workers. He was named secretary-treasurer of the Steelworkers when they organized in 1936, and is now serving as special assistant to Economic Stabilizer Eric Johnston, representing labor in the defense mobilization program in Washington.

The labor woods are full of young and middle-aged men in both the CIO and the AFL who have the makings of aggressive and constructive leaders, but who have remained out of the public eye in the past because of the peculiar tendency of the labor movement toward oligarchic stratification.

In Joe Keenan the AFL has a man of national standing who has been doing important chores for many years. Keenan, who came out of the electrical workers in Chicago, did a memorable job in the World War II War Production Board as Donald Nelson's strong right arm. His capabilities were recognized belatedly by his own people, and he is now doing much to spread some political savvy among AFL union members as director of Labor's League for Political Education. He is also secretary of the AFL's building trades department.

The carpenters' union, one of the larger units of the AFL, probably has a reservoir of potential leadership in its lower strata that no one has ever heard about. This union, with a long history of militancy (it was the first to win the eight-hour day), has for years been stultified under the heavy hand of Big Bill Hutcheson, seventy-seven, its highly conservative and personally wealthy president.

Jim Carey, the slender, neat and still youthful secretary of the CIO, has recently become president of the International Union of Electrical Workers, which grew out of the revolt over the issue of Communism in the old CIO-United Electrical Workers. He will have a chance to test his mettle in the next few years in a two-sided struggle with the electrical manufacturing industry on one hand and his UE antagonists on the other. Now forty, Carey began his rise in union activities as an organizer for the AFL in Philadelphia.

Joe Beirne, the aggressive forty-year-old president of the CIO Communications Workers of America, has also to win his spurs as a leader, as his relatively new union expands its influence in a difficult field, among the employees of the telephone companies affiliated with the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. He was a telephone worker in New Jersey before becoming a national figure in union circles, and his union has approximately 250,000 members.

There are also labor leaders of note in the United Mine Workers, although it is not easy to say which of them will succeed Lewis as union president. In an orderly and free union, Tom Kennedy, the mild-mannered old vice-president, or Johnny Owens, the self-effacing secretary-treasurer, could expect to assume control. But Lewis has ruled this union with a strong hand for many years, and no one knows what pressures have accumulated below.

Like all Mine Workers' officials, both Kennedy and Owens are former coal miners. Kennedy, sixty-three, also knows his way around in politics. He was elected lieutenant governor of Pennsylvania on the Democratic ticket in 1934 when George Earle was elected governor, and served four years. He has been active in the UMW since he was sixteen. Owens also became active in the union in his teens.

These men, and many others, will be around in the labor movement for years, on and off the front pages, fighting intra-union battles from time to time, flying off at tangents once in a while, and generally acting as you'd expect intense, strong men to act when charged up with their own vitality, plus responsibility to their memberships.

Now and then a union may pull out of the over-all organization because of some temporary quarrel, but I believe we will have what in the main is a unified labor organization, maturing in strength and in stability.

It will be a progressive outfit, left of center as measured by conservatives, but not radical. The drive for improvements in the living standards, in security and in other facets of life will continue, unabated and probably with increased strength.

The Communists, in my opinion, never will be able to break into this outfit, even by infiltration. It will be truly American, and potentially a powerful force on the political and economic scene. But it is also likely to assume a commanding position in labor all over the free world—and, inevitably, in those parts of the world where liberty is lacking, and where the example of a free, hard-driving American labor organization will do the most good. THE END

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How Then Applies to Now

"FOR HERBERT HOOVER, whose contribution to the success of the Allied cause can hardly be overestimated."

Those words, which appear on page 70 of this issue of Collier's, were written to and about the man who was head of Belgian Relief in the first World War and, after America's entry into the conflict, this country's Food Administrator. They were written by General John J. Pershing. And the reader of Mr. Hoover's Memoirs of Public Life can scarcely fail to agree with Pershing's estimate or grudge Mr. Hoover what he calls the "vanity" of reproducing it.

It will come as a surprise to many whose political recollections go back no more than 20 years to discover that Herbert Hoover had a lot to do with the winning of World War I. But the fact is implicit in the former President's vivid but modest record of his part in that war.

In the 1914-'18 war the United States was not the arsenal of democracy, as President Roosevelt described the country's role in the early days of World War II, but it certainly was the breadbasket of democracy. Because of the German submarine blockade and other factors which Mr. Hoover sets forth, the task of feeding the Allies fell largely to the United States. And the job of seeing that the task was accomplished fell to Herbert Hoover.

Within a month after America declared war on Germany, he had returned to this country at President Wilson's request to organize the wartime Food Administration. He had to cope with bureaucratic jealousies and bureaucratic red tape as well as with the more practical difficulties. But he had the advantage of two and a half years' experience which had shown him the difficulties, resentment and resistance that went with strict controls and rationing in Europe. And he determined that the American program should be largely voluntary.

The Hoover food-producing and food-saving program met with a response that, in retrospect, seems amazing. But it did not surprise Mr. Hoover at the time. "We found in the American people," he writes, "exactly what we expected—a wealth of co-operation."

Occasionally, Mr. Hoover recalls, food conservation succeeded almost too well. In one emergency the public saved so much butter and fats that the Allies were oversupplied. Again, the campaign against waste worked so well that "some large garbage-collection agencies went out of business." When we contrast this with the black marketing and other evils that flourished under the rationing and price ceiling program of the last war, it might be concluded that the quality of our national character has deteriorated. But we should rather think that, as Mr. Hoover says, the fact is that "although Americans can be led to make great sacrifices, they do not like to be driven." That is a psychological trait which our present and recent leaders of government may have underestimated.

Younger readers of the memoirs may also be surprised to discover that the versatile, resourceful, strong-willed man who emerges from between the lines of these articles does not resemble the portrait which his political opponents have painted. It was Herbert Hoover who, as Food Administrator, pioneered in "our government's first big venture in assuming great economic powers." It was he who suggested the first excess-profits tax. It was he who assured American business that "our purpose was to win a war, not bring about social or economic reforms." The great majority of American businesses gave him complete co-operation, but when one failed to, he was neither afraid nor unwilling to crack down with strong emergency powers.

Some may argue that this editorial has been discussing ancient history. We do not agree. In the first place, there is no statute of limitations that covers historical injustice. And injustice is a rather mild word for some of the efforts of those who have tried to make Mr. Hoover a political scapegoat, and to persuade the American people that he was the author of the depression and the personification of reaction.

Second, Mr. Hoover is not a figure rooted in the past. His unceasing activity has spanned the years of World War I and his Presidency to the present. And it has brought him, in spite of the smears, an understanding and a public esteem which perhaps have never been greater than they are today. The national, bipartisan support given the Hoover Report on government reorganization is proof alone that his wisdom is still a strong and healthy influence.

We do not ask or give blanket endorsement to everything that Herbert Hoover has said and done in the last 30 years. It is this editorial's purpose to call attention to the record of great services performed by a great humanitarian for his country and for the whole world from the time of this century's first mighty struggle between freemen and totalitarianism. It is a record whose final chapter is still unwritten. And it is a record that no amount of mudslinging can permanently smirch.

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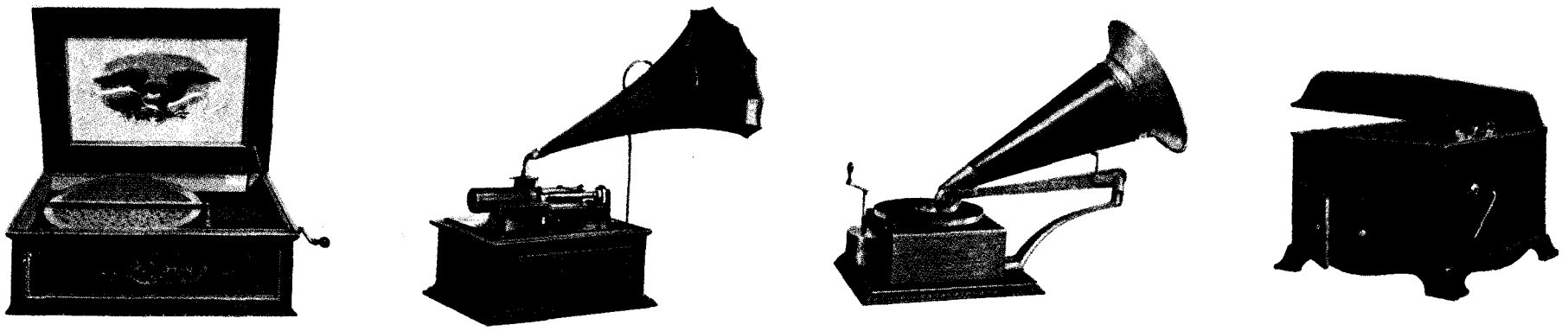

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